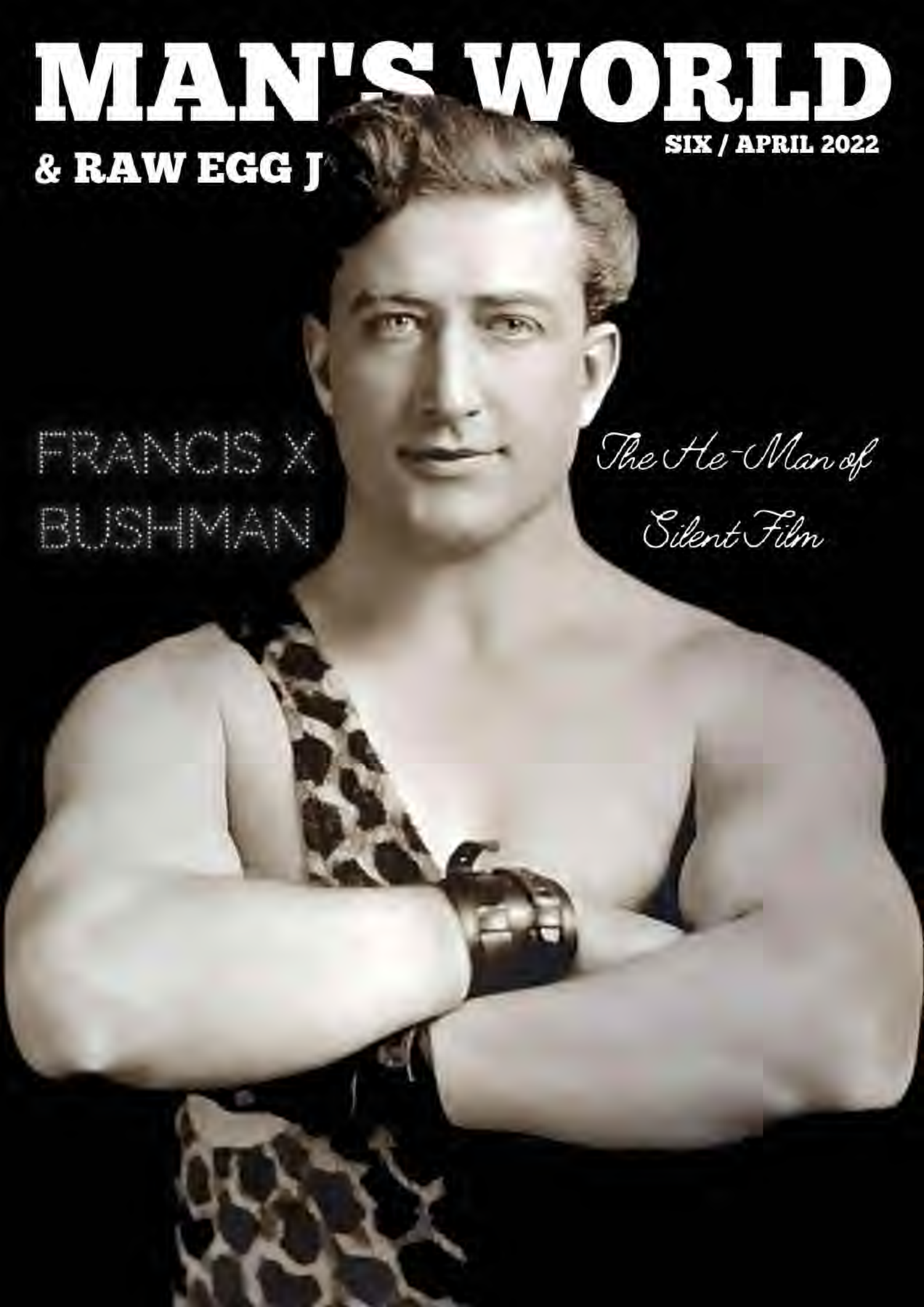
MAN'S WORLD

& RAW EGG J

SIX / APRIL 2022



FRANCIS X BUSHMAN

The He-Man of Silent Film

RAW EGG NATIONALIST PRESENTS

MAN'S WORLD 2021

RETURN TO THE GOLDEN AGE OF MEN'S MAGAZINES WITH MAN'S WORLD: WHERE MEN CAN BE MEN – NO APOLOGIES GIVEN!

Founded in late 2020 by the Raw Egg Nationalist, MAN'S WORLD has one simple aim: to make men's magazines great again. Here, in the first ever annual, the Raw Egg Nationalist presents the best material from the year's four ground-breaking issues, together with exclusive, new articles and classic, annual content like games, trivia, and a whole lot more.

200 pages of the finest masculine content, featuring essays and articles by Bronze Age Pervert, Zero HP Lovecraft, Faisal Marzipan and many more of the finest writers on the right side of Twitter.

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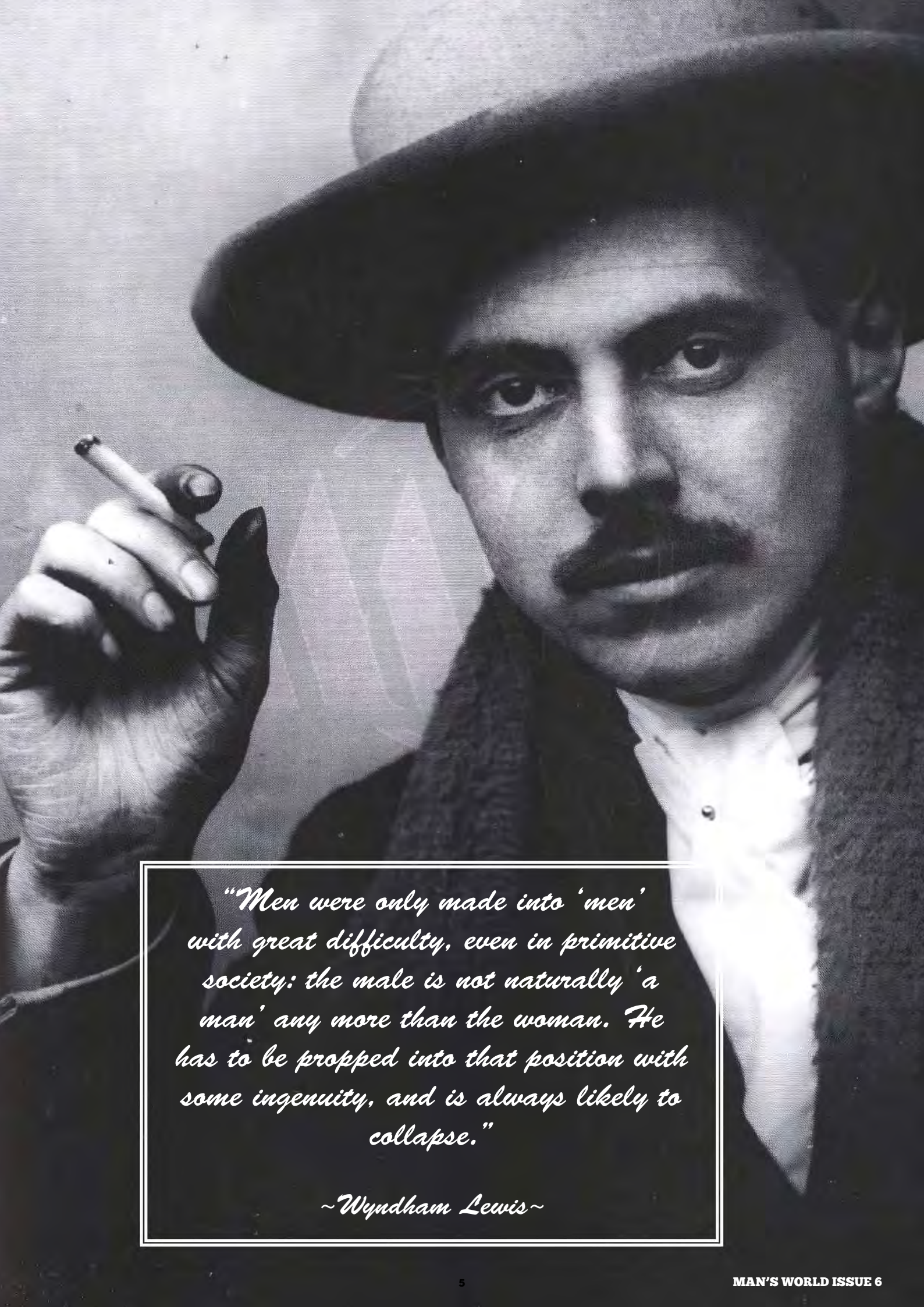


"Men were only made into 'men' with great difficulty, even in primitive society: the male is not naturally 'a man' any more than the woman. He has to be propped into that position with some ingenuity, and is always likely to collapse."

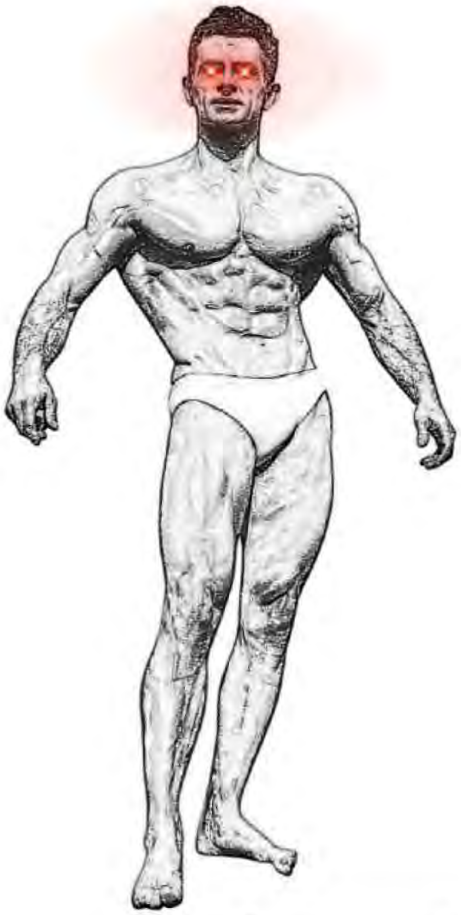
~Wyndham Lewis~

RAW EGG NATIONALIST *Your editor*

"Hello, hello. It's good to be back!"

Welcome once again, my dear friends, to the feast of masculine content that is MAN'S WORLD, the best men's magazine on planet earth today.

Since I am among friends, allow me a little candour. When Issue Five came out in January, I truly believed that nothing could equal, let alone top, the smorgasbord of articles, essays, notes and visuals I had somehow managed to assemble through sheer force of will and stubborn pigheadedness. (What was your favourite piece? Perhaps it was the Fen de Villiers showcase. Or was it that fantastic story by Detective Wolfman? Or – dare I say it? – my own essay on the village and the warband?) In the face of such an apparently unassailable lineup of writers, surely your prudent editor would quit while he was ahead, retire gracefully, move on to pastures new? (I'm told Zero Acre Farms has some very lucrative openings for "frogs"...) In an unguarded moment, yes, I thought perhaps of calling it a day. And yet, here we are, a mere twelve weeks later, and I think, by God, we just might have done it. Again, I have the terrific contributors to thank for their stellar work, without which this magazine would be nothing.



@babygravy9

"Since I am among friends, allow me a little candour."

So what's in store for you? First of all, we have a tremendous profile of one of film's very first action heroes, FRANCIS BUSHMAN, by SARA SASS. Sara is also supporting two legal fellowships dedicated to raising awareness of the plight of the January 6 defendants, details of which can be found in two flyers placed within her piece. On that same subject, we also have a special bulletin to the UN from NOOR BIN LADIN. Noor returns in her role as MAN'S WORLD correspondent extraordinaire to interview MARK EGLINTON about his fantastic new book No Domain: the John McAfee Tapes, and a whole lot more. The MEDITATIONS section is bursting at the seams, with contributions from the BAP man, AURON MACINTYRE and RAW EGG NATIONALIST, among others. HARRISON SMITH, Infowars renegade, presents a fresh defence of the Alamo against its latter-day besiegers. FEN DE VILLIERS returns with a new column on his favourite art. Amazing fiction. JUSTIN BIEBER. Profiles of great explorers, a bumper motoring section, delicious recipes – it's enough to make your head spin.

I think I need to lie down...

WANT TO WRITE FOR MAN'S WORLD?

Here at Man's World, we're always looking for new contributors to dazzle, inform and amuse our readership, which, after four issues now stands at well over 150k. If you have an idea for an article, of any kind, or even a new section or regular feature, don't hesitate to get in contact either by tweeting @babygravy9 or sending an email to mansworldmagazine@protonmail.com.

Generally, the word limit for articles is 3,000; although we will accept longer and (much) shorter articles where warranted. Take a look at the sections in this issue for guidance and inspiration.

MAN'S WORLD

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RAW EGG NATIONALIST

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RAW EGG NATIONALIST

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RAW EGG NATIONALIST

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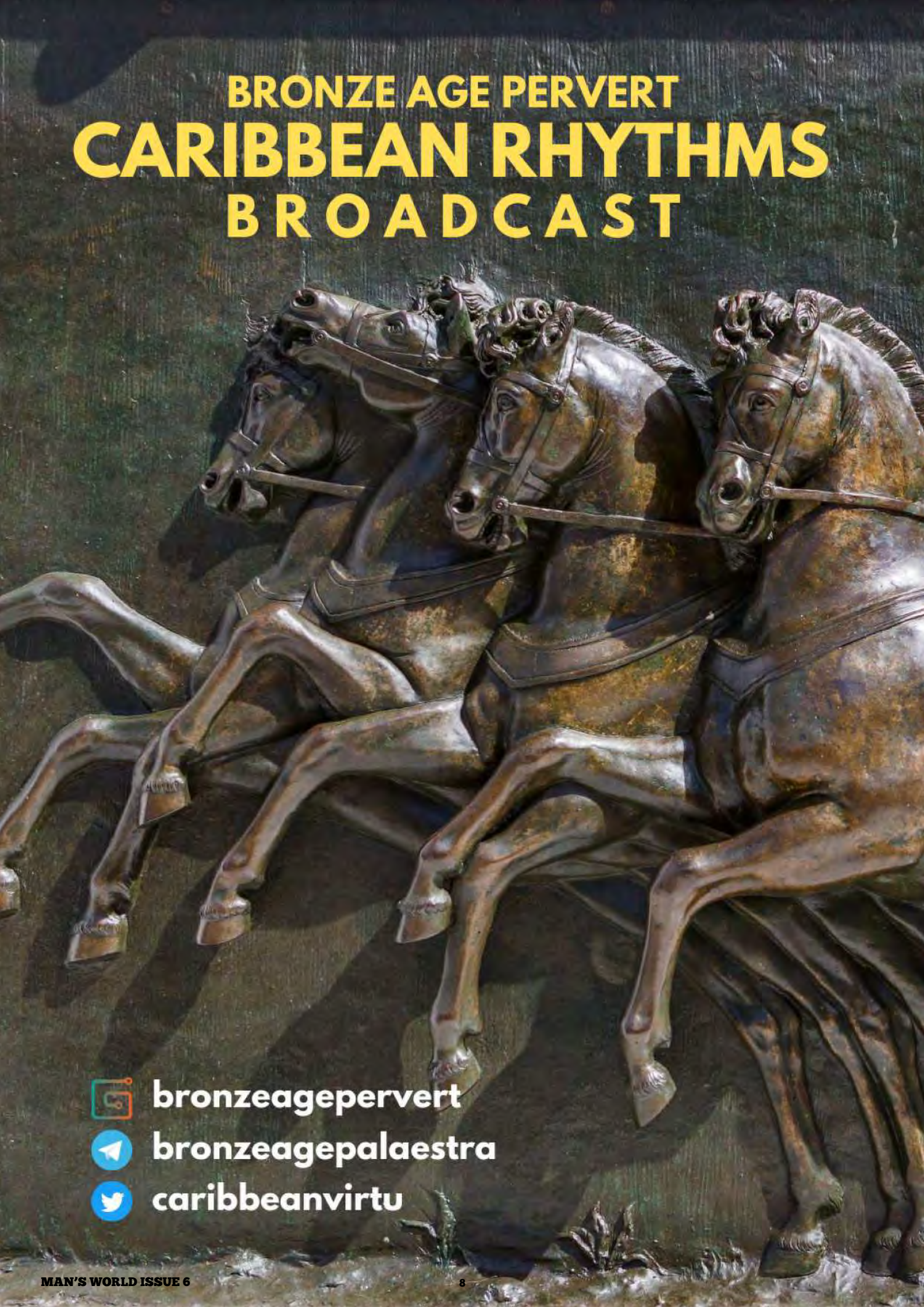
BRONZE AGE PERVERT
CARIBBEAN RHYTHMS
BROADCAST
bronzeagepervert
bronzeagepalaestra
caribbeanvirtu

MAN'S WORLD

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Available very soon
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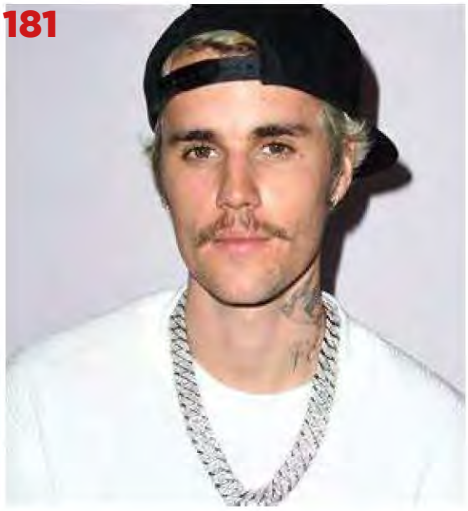
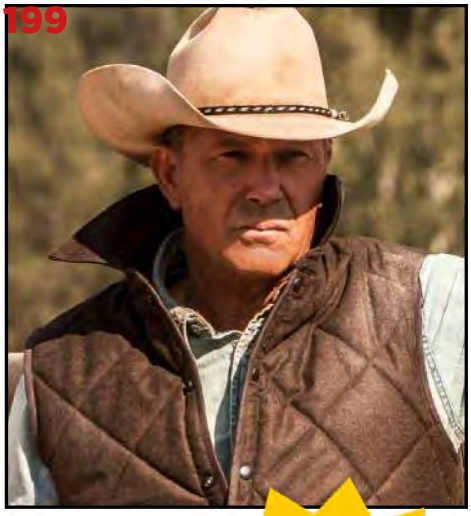




This issue of MAN'S WORLD is the first to feature National Geographic-style content in amazing double-page spreads. Let MAN'S WORLD take you across the globe to witness all manner of strange, scary and beautiful things that make this wonderful world of ours a place of adventure, intrigue and delight.

In this issue, expect to learn more about the ancient - and very violent - sport of calcio storico, the limestone cenotes of the Yucatan Peninsula and the Wedded Rocks of Ise Bay, Japan.

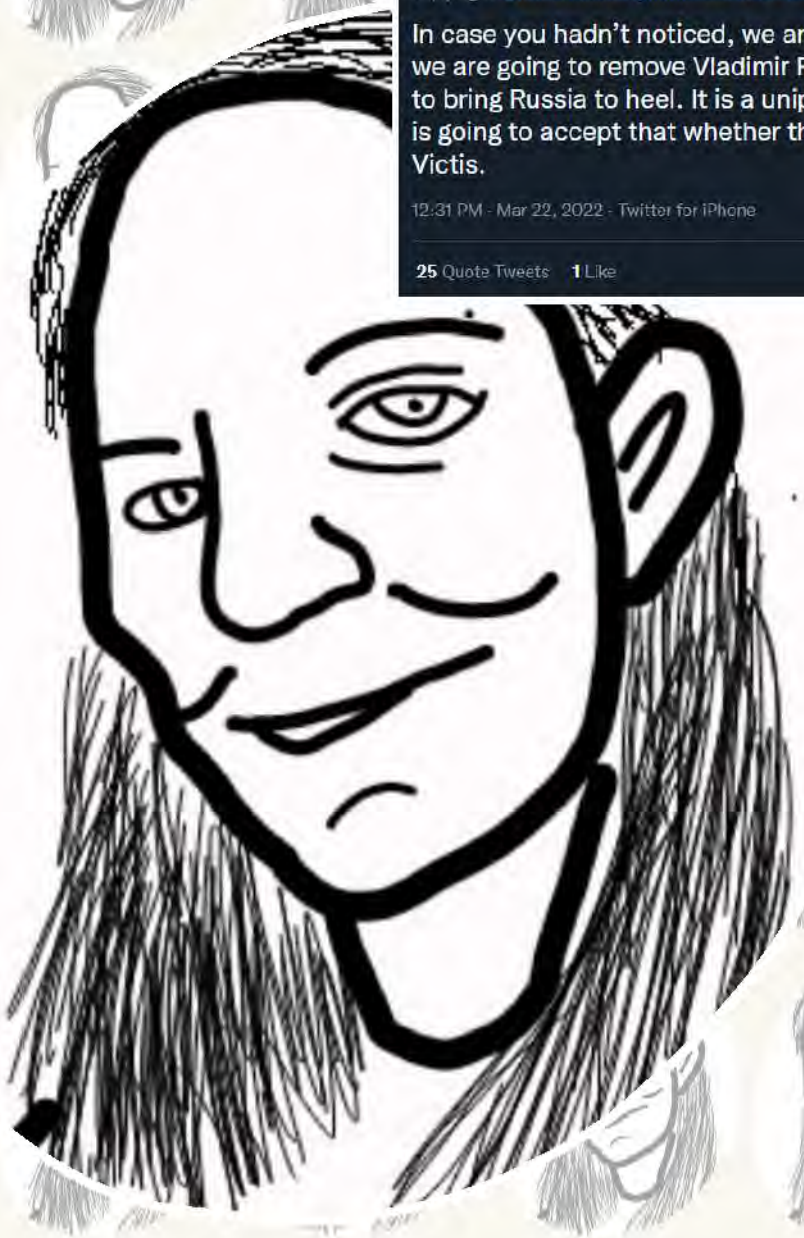
MW EXPLORE
NEW
Calcio storico ("historic football") originated during the Middle Ages in Italy, and is a thrilling, bloody blend of elements of contemporary football, rugby and martial arts.
The game is believed to be a revival of the even older Roman game of harpastum, and is reputed to have begun in the Piazza Santa Croce, in Florence.
Originally, the game was reserved for aristocrats, who played in the evenings between Epiphany and Lent. Even popes have been known to play. Upon witnessing a game during a visit to Venice in 1574, King Henry III of France is said to have remarked that it was "Too small to be a real war and too cruel to be a game".
Today, three matches are played every year in the Piazza Santa Croce, with a team representing each quarter of the city. Games are played on a field covered in sand and last fifty minutes. Teams consist of 27 men, with no substitutions allowed, even for injured players.
The players may use virtually any means necessary to get the ball in the opponents' goal. Only sucker punches and kicks to the head are disallowed. Death is not uncommon.

GRECO
GUM
BITE OFF
MORE THAN
YOU CAN CHEW

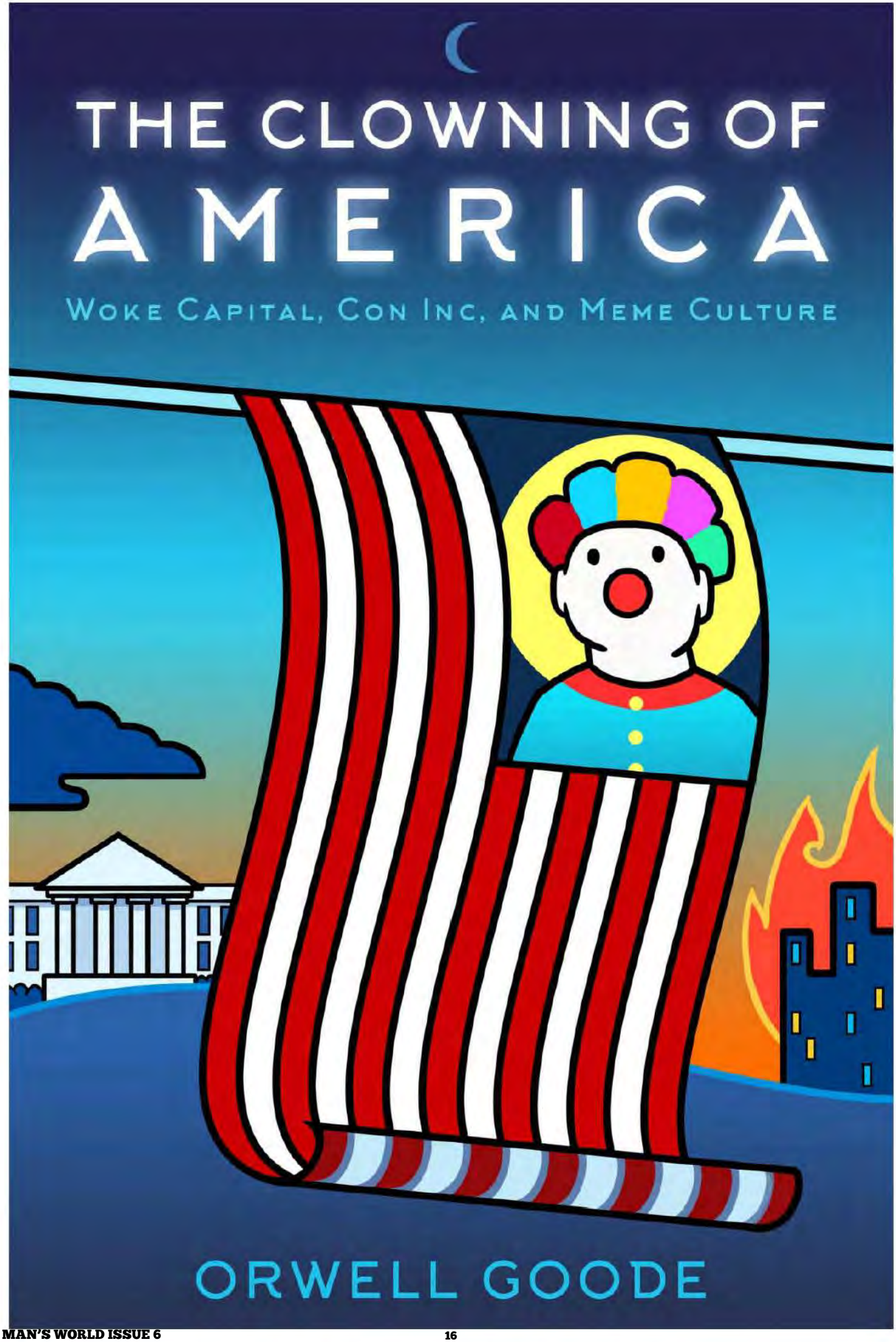
THE ABSOLUTE STATE OF BLUECHECK TWITTER

CARTOONS BY ENDING BIGLY PROMOTIONAL ACCOUNT (@powerfulrapist)

Louise Mensch
@LouiseMensch
Replying to @LouiseMensch @mvfehrenbacher and @ELuttwak
In case you hadn't noticed, we are winning this war and we are going to remove Vladimir Putin and we are going to bring Russia to heel. It is a unipolar world and Russia is going to accept that whether they like it or not. Vae Victis.
12:31 PM · Mar 22, 2022 · Twitter for iPhone
25 Quote Tweets 1 Like



IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, WE'VE DEVASTATED OUR ECONOMY AND MIDDLE CLASS WITH THESE SANCTIONS. PUTIN'S GONNA CAVE ANY DAY NOW!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ASK Uncle Cobra

GOT A PROBLEM? BROKEN HEART? EMPTY WALLET? DRY YOUR EYES, QUIT COMPLAINING AND SCREW YOUR HEAD ON STRAIGHT. ANDREW "COBRA" TATE,* THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MAN ON THE INTERNET WILL GET YOU RIGHT – IF YOU'VE GOT THE BALLS TO TAKE HIS ADVICE...

*NOT REALLY

Dear Uncle Cobra,

I know that you are a successful multi-millionaire. Can you give me one tip that will help me achieve my goal of being just like you when I grow up?

E.J. Thribb (17½), Gravesend

I am not a frugal man.

I have super cars, I do champagne shows, I travel the world.

I preach = Earn more, spend more.

However, there is ONE thing that is such a fucking massive rip off I REFUSE to buy it.

The biggest con of our generation.

SHOWER GEL.

[*Ed. Well, E.J., we hope that answers your question...*]

ONLY

egg

(Seriously. It's only an egg.)

MAN'S WORLD 2021

Quick Cocktail

WHAT YOU NEED

- 2 ounces gin
- 1 ounce sweet vermouth
- 1/2 ounce pineapple juice
- 1 large egg white
- 1 teaspoon grenadine
- Tabasco (to taste)

WHAT YOU NEED TO DO

- In a cocktail shaker, pour the gin, sweet vermouth, pineapple juice, egg white, grenadine and tabasco. Fill with ice cubes.
- Shake vigorously, for at least 30 seconds, to froth up the egg white.
- Strain into a chilled coupe glass.

THE MILLION DOLLAR EXTREME

THIS VARIATION ON A CLASSIC MILLION DOLLAR IS SUITABLY SPICY. JUST DON'T SERVE IT TO BRETT GELMAN...

DRINKING RAW MILK ALLOWED THE YAMNAYA TO BECOME "THE MOST VIOLENT GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO EVER LIVED" (DAILY MAIL)

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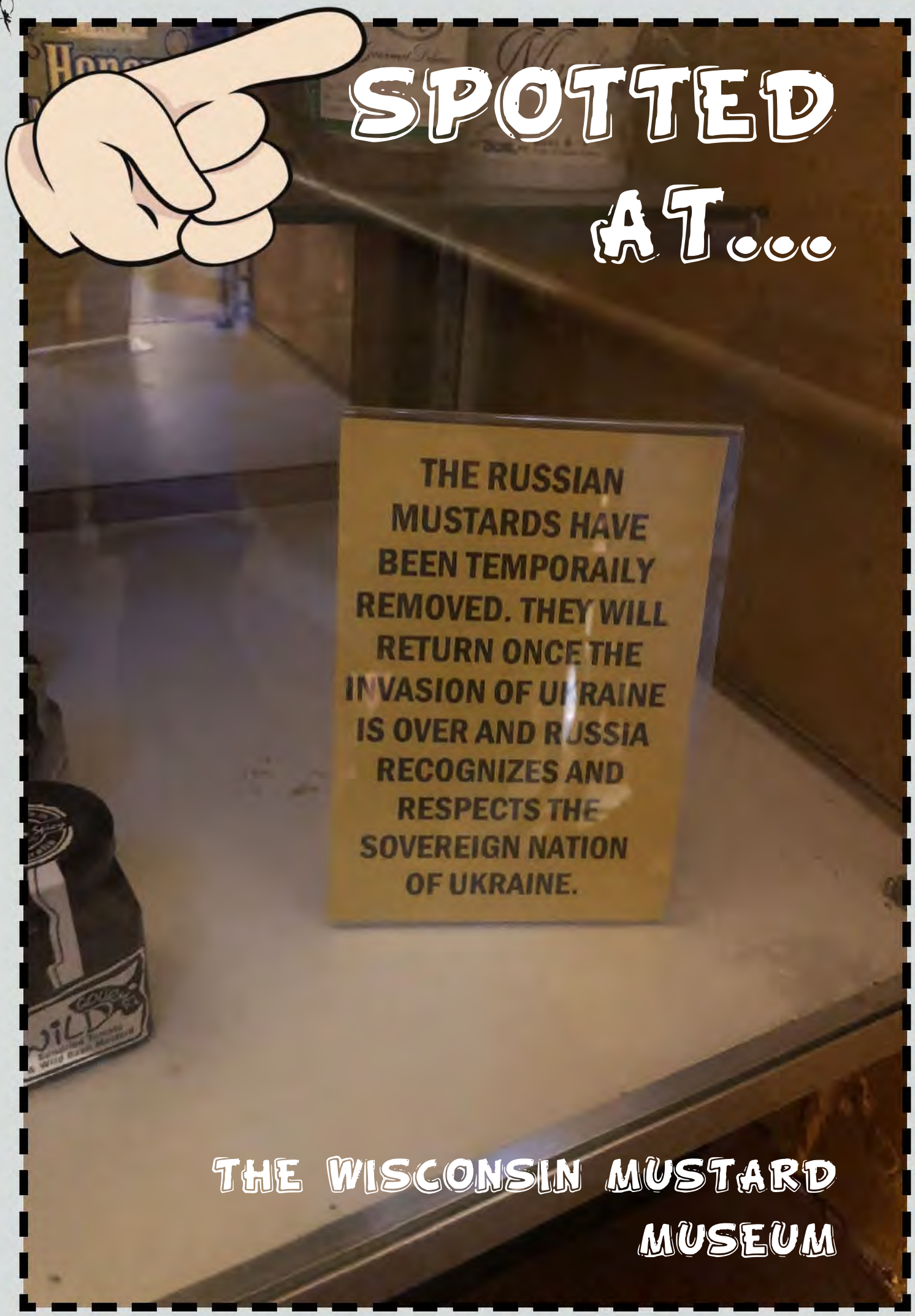

THE RUSSIAN MUSTARDS HAVE BEEN TEMPORAILY REMOVED. THEY WILL RETURN ONCE THE INVASION OF UKRAINE IS OVER AND RUSSIA RECOGNIZES AND RESPECTS THE SOVEREIGN NATION OF UKRAINE.

THE WISCONSIN MUSTARD MUSEUM

We all have so much to thank our mothers for. Take Timothy here, for instance. His mother made sure to feed him raw milk from an early age, which is why he's grown up into such a fine young man. Unlike those other boys whose mothers were scared of "germs" and other sissy stuff like that.

Raw milk: it's a whole other substance

Note to Mothers:

Carageenan, a seaweed-derived substance, is used to homogenize commercial pasteurised milk and milk-based products. What you might not know is that it's also used to induce tumours and other inflammatory diseases in lab rodents. Would you believe that!?

This message is brought to you by Raw Milk Gang, Inc.

FACTS THE TITANIC AND FIGURES

April 15 2022 marks the 110th anniversary of the sinking of the Titanic

3547 passengers and crew
Maximum capacity of the ship

Two years
The length of time it took to build the ship, at Harland and Wolff, Belfast

46,328 tons
Gross tonnage

April 5, 1912
Date the ship set sail from Southampton, England

882 feet / 268 metres
Length of the ship

$83,200
Estimated cost of a first-class parlour suite today

20
The total number of lifeboats onboard

75,000lb
Of fresh meat onboard, as well as 40,000 fresh eggs

1503
Passengers died

705
Passengers rescued by the HMS Carpathia

$400,000,000

Estimated cost to build the ship today

3,000,000

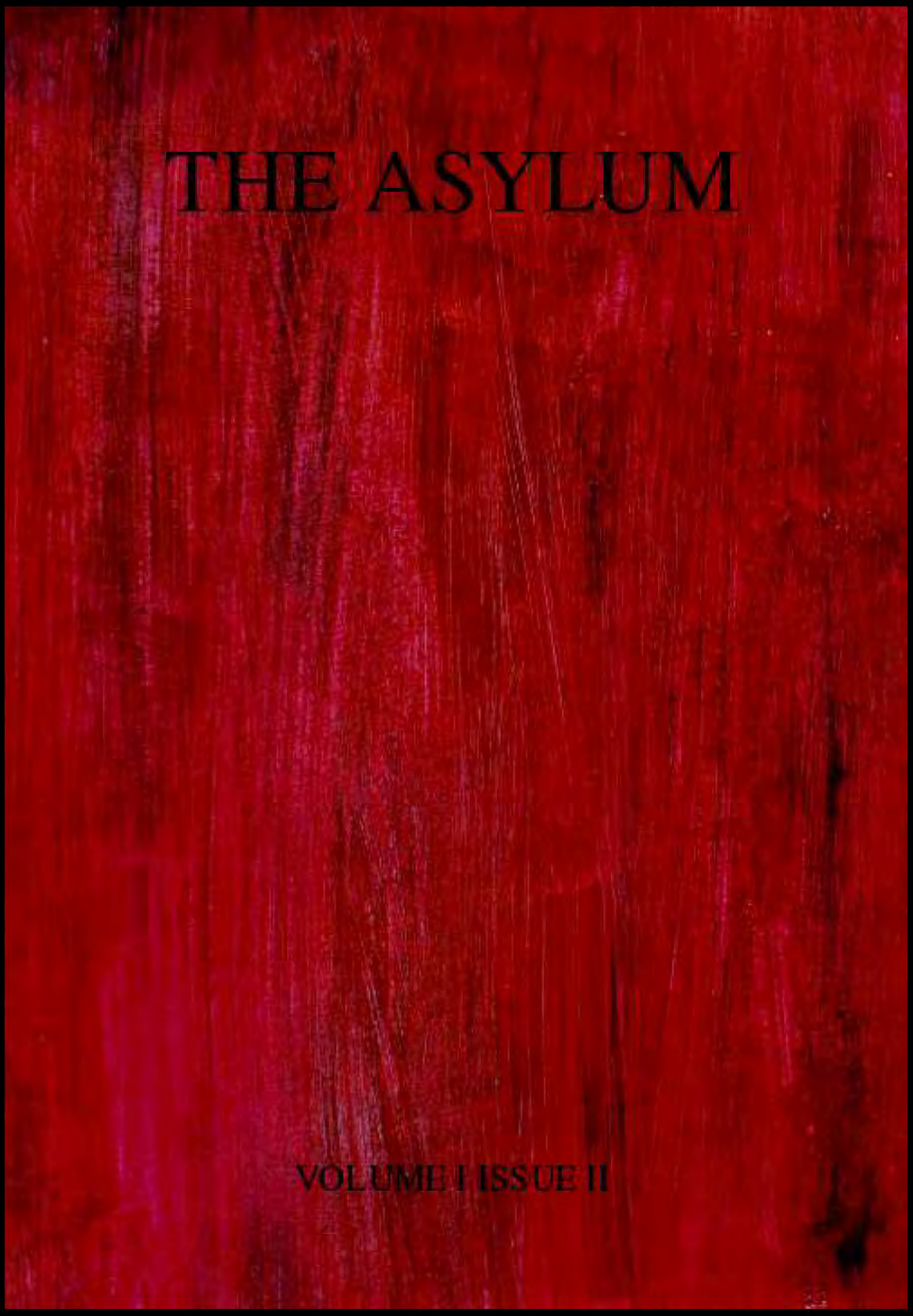
Number of rivets in the hull

Three

The number of prominent opponents of the creation of the Federal Reserve who died in the tragedy (Benjamin Guggenheim, Isa Strauss and Jacob Astor)

Three hours

The time it took for the ship to sink after hitting an iceberg



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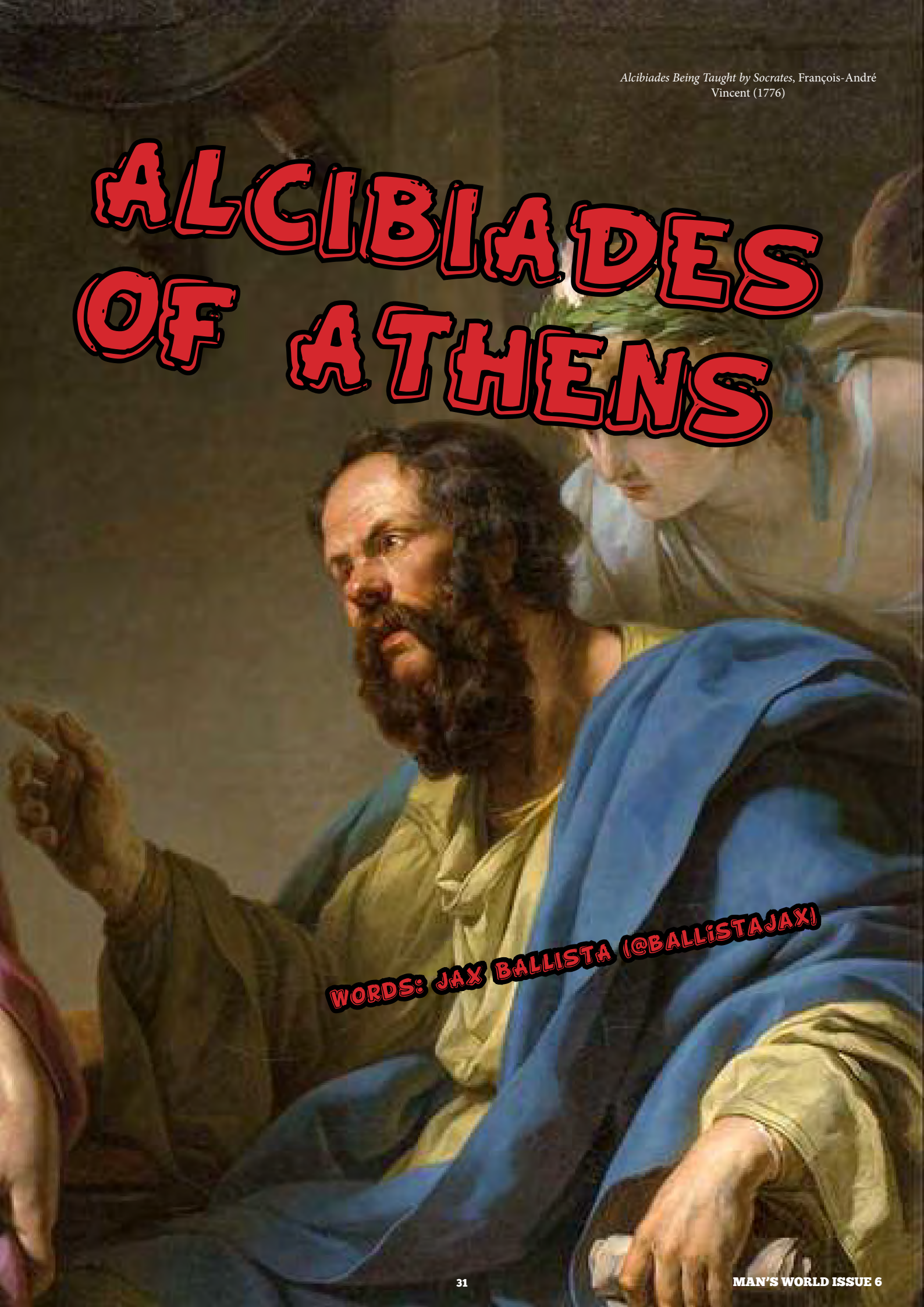
CUCK OPERATOR

COFFEE KOMPANY

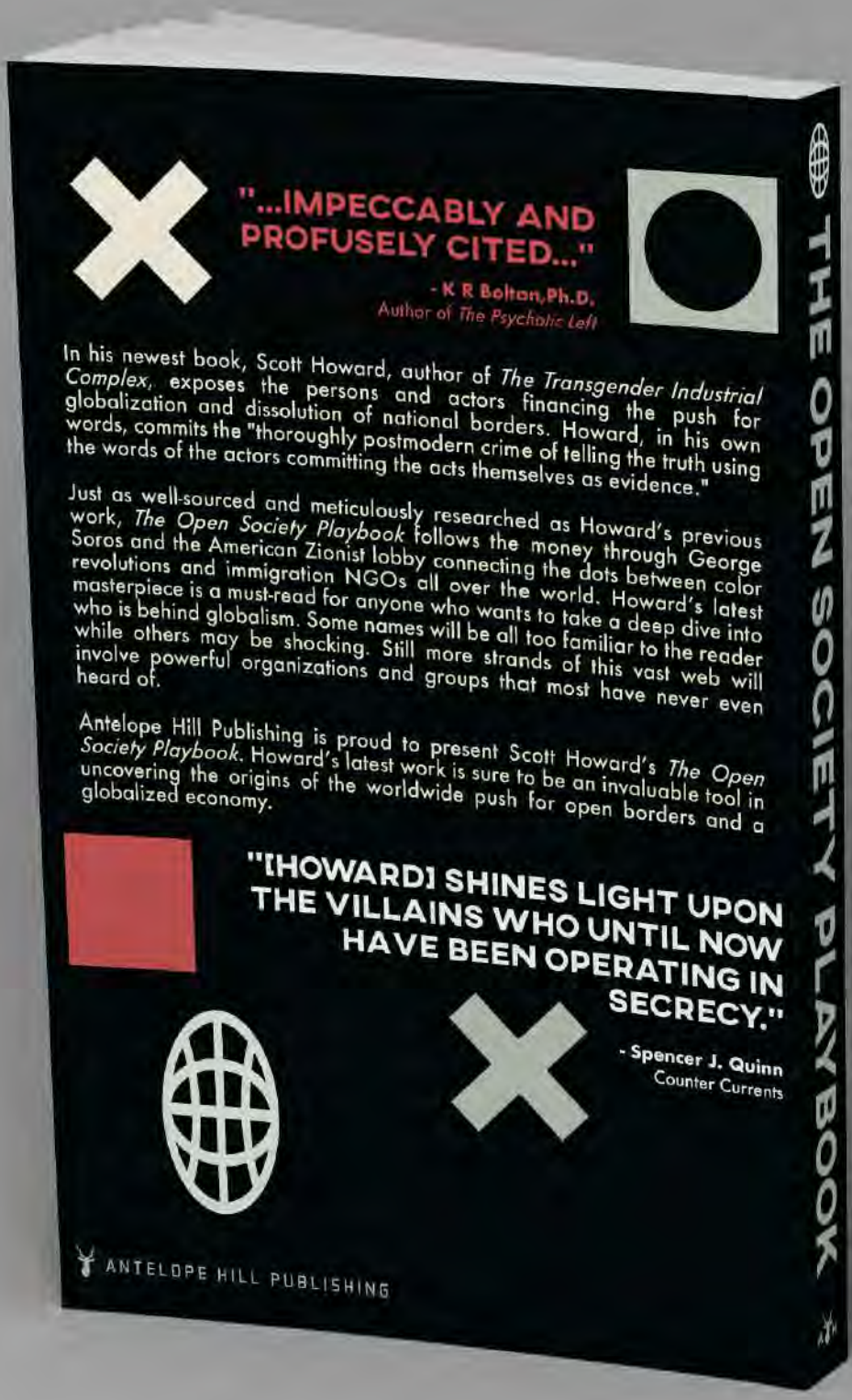
?
WHO
HE

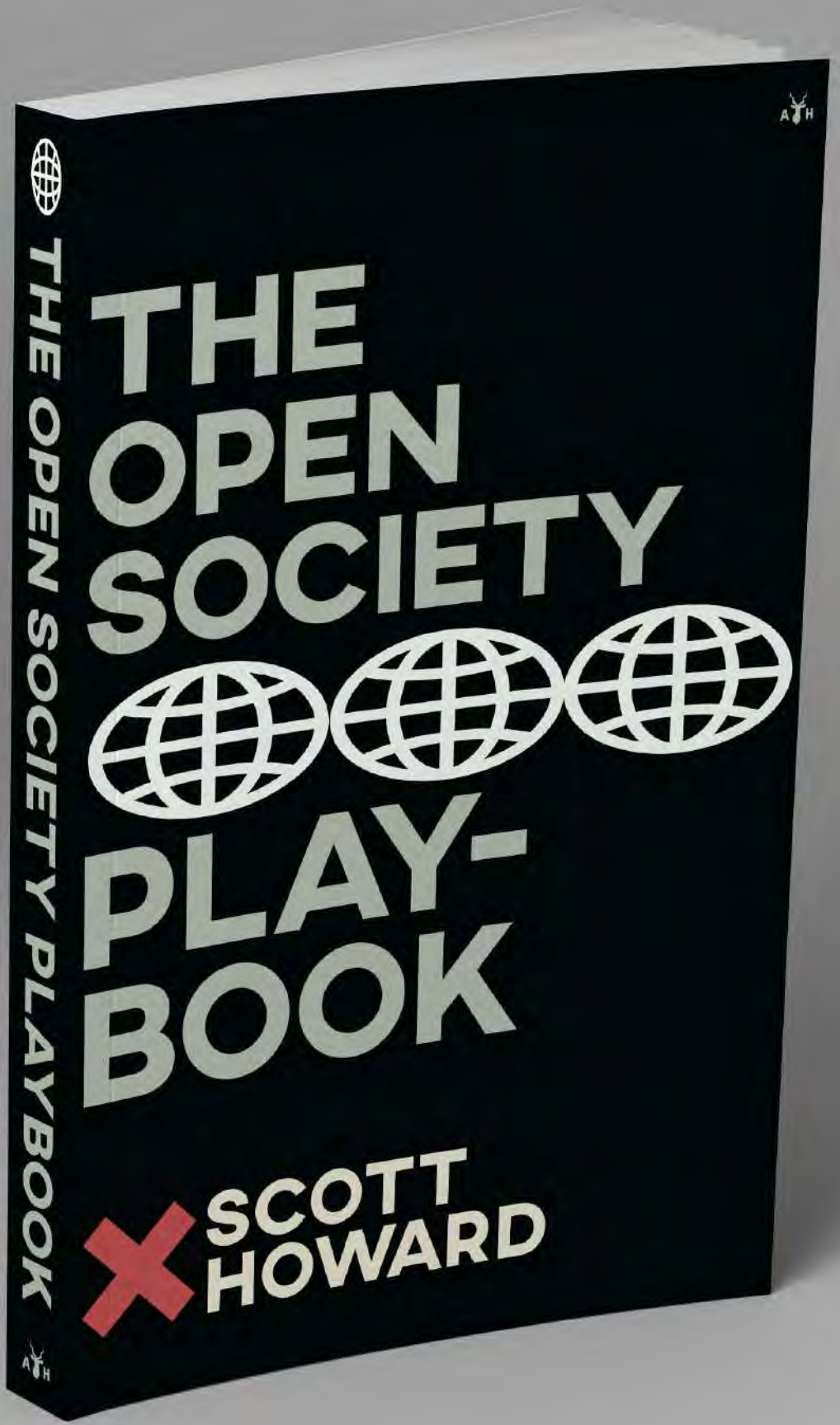


Alcibiades Being Taught by Socrates, François-André Vincent (1776)

ALCIBIADES OF ATHENS

WORDS: JAX BALLISTA (@BALLISTAJAX)


"...IMPECCABLY AND PROFUSELY CITED..."
- K R Bolton, Ph.D.
Author of The Psychotic Left
In his newest book, Scott Howard, author of The Transgender Industrial Complex, exposes the persons and actors financing the push for globalization and dissolution of national borders. Howard, in his own words, commits the "thoroughly postmodern crime of telling the truth using the words of the actors committing the acts themselves as evidence."
Just as well-sourced and meticulously researched as Howard's previous work, The Open Society Playbook follows the money through George Soros and the American Zionist lobby connecting the dots between color revolutions and immigration NGOs all over the world. Howard's latest masterpiece is a must-read for anyone who wants to take a deep dive into who is behind globalism. Some names will be all too familiar to the reader while others may be shocking. Still more strands of this vast web will involve powerful organizations and groups that most have never even heard of.
Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present Scott Howard's The Open Society Playbook. Howard's latest work is sure to be an invaluable tool in uncovering the origins of the worldwide push for open borders and a globalized economy.
"[HOWARD] SHINES LIGHT UPON THE VILLAINS WHO UNTIL NOW HAVE BEEN OPERATING IN SECRECY."
- Spencer J. Quinn
Counter Currents
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING
THE OPEN SOCIETY PLAYBOOK



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Some men are said to be a product of the times, others shape the times and are epochs unto themselves. During the Peloponnesian War (431-405 B.C.E) there lived a man who not only shaped the world around him but did so in a way that has yet to be repeated. Alcibiades, born 450 B.C.E, was an Athenian statesman, general, and world-class philanderer. Having parents that were thoroughly entrenched in the Athenian aristocracy, Alcibiades was always destined to play some role on Greek's political stage. That role started to take shape after the death of his father, Cleinias in the year 447. Alcibiades was adopted by his mother's cousin, Pericles, who was a prominent Greek politician during the Golden Age of Athens. This development plunged Alcibiades ever deeper into the political maelstrom brewing throughout Greater Greece.

Alcibiades learned the finer points of statecraft from his adoptive father, but there was one person who he had yet to meet that eclipsed the great Pericles in both rhetoric and philosophy. This man was none other than Socrates of Athens. During the Siege of Potidaea, a battle that preceded the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War, Alcibiades was wounded. Socrates, serving as an infantryman in the same tribal regiment as Alcibiades, came to his rescue. Following the battle, Socrates nominated Alcibiades to receive an award for his bravery. Those that knew Alcibiades intimately would go on to say that Socrates was one of the few people who Alcibiades genuinely respected. Socrates may have had Alcibiades' respect, but he was never able to accomplish his previously set goal of transforming Alcibiades into a virtuous and humble citizen of Athens.

Following the death of Pericles in 429, Alcibiades, at the age of twenty-one, stepped completely into the public sphere by taking a controversial stance against a proposed peace between Athens and Sparta. Instead of peace, Alcibiades sought an alliance between Athens and Argos, an alliance that would eventually end up fighting Sparta in the Peloponnese. Partially due to Alcibiades' young age, his objections to the Peace of Nicias fell on deaf ears, and an unsteady peace between Athens and Sparta stood for a time. During these tenuous years of peace between the two great powers of Ancient Greece, Alcibiades found time to marry the daughter of an affluent Athenian. Alcibiades and a young Hipparete were wed just long enough to produce two children. Alcibiades had already developed his reputation as a philanderer and was faced with the prospect of divorce. His wife never had a chance to appear in court to have her accusation of adultery heard. Not too long after making her initial accusations of adultery, she was placed under house arrest and mysteriously died. Luckily for Alcibiades, tensions between Sparta and Athens were on the rise, and the Athenian citizens had more to worry about than his wife's untimely death.

An ongoing territorial dispute in Sicily was threatening to derail the Peace of Nicias, and when envoys from Sicily reached Athens to seek military aid, Alcibiades was there to ensure Athenian participation in the growing conflict. Nicias, which had brokered the Peace of Nicias, vehemently opposed military intervention in Sicily, but Alcibiades was relentless in his efforts to garner support for a Sicilian invasion. He was ultimately successful, and the Athenian fleet was prepared for war. All had seemingly gone according to plan for Alcibiades, but in the weeks leading up to the invasion, a religious scandal took place that outraged the pious citizens of

Athens. A group of youths belonging to the Athenian upper class and having close ties with Alcibiades had defaced statues belonging to the god Hermes. This act of vandalism was seen as a bad omen and the invasion was almost postponed, but the fleet and Alcibiades, who had been made a general alongside Nicias, were allowed to proceed to Sicily.

While the fleet was underway, Charges of impiety were formally brought against Alcibiades and his property was seized. By the summer of 413, two triremes were sent to Sicily with the sole purpose of returning him to Athens so he could stand trial. To no one's surprise, however, he had already earned the respect of the sailors and soldiers entrusted to his command, so the statesmen in charge of him return decided to do so as tactfully as possible. Alcibiades knew that if he returned to Athens to stand trial his fate would more than likely be tied to the fate of the expedition that he had so vehemently sponsored. Not wanting to leave his fate in the hands of his rival, Nicias, he did the unthinkable and fled to Sparta.

Having old family ties in Sparta, he was welcomed with open arms, despite the recent hostilities. Of course, it was not just Alcibiades' family ties that opened the doors to Sparta: he was also well connected with a group of Spartan-backed oligarchs who had ambitions to overthrow the Athenian democracy. During his time in Sparta, Alcibiades served his Spartan hosts well: he functioned as a successful military advisor and as an ambassador between the Spartans and the Athenian oligarchs who sought to rule Athens as Spartan puppets. Though he did assist Sparta in making sound military decisions, many historians believe that he intentionally advocated for a campaign focused on the Aegean versus establishing naval dominance in the Hellespont, thus buying Athens valuable time, and purchasing himself a possible reprieve once he returned home. Alcibiades seemed poised to ride out the entirety of the Peloponnesian War in Sparta, but that was not his style.

Salacious rumors were circulating through the Spartan high court that Alcibiades was having an affair with Timaea, wife to the Spartan ruler, Agis. But before the rumors could evolve into a scandal that could only result in the death of this devilishly good-looking expat, Alcibiades had taken to the seas and made his way to the Persian Empire. The Persian Empire participated in the Peloponnesian War from its onset but more as an economic influencer than an outright co-belligerent.

Alcibiades' stay in Persia was more or less uneventful for a man with such a colorful history, but that is not to say that his time advising Tissaphernes, the most powerful satrap in the Mediterranean, was unfruitful. Alcibiades was once again able to reinvent himself and gain enough Persian backing in favor of Athens that he was not only invited to return to his homeland but was also offered a generalship in the Athenian navy. He immediately accepted his role as an Athenian general but had no desire to immediately return to his estranged city-state.

From 411 to 407, Alcibiades had tremendous success as a military leader. Partially due to these successes, he finally made the decision to returned home to Athens. After receiving a hero's welcome, he was made supreme commander of the Athenian military and set sail once again. Unfortunately for Alcibiades, the Spartan's had finally moved into the Hellespont, and he was met with a series of defeats. The fastidious Athenians were quick to point fingers and once again exiled Alcibiades in the year 406.

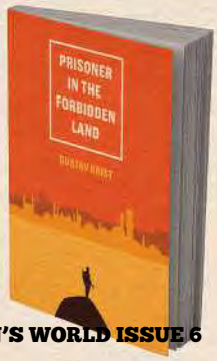
For most men, being exiled from your home country twice would be enough to make you want to admit defeat, but Alcibiades did what any reader of Man's World would do: he recruited a barbarian militia to help him commit acts of piracy throughout the Aegean until he was eventually hunted down and assassinated while having sex with a renowned courtesan. The Great Alcibiades went out on top in the year 403 B.C.E.

PRISONER IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND

GUSTAV KRIST

An Austrian soldier of the First World War finds himself captured by Russian forces. Facing near death at every turn GUSTAV KRIST tells his riveting true story of escapes, recaptures, and his quest to return home by any means.

But while the Russian Revolution would bring an end to the war, the chaos of the communist takeover of Central Asia would only make matters more dangerous.



Agartha Publishing is a new independent publisher bringing lost works back to print for a modern audience. With a focus on Central Asia and the Russian Revolution they currently offer two books by GUSTAV KRIST, with more exciting releases coming soon.

WEB: agarthapublishing.com **TWITTER:** @Agarthab00ks

Containing 80+ drawings and interpretations, Draw Me a Gorilla is the personality test everybody's trying. Over 120 pages you'll learn everything you need to know about drawing and interpreting drawings of gorillas. Available now from Amazon.com.

THE SCULPTOR'S ART

with Fen de Villiers

In this exclusive new column for MAN'S WORLD, sculptor extraordinaire FEN DE VILLIERS describes the sculptures that have most influenced his own work and philosophy of art.

A sculpture will speak to you and tell you a story if you care enough to listen. Sculpture should be looked at in terms of the energy it exudes. As the viewer this energy will then become instilled within you while being in contact with the work.

I am fortunate enough to live close to a sculpture park in Antwerp which has many works from the vibrant Modernist period. One piece in that park never fails to uplift me. Every time I come in contact with it, it imbues me with vital energy and inspiration: 'Hercules the Archer' by Antoine Bourdelle (1909).

This sculpture speaks to a confidence and physical prowess of Western man that in our current day is off limits. Here we see an unapologetic expression of heroism and immense male vitality. Hercules draws back the bow to its absolute limits, his body braced and energised between the rocks. A facial expression of pure laser focus etched into the hero's face.

The archer as a symbol has throughout time been associated with clear vision, precision and focus. Archetypally these principles are extraordinarily important. How can we ever achieve success or hit a target in life if we do not have the sight or clear vision to see where we must shoot?

The archetype and the style are still well worth grabbing back at and renewing within our time now. Great art is universal and timeless, it stands above the mundane and petty elements of our modern lives. If we can reinvigorate the universal archetypes, then we will have a chance to reignite the flame of Western culture.

Follow Fen on Twitter @fendevilliers. His website is fendevillers.com

THE COST OF GLORY

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PUSSY FACING THE WORLD

Gustave Courbet, “L’Origine du Monde” (1866), Musée d’Orsay

THE HISTORY OF WESTERN ART

with RIVELINO THE ARTIST

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"Critics are men who watch a battle from a high place then come down and shoot the survivors."

So said the great Ernest Hemingway, pictured above - and he knew a thing or two about criticism. And about battles, even if he fought on the wrong side...

Here at MAN'S WORLD, we know that it's not the critic who counts. Not the man who stands on the terraces giving easy advice to the man playing for his life in the arena below. No, it's YOU, the man who risks it all on a throw of the dice and a flash of the blade, who matters. You: the MAN'S WORLD man.

MAN'S WORLD: ***Fortune favours the brave!***

MW

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THEY CHOSE
DEATH
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MAN'S WORLD

MEDITATIONS

IN A THOUSAND WORDS, TODAY'S BEST WRITERS GIVE THEIR HONEST THOUGHTS ABOUT THE ISSUES THAT REALLY MATTER

THE ULTIMATE SHIT TEST

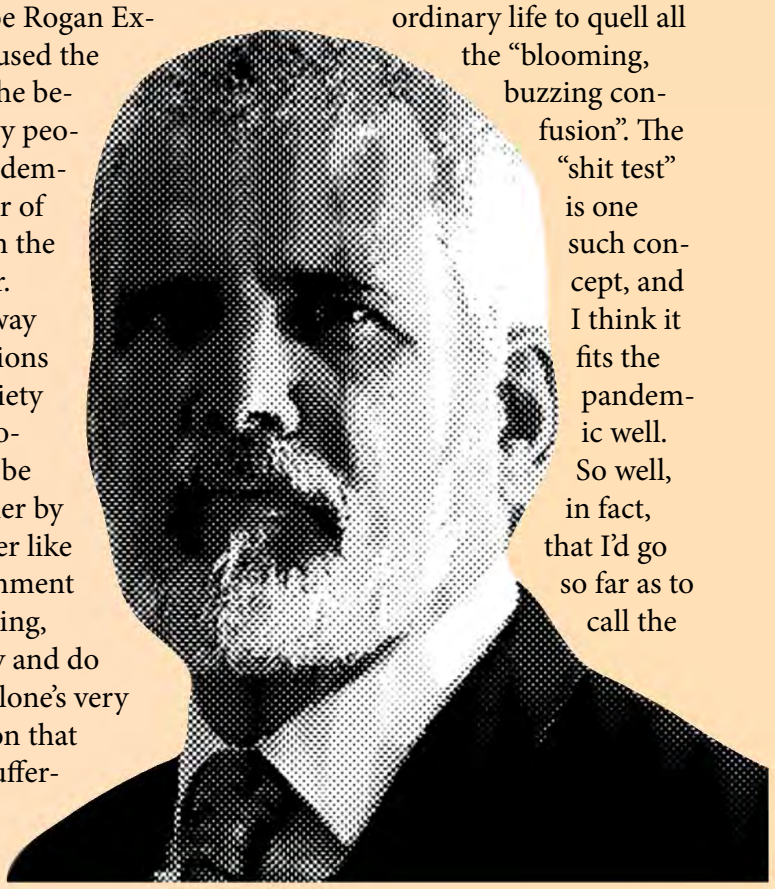
Our governments have set us a very particular kind of challenge these last two years, says RAW EGG NATIONALIST

It's almost inevitable when we're attempting to explain complex phenomena, including complex social phenomena, that we look to the most "complex" fields for answers. By "complex", of course I'm talking about the sciences, and in particular the so-called hard sciences, which have an unchallenged mental authority in modern society; but even the softer sciences, like economics and social psychology, and even the utterly flaccid ones like anthropology, will also do from time to time. You could consider this a kind of sympathetic magic if you wanted – like working upon like – but in truth it's perfectly understandable, and often quite useful too.

Take the pandemic response, for instance. Scientific models of human behaviour are an essential part of understanding the public response to the pandemic, not least of all because such models have been used by the authorities themselves to shape public opinion and mould behaviour. In the first summer of the pandemic, for instance, it was revealed that the British Army's special 77th Brigade, a unit that focuses on informational warfare, was working alongside the British government to "quash rumours about misinformation, [and] also to counter disinformation." The Canadian military employed psychological warfare techniques on the Canadian people in a similar manner, despite being in violation of federal law. Such operations, on both sides of the Atlantic, involved scouring social media, harvesting personal data and disseminating targeted messaging that followed the "expert" line on the virus – whatever that happened to be at the time. These two examples are only the tip of the proverbial huge floating piece of ice.

Another example. "Mass formation psychosis", a concept drawn from social psychology, has now become something of a buzzword, thanks to Dr Robert Malone's appearance on the Joe Rogan Experience. Malone used the term to compare the behaviour of ordinary people during the pandemic, to the behaviour of German citizens in the 1930s under Hitler. In particular, the way that, under conditions of widespread anxiety and confusion, people can essentially be hypnotised, whether by a charismatic leader like Hitler or by government and media messaging, to disregard reality and do as they're told. Malone's very plausible suggestion that people might be suffering from a kind of mass delusion, one which has been carefully engineered (see above), was immediately greeted with synchronised howls of derision from the mainstream media and experts, as well as calls to de-platform Rogan – a response which, in these strange times, may be as close as we can get to an official confirmation that the speaker is on the right track.

Still, there's much to be said for the value of homelier concepts too. Concepts which owe their existence and continuing popularity to their having been formulated by ordinary people and put to use, again and again, in the course of ordinary life to quell all the "blooming, buzzing confusion". The "shit test" is one such concept, and I think it fits the pandemic well. So well, in fact, that I'd go so far as to call the



Dr Robert Malone

pandemic "the ultimate shit test" in human history.

So what is a "shit test"? Here's part of a more voluminous definition from that most trusted of sources, Urban Dictionary.com.

"A manufactured grievance a woman uses to test the mettle, competence and confidence of her mate. It is an intentional provocation accompanied by an implicit and subconscious desire that the man put his foot down, set reasonable boundaries and demonstrate that he will not be bullied, nagged, shamed or guilted into submission. Its purpose is to confirm for her that he is capable of doing what needs to be done to provide for and protect her and her children."

Basically, it comes down to a calculated test of endurance. How much, or what, will you put up with?

We should be under absolutely no illusions. Governments around the world, including the UK and Canada, with their array of civilian and military behavioural experts, have been laying down a series of challenges to their citizens, on a scale hitherto inconceivable, and then minutely scrutinising the response. Every single "yes", whether explicit or tacit, in answer to the "emergency" measures. Every single "no" – although these have been much fewer and farther between. And an essential part of this, just like the classic girlfriend's shit test, has been to make demands that seem totally unreasonable. The girlfriend's "I don't ever want you to speak to another woman again" has become a whole raft of patently absurd rules and regulations, rules and regulations which are ever-changing, ever-liable to contradict the rules and regulations that were in place a month ago, a week ago or even yesterday. Since you've been paying attention, dear MAN'S WORLD reader, I know I don't need to rehearse these rules and regulations with you. You've been through them yourself. The agricultural smell was unmistakeable.

BASICALLY, IT COMES DOWN TO A CALCULATED TEST OF ENDURANCE. HOW MUCH, OR WHAT, WILL YOU PUT UP WITH?

(One thing that rankled me particularly, though, here in the UK, was the rules regarding mask-wearing in pubs. Now, I'm not a big drinker, but from time to time, even during a plague year, it's nice to take a young lady out to a country pub. Except, that is, when you're forced to engage in a ridiculous pantomime of donning a mask every time you move from your seat – as if somehow the virus is only a threat when projected by a moving, and not a stationary, person. Sit six feet from the bar and create your own microclimate of aerosolised spittle, if you must, but heaven forbid you should walk up to the bar and try to order without a piece of paper to cover your mouth…)

Now, I know that the shit-test analogy has limitations. What's missing, at least from the fuller Urban Dictionary definition, is the notion that the tester, in this case the government, actually wants us to put our foot down. Clearly, this isn't the case at all. The government would really rather we didn't. Even so, this analogy can do a little more work for us yet.

So. What are the potential outcomes of a classic shit test?

Let's say you don't comply. You really do put your foot down. You make an unmistakeable demonstration of your worth and dignity. Maybe you walk away. At the very least, even if you don't, your partner develops a newfound respect for you and your boundaries.

But what if you give in? The fuller definition of the shit test would have it that your girlfriend leaves you, realising that you're not "capable of doing what needs to be done to provide for and protect her and her children".

In the case of the pandemic response, it's clear that the non-compliance hasn't happened on a large-enough scale to make a difference. We haven't left the government, so to speak, or made it respect us. But the government can't leave us, either, despite knowing how wretched we truly are. So what will happen? Almost certainly, what happens in all toxic relationships. The pushy partner keeps pushing. And keeps pushing.

Whether we like it or not, the governments that have subjected us to this ultimate shit test aren't going anywhere, not for now anyway. Indeed, a change of government is unlikely to mean anything at all, since support for the measures has united more or less all the major political parties. So we're stuck in an abusive relationship with a partner that knows it has the upper hand.

We shouldn't forget this as time passes and the worst aspects of the first two years of the pandemic, especially the lockdowns, begin to recede from view. In the UK, after the lifting of more or less all the restrictions, an air of unreality has now descended. Finally, we're back to normal! Except we aren't. We failed the shit test. The government knows this. It hasn't lost the power to do to us what it did before and it's armed with the knowledge that, when push comes to shove, we'll be the ones backing down. It's not a matter of if, but when.

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KNOW YOUR ENEMY

Autocrat he may be, but Putin's goals should be your goals too, says BRONZE AGE PERVERT

The logic of wartime propaganda and emotionalism will predictably and unfortunately work on many, including those on the right, and those who imagine themselves tough. They will feel called on to take a position on "national interest," on the protection of the homeland, even on the salutary effects of war on national passions, all old and often good arguments I've invoked myself in the past. But the greatest national interest is in the end of NATO, and of the occupational elites of the USA and the EU, goals with which we are aligned with Russia. This is why many of us support Putin in this venture, and those European nationalists and American conservatives who disagree with us in good faith, I am writing this brief note to explain ourselves.

When I look at the condition of west Europe now after 70 years of American vassalage I don't see sovereign countries, I see places where the population has by force been replaced to such an extent that a young German is now a minority in his own age group in his own country. The Soviets were chimp brutal oppressors, looted, shot, did many bad things. But look at East Europe now--they didn't replace the people. The people in west Europe were replaced. And it's not just about the white race, because the same is happening to South Korea: it is simply the most cruel method of rule by the gang that has overthrown America, where they are using it on their own people--to replace nations in their own lands, to introduce tribalism, racial hatred, in the mistaken belief they will profit off of this. To these methods have been added now another still more cruel, of the transsexual movement which is quickly heading to where the state is able to claim ownership of children and castrate boys without consent of parents, which has already begun to happen in certain few places, but will only accelerate.

These two methods are the most brutal used by the most brutal Oriental despotisms and tyrannies, and they were not and are not being used by the Russians. We know Putler is corrupt and self-interested, but as long as he's the only one giving resistance to this cabal that has overthrown the western governments, we will support him. In the case of Ukraine, this place is being used as a base of great value to this cabal: they are able to launder money to themselves, intelligence, and use it as a staging ground for operations like the Russia Hoax and the January 6 false flag attack on congress. They must be deprived of this base. Putin seems to have neither the intentions nor the ability to occupy Ukraine: his aims are ours, to deprive the cabal of this base.

For this reason we support his attack, and I ask those on the right including Ukrainian frogs: your lives and property and women are being dispossessed by this gang, right now, in brutal and direct way, and not by Putin who is trying to stop them (for whatever reasons of his own)--why are you out of reflex defending them? The calculations of "defense of homeland" and so on--how can it apply here, when your governments and institutions are subverted and being used against you? If Ukraine frogs dislike Russian troops on their sacred soil, this is understandable, but why would you be OK with NATO troops and a government that is being used as cumrag by this senile puppet "president" of

WHEN I LOOK AT THE CONDITION OF WEST EUROPE NOW AFTER 70 YEARS OF AMERICAN VASSALAGE I DON'T SEE SOVEREIGN COUNTRIES

America and whoever is behind him? If you were to rise up, overthrow your puppet president, and declare yourselves a free European state standing against both Russia and America in the original style, you would be in the right, and in fact I would come there myself and I would gather many volunteers for you. But as it is, your sense of honor is being subverted by trannie clowns, the spiritual heirs of John Wayne Gacy.

They won't help you, but they do want you to die ostentatiously so that they can parade your bodies on Talmudvisions across Europe and incite emotions against their hated Putler: who they hate not because he oppresses you, but because they couldn't do to Russia what they've done now to Germoney and Belgium. To the East Europeans who believe they can withstand both Russia and the rot that is imposed by this cabal, no you can't. In relatively short time 10-15 years you will see it is too late to oppose NATO and America--I hate to say America because it's not America, but the gang that has subverted its government. You will realize too late that they've taken your "elites," your media, your security services, and that at that point you will be in the position of the Canadian truckers now. Your zombi governments will open the floodgates to Afreaka while you have been caponized and hypnotized. You will see too late that you were only some one decade and a couple of elections behind your youth also being made strangers in their own homes and prey to foreigners. The hatred of Russia, a signature of your old that they passed on to some of you, will be used to hypnotize you to the far greater enemy that is already well advanced in subverting your governments and cultures. They seek to take from you not territory or access to consumer goods, but rather everything: your property, your women, and all of your freedoms. The despotism that they impose is far beyond anything Russia ever did.

This is not place to suggest tactic but maybe you look into what Mongolia is doing: they play off Chyna and Russia against each other while trying to become strong themselves. If you truly distrust Russia, work with Finland and your neighbors to form a pact, but until you go your own way; but now you're on your way to being subverted by this cabal, who is our only target, and against who we're ready to make an alliance with almost anyone. And Putin at least says he's Christian, he's pro-family, and he's pro-European (or so he says) and he acknowledges Russia has been abusive in the past, which indicates he doesn't plan to repeat mistakes of Soviets. You can distrust him, but the fruits of cabal rule are manifest in Germoney, Belgium, etc., and this is your near future as well.

This message is intended then to East Euros and also to American conservative nationalists, who are actually both in similar positions, where they believe they can live on unmolested by the cabal in charge of Washington and the European capitals; and also continue as if this was 1935 and they were mobilizing in the name of national honor against Russian imperialism. You don't realize how weak and powerless you are.

Follow @caribbeanvirtu on Twitter and @bronzeagepalaestra on Telegram. Bronze Age Mindset is available from Amazon. Carribean Rhythms, Bronze Age Pervert's weekly podcast, is available via Gumroad.

Calcio storico ("historic football") originated during the Middle Ages in Italy, and is a thrilling, bloody blend of elements of contemporary football, rugby and martial arts.

The game is believed to be a revival of the even older Roman game of harpastum, and is reputed to have begun in the Piazza Santa Croce, in Florence.

Originally, the game was reserved for aristocrats, who played in the evenings between Epiphany and Lent. Even popes have been known to play. Upon witnessing a game during a visit to Venice in 1574, King Henry III of France is said to have remarked that it was "Too small to be a real war and too cruel to be a game".

Today, three matches are played every year in the Piazza Santa Croce, with a team representing each quarter of the city. Games are played on a field covered in sand and last fifty minutes. Teams consist of 27 men, with no substitutions allowed, even for injured players.

The players may use virtually any means necessary to get the ball in the opponents' goal. Only sucker punches and kicks to the head are disallowed. Death is not uncommon.

LIBERTAS

FOR THE PATRIARCHY

We need more - much more - of this supposedly toxic institution, says MICHAEL SEBASTIAN

Patriarchy is under attack from all sides. The Left blames the patriarchy for virtually every evil in society from racism and climate change to the under-representation of women in STEM. U.S. Congresswoman Alexandra Ocasio-Cortez even blamed the patriarchy for inflicting a "pink tax" on women by forcing them to use make-up to appear attractive to men. Meanwhile, many on the right are find the concept of patriarchy unattractive because of its associations with a certain sort of moralistic "trad." But both of these viewpoints are misunderstandings of patriarchy. In truth, modern society's problems do not stem from too much patriarchy, but from too little.

IN SHORT, A PATRIARCH IS A MAN OF POWER WHO FATHERS CHILDREN AND ESTABLISHES A LEGACY

Part of the problem is that we no longer understand what patriarchy means. The political Left seems to think of patriarchy as some sort of secret society of men assembled to oppress women and promote incompetent men. Of course, no such secret society exists, but even if it did, it wouldn't really be patriarchal in the traditional sense of the term. Our word "patriarch" derives from the Greek "πατριάρχης," which means "father rule." Therefore, a patriarchy is a society where a father (patriarch) rules over his tribe. To understand how this worked, it is helpful to look at a couple of examples, one from the ancient world and one closer to our own time.

The first example of a patriarch is Abraham, whose life story appears in the book of Genesis. Abraham's influence is enormous: He is regarded as a father in the Faith by the three large monotheistic religions: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. In brief, the story of Abraham is that he was called by God to leave his native land of Ur and settle in what was then known as the land of Canaan. When Abraham left Ur, he was accompanied by a small tribe of people: Terah, his father; Nahor, his brother; his nephew Lot; and their families and servants all moved with him. This gives us the first characteristic of a patriarch: A patriarch is not an island. He has a tribe that surrounds him and this tribe consists of both extended family and other people over whom he exercises authority.

There is much that we could say about the life of Abraham, but I'd like to focus on only one incident which gives us insight into a neglected aspect of being a patriarch. Once Abraham and his tribe reach the land of Canaan, Abraham and his other family members became extremely wealthy in terms of the family business, which was shepherding. They were so prosperous that Abraham's nephew, Lot, moved away from Abraham to start his own tribe. Unfortunately, Lot found himself in the crossfire of a war between three city-states and he and his family were taken hostage by the victorious king. In response, Abraham led a commando operation with his men and attacked the king's camp by night to rescue Lot and his family. In other words, Abraham was able to project military strength that rivaled the state power of his day. This leads to the second characteristic of a patriarch: a patriarch holds power and he can use this power to protect his own from the outside world.

A modern example of a patriarch is Joseph P. Kennedy Sr., the father of the famous Kennedy political family. Kennedy was born into a powerful Boston political family but he was primarily an astonishingly versatile businessman.

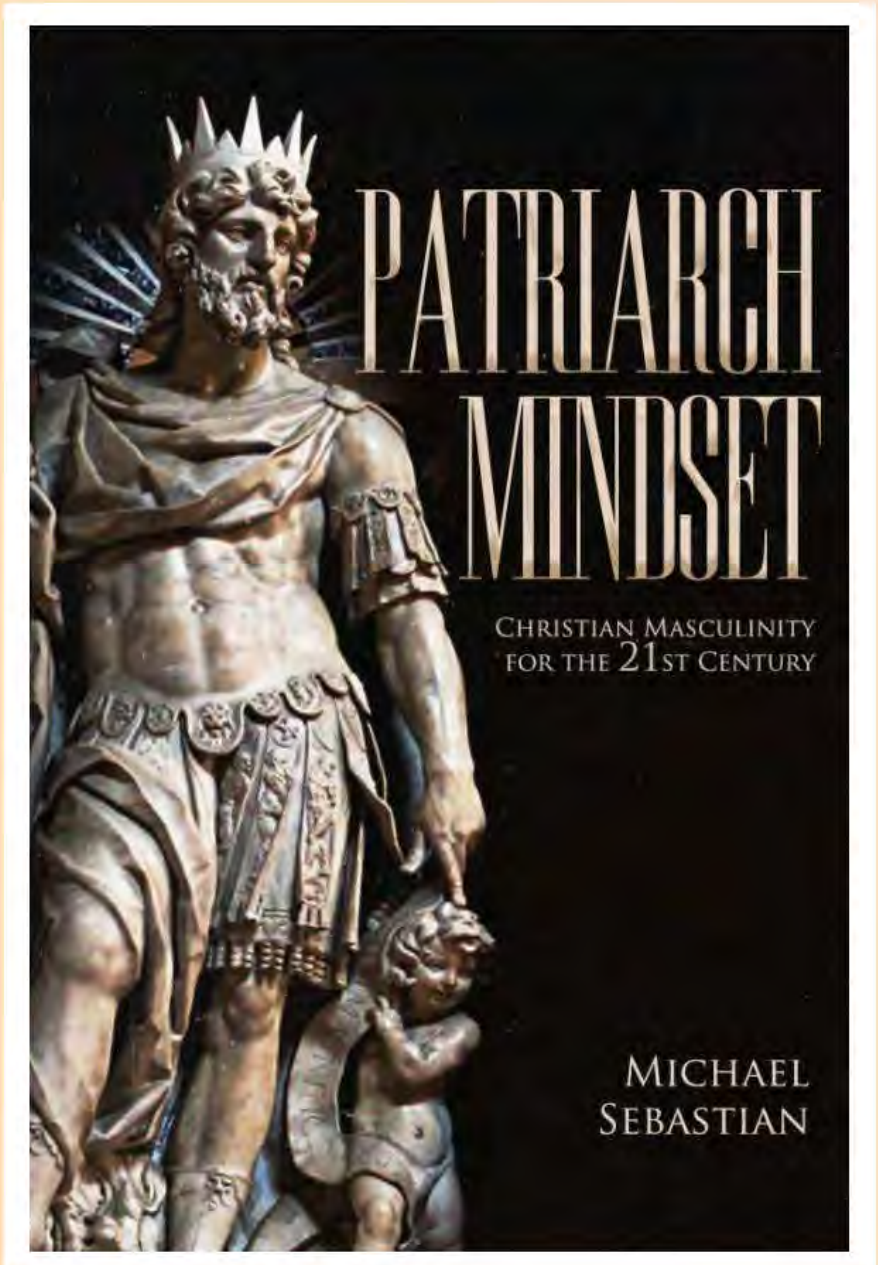
He made his fortune in the stock market and increased his wealth even more by investing in real estate. In 1926, Kennedy moved to Hollywood, bought a film studio, and started a three-year affair with actress Gloria Swanson. Kennedy later used his wealth to buy political power by supporting Franklin Roosevelt's presidential campaign. In recompense for his donations, Roosevelt awarded Kennedy with the chairmanship of the newly-formed Securities and Exchange Commission. Later, Kennedy was made U.S. ambassador to the United Kingdom, which is the most prestigious ambassadorship.

However, what Kennedy is most famous for is his family: He fathered nine children. Notably, Kennedy was able to propel his son John into the U.S. presidency. Another son, Robert, was on track to become the Democrat candidate for president when he was assassinated. Edward, the youngest son in the Kennedy clan, was a U.S. Senator for 47 years. Kennedy's grandchildren continue to be influential in politics to this day. Thus, Joseph Kennedy was able to exert an enormous influence on the direction of the United States for nearly a century. We can argue whether this influence was good or bad, but unlike so many contemporary politicians who put their office at the service of the highest bidder, Joseph Kennedy tried to implement policies that he believed were good for the United States as a whole. This brings us to the final two characteristics of a patriarch: A patriarch sires children and leaves a lasting legacy.

In short, a patriarch is a man of power who fathers children and establishes a legacy. To put this into Homeric terms, Achilles was not a patriarch even though he was a great warrior because he left no children or legacy. Odysseus, on the other hand, was a patriarch because he was able to return to Ithaca to rule as king. Men like Achilles are the great conquerors in world history, but it is men like Odysseus who are able to build and maintain civilization.

The problems we face today are due to fact that our leaders are not patriarchs. They are purely self-interested and view their people as cattle to be exploited. Therefore, what we need most right now is a return to true patriarchy. We need to raise men of honor, strength, and competence—men of power—who will take up the reins of leadership at every level in society and govern it as a father governs his family. As fate would have it, we live in time of great opportunity: the globalist consensus is rapidly falling apart and people are beginning to realize that new leaders are needed. The time is ripe for the emergence of a new breed of patriarchs who will not shore up what is falling but will build something entirely new. May many answer the call to take up the mantle of patriarchy.

Follow Michael Sebastian on Twitter (@honoranddaring). His book Patriarch Mindset is available from Amazon.



THE NARRATIVE COLLAPSES

Objectivity and expert rule for the benefit of all have been revealed for the myths they are. What now? asks AURON MACINTYRE

Canada has earned a reputation as America's more polite and reasonable neighbor, which has made its rapid descent into tyranny over the last few months all the more shocking.

Often in history one moment crystalizes a conflict that has been building under the surface for decades and Justin Trudeau's vicious suppression of political opposition in his country has proven to be one of those moments. The prime minister has taken extreme measures to silence criticism of his pandemic restrictions by the country's truck drivers. This has revealed him as a weak and desperate leader, but more importantly it has exposed many of the lies that have served as the narrative pillars of the liberal democratic order of the West. These events have been a wake-up call for many who had placed their trust in constitutions and formal protections but are quickly coming to realize their leaders are more than willing to transgress these documents and norms in the quest to expand their power.

Protests during the pandemic have been nothing new in Canada. Demonstrators have been allowed to tear down statues of Queen Victoria, Queen Elizabeth II, and other historical figures. After the media ran a story claiming that mass graves of indigenous children had been discovered in connection with a Christian school dozens of churches were burned in retaliation, even though no corpses have ever been found. Justin Trudeau described the hate crimes as "understandable". Truckers had every reason to believe that when they exercised their right to protest, which is protected under the Canadian Charter Of Rights,

they would at the very least be allowed to peacefully make their voices heard. Instead, the Canadian workers quickly learned the same lesson that Americans discovered during the BLM riots: protesting in the West is now a privilege awarded only to political supporters of those in power.

The truckers developed a particularly effective method of protest that damaged those in power while maintaining their peaceful nature. The constant honking combined with the disruption in trade affected Canadian leaders both psychologically and economically, but avoided giving them an easy excuse to crack down on the speech of the truckers. Despite the protesters being very careful about the nature of the tactics used, Trudeau was quick to escalate the severity of his response. It began with a stratagem that has become all too familiar to those who oppose the ruling class in the West. Trudeau smeared the truckers as racist, fascists, and far-right extremists, even going so far as to lie about the protesters stealing food from the homeless. The media has been more than happy to assist in these attacks, writing headlines claiming that the word "freedom" has now become a far-right rallying cry with implicit ties to white identity. Private companies have also been eager to assist with the political persecution, with the popular crowdfunding site GoFundMe stealing more than $10 million in donations that had been given to the truckers by their supporters. In response, crowdfunding efforts began with other websites but Trudeau used the sweeping powers of Canada's Emergency Act, which had never been invoked in a time of peace, to seize the bank accounts of those participating in or helping to fund the protest. These powers were also used to criminalize the demonstrations and arrest those who refused to back down.

As the media and western elites shift popular focus to the Russian invasion of Ukraine covid has all but disappeared from the public consciousness, yet in Canada the unvaccinated are not allowed to travel by plane, train, or bus. They are even banned from leaving the country. Trudeau has eagerly given speeches denouncing Vladimir Putin's attacks on human rights and democratic norms while jailing his own political opponents, stealing their money, and trapping them like prisoners inside the borders of Canada. The western establishment's fervor to punish Russia has also laid bare the naked opportunities of institutions outside of Canada as well. Stories like the Ghost of Kyiv, (a Ukrainian fighter-ace lionized for taking down scores of Russian aircraft by himself), and Snake Island (where Ukrainian soldiers were said to have defiantly stood like the Spartans at Thermopylae), were quickly proven to be false, but politicians and high-profile journalists who had been warning about the dangers of Russian propaganda and misinformation for years suddenly came out in support of knowingly spreading these fables to raise morale. Those who had been writing endlessly about the dangers of radicalization and white supremacy online nodded approvingly as social media giants like Facebook suspended their policy of banning users who called for violence or praised neo-Nazis as long as they did so in support of Ukraine's more controversial combat units.

Liberalism promised rule by an objective system, neutral institutions governed by experts who would deliver freedom and equality. With their human rights and liberties shielded safely behind a wall of constitutional protections, average people could go on with their daily lives knowing that representatives selected by their democratic votes were operating a system carefully engineered to yield the best results all while protecting the individual. In reality, however, no system is ever objective or neutral. Someone is always deciding who the system will benefit, and as western governments seize bank accounts and jail protestors, as journalists cheer on lies and social media companies bend over backwards to allow death threats against world leaders they dislike, the liberal narrative is collapsing before our eyes.

In the past, conservatives have generally consoled themselves by pointing out the hypocrisy of institutions which passionately preach about principles and norms and then reverse them the moment it seems convenient. But the impotence of this tactic has become more and more clear as the contradictions inside the system pile up faster and higher than ever before. Conservative political parties have usually been able to recycle dissident energy back into the system, convincing constituents that the liberal system still works and they are only one election away from righting the ship. But events like Brexit, the election of Donald Trump, and the Canadian truck driver protest have shown the containment is starting to fail. Even if they don't have the words to describe it, those left behind by globalist cosmopolitan liberalism are seeking solutions beyond those presented to them by the system. The liberal order that has come to dominate the West is far from dead, but the myths that undergird it are falling away, and this will generate both chaos and opportunity in the years ahead.

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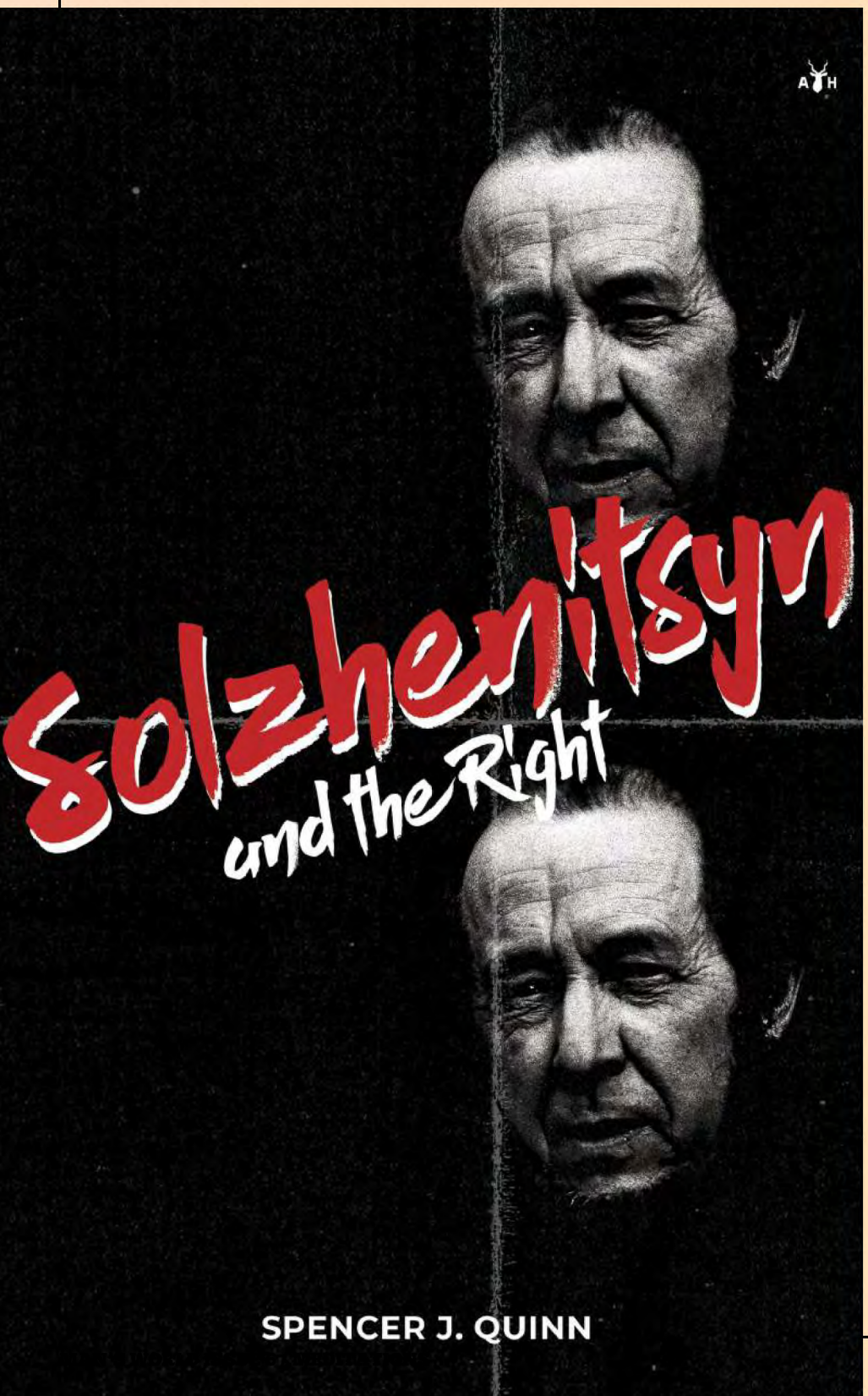
WAR IS THE FATHER OF ALL

Our attitudes to war may change, but the thing itself will never, says ASTRAL



Heraclitus says war "renders some Gods, some men. Some slaves; others free." As the patriarch of civilization, war has the power to build us up from the muck of nature to the heights of culture - complex art, towering architecture, stable institutions, advanced science. Conversely, war also holds the power to lay flourishing civilizations low, to smite them in their hubris, dismantle all they've built, and hand it over to a more worthy successor.

To make civilization people must know how to make war. Some cultures are better than others at it, but also some cultures are better at certain times at making war than they are at others. The same culture brought down by war may be the one which, in times gone by, built itself up on war. The peninsular republic of Rome became the continental Empire through centuries of continuous war, both with its neighbors and with itself. Although war made the Romans great, the Pax Romana that ensued from their hegemony also led to their weakness, their sloth, and their pampering. They no longer had the stomach for war. As such, the Germans dismantled their civilization and took its revenue for themselves. In turn, it would take the Germans a millennia to go from the war-making people who tore Rome down

to the civilization-building Protestants who sparked the Reformation and founded America.

America, like Rome, made itself on war. As avowed pacifist Howard Zinn details in his book The People's History of the United States, America was built on continuous war, with Indians, with the British, Mexico, itself – the world. Zinn, and the left, of course see this as a bad thing. The conclusion, I presume, is that the civilization built in such a manner is unworthy of the lives lost in the process. Moreover, once a threshold is crossed, some ineffable, metaphysical cultural peak, this war-making begins to eat away at a culture and contribute to its downfall. Perhaps the left sees the downgrading of American quality of life and its diminishment on the world stage as well deserved for past transgressions, for the crime of waging "unjust wars," in Vietnam, Iraq, Afghanistan and a host of other places. The right, for its part, perhaps believes these wars were not only justified, but blunders because we didn't wage war enough. Maybe, some have suggested (like Patton urging us to roll our tanks on from Berlin to Moscow, or Kissinger bombing Laos) the only way to victory is total war.

But as Judge Holden, the physical embodiment of war in Cormac McCarthy's novel Blood Meridian, points out, it makes no difference what one thinks of War. War is. Even when a civilization reaches a point at which it seems maybe war isn't necessary, or perhaps isn't the best strategy for accomplishing its goals, war endures. Whether we have the stomach for it or not, war presents itself, and we make of it what we can.

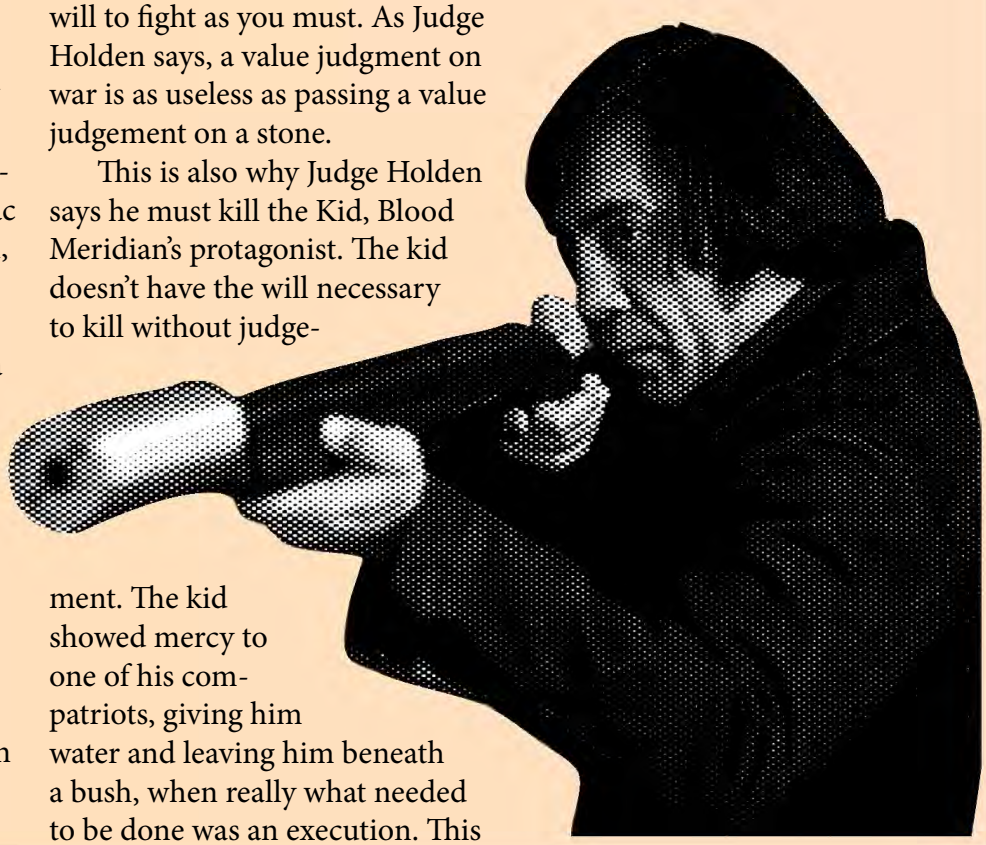
While Judge Holden waxes philosophical on the inevitability of war, Kurtz, the rogue Colonel in Apocalypse Now, laments the loss of will needed to meet with war.

TO MAKE CIVILIZATION PEOPLE MUST KNOW HOW TO MAKE WAR

Kurtz tells a story about when he and a group of special forces had inoculated a village. Soon after, the Vietcong return to the village and hack off the arms of the children and leave them in a pile. Kurtz's famous comments on "horror… the horror" refer to the strength of will necessary to face the horror of war, to hack off the arms of your children if they've been contaminated by contact with the enemy. This is why Kurtz goes native: he realizes that his men, his country, his people, no longer have the will to face the horror, to kill without judgement. The very act of inoculating children precludes that. So he tells Willard, the assassin sent to kill him: kill me because you must, but don't pass judgement on me. When you do that, when you kill because one thing is right and another thing is wrong, you start down the path toward losing the will to fight as you must. As Judge Holden says, a value judgment on war is as useless as passing a value judgement on a stone.

This is also why Judge Holden says he must kill the Kid, Blood Meridian's protagonist. The kid doesn't have the will necessary to kill without judgement. The kid showed mercy to one of his compatriots, giving him water and leaving him beneath a bush, when really what needed to be done was an execution. This is a common motif in McCarthy's novels. In No Country for Old Men, the exact same thing leads to the death of Llewelyn Moss at the hands of Anton Chigurh, yet another man who personifies the relentless, value-free is-ness of war. Moss gives a wounded cartel member water, and this small act of mercy snowballs into the deaths of himself and so many others at the hand of Chigurh.

That is why this country is not for old men, and why war is not for old civilizations: they don't have the heart for it anymore.



Follow Astral on Twitter @Astrikos10. Visit astralflight.substack.com for his essays and new podcast, Astral Flight Simulation, which includes an exclusive interview with the Raw Egg Nationalist.

THE PURSUIT OF POWER

Without the determination to gain power, a movement is nothing, says SOSO

The course of history is dictated by men with swords. The will to shape the world is built upon a will to violence. Men who possess this know it from birth. They seek to discharge their strength above all else. The fascination for it fills their youth and never dissipates. The world today is an iron prison built to suppress this will however it can, to neuter it entirely or leash it to causes undeserving. The oligarchs that built this prison want to see history ended. History never ends. Their world is built on sand. It stands against nature, it stands against life, it stands against the will to power. The men who hear destiny know that it cannot stand. When it falls, who will stand in its place?

The end of empires come as a thief in the night. It cannot be predicted, only prepared for. A new order does not emerge spontaneously. The Franks, the Patriots, the Bolsheviks all existed prior to the opportunity. It is not enough to hope for victory when the chance comes, we must be ready to seize it. Readiness is the child of discipline, of the body, of the mind, of the spirit. We must also maintain a discipline of comradery. A new order can only be built upon a basis of honor, truth, and loyalty. Unity of purpose is the engine of real history. A singular goal and a singular vision. If we are lucky enough to take part in history, we must be worthy of it. If we want to shine like the sun, first we must burn like it.

Discipline of the mind is the most critical attribute necessary to a victorious strategy. It begins with exorcizing the phantoms of the past and the ghosts of previous awakenings. Emotion and sentimentality cannot cloud rational judgment and hobble success. We cannot be held captive by appeals to misplaced duty or adventure. Our duty is to history, our adventure awaits us at the decisive moment. Every action must be made in service of success. Commitment to anything other than victory is a willing embrace of defeat. Party, ideology, personality are all second to this ultimate goal. The only purity is found in power; history does not remember the piety of the powerless.

We are unified by a recognition of the emptiness of this world, and we are unified by an innate yearning for something more. We are not alone in either of these things, even with the great many content with slavery. The new order must be forged from a greater unity, a loyalty towards one another. It can only be made of a real brotherhood. It is up to us to build it. It is not our open enemies who will damn us, but those who wear our colors and repeat our maxims. Rhetoric can be faked; only genuine friendship is true. Bonded together, our phalanx can stand against any opponent and withstand any horde. With this bronze brotherhood we will shatter the iron prison. This is the first step towards our destiny.

We must make ourselves as useful to one another as possible. What this means for each of us is unique to the individual. If your talents direct yourself towards standing institutions, do not be afraid to enter them. These positions are the most valuable asset we have. The military, the police, the political apparatus both large and local, industry, business, all these enable us to pursue our goals with more options on a broader front. If you are driven by a creative passion, write, paint, sculpt the art that will give shape to the beauty of our vision. If the bonds of family and fatherhood appeal to you, live for them. A strong family is the foundation of all great states. Know that whatever life you choose, it will always be precarious. You must operate like a spy in the belly of the beast; that is what we are. The only path that must be rebuked is that of isolation. We cannot flee to the countryside, we cannot abandon the world, we cannot hope to be left alone. Retreat is not an option.

We are the caste of warriors that will serve as the vanguard of this new order. Our mandate is

from destiny, but our authority will come from the people. We cannot allow ourselves to be ghettoed away from them. Populism is the only tool we have available to us, but with it we can usurp the levers of power. We cannot limit ourselves to specific mechanisms, elections, demonstrations, or any other tactic. Instead, we must analyze each option, their risks and their chances of success, and pursue whatever will work at a given time in given circumstances. Whatever moves us closer to victory is good, in this there is no difference between incremental and instantaneous change. It does not matter how radical our vision is, what matters is outmaneuvering the regime on the field of popular opinion. If ideological rhetoric stands in our way, discard it without a second thought. It does not compromise our goals to speak in a way that inspires more than ourselves. If we are true to ourselves and true to the cause of ultimate victory, we will maintain the advantage of Truth, and the Lord of Lies cannot defeat that. Every attempt by the regime to coopt the will of the people must be countered decisively. Our will must become their will.

HISTORY DOES NOT REMEMBER THE PIETY OF THE POWERLESS.

We can count ourselves among the luckiest generations, and that luck must be guarded at all costs. We have the opportunity to shape the next century according to our will. When the moment comes, we will only have one chance at it. Every second until then must be used to strengthen ourselves for that opportunity. Revolution hangs in the cumulative moments, each building on the next, and it can be lost with the slightest hesitation. Against us stands the most formidable regime to ever exist. Never has more destructive power been wielded by the most undeserving cabal of invalids. Global psychological operations are executed daily in front of our eyes. Censorship silences entire populations with the flip of a switch. Mass surveillance observes our every waking moment. This is our blessing. The greater the difficulty, the more the glory in surmounting it. If we are to conquer it, we must calculate every step, and we must view the world with the coldest rationality. We must embrace ruthless pragmatism. Patience and preparation are the pen with which we will write our history. This is how we win.

Soso tweets @Chernayakoshka

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ALL MEN SHOULD BE DANGEROUS

THE NEW SEXUAL FEUDALISM

The new rules of the game are disenfranchising the majority of men, says BANE

Alpha fucks, beta bucks. In just four words, this redpill adage summarises the state of play for young men and women in 2022. The bold and masculine men (alphas) get all the action, while the timid and feminized men (betas) are stuck providing women with a shoulder to cry on and money for their food. Women have emotional and physical needs, and they don't mind having each kind met by different types of men.

This tendency has only been exacerbated by events of the last two years, and it shows no signs of getting any better. More and more girls are becoming "content creators" – i.e. selling "lewd" photos and videos on OnlyFans – and more and more men are paying for them. In this world of hyperstimulation from birth, girls quickly get hooked on attention, first on Instagram or Tik Tok, and before they know it, they've got an OnlyFans account. The free market is a harsh place, and with so many girls online, there's only so many dance videos you can make on TikTok before you start to lose relevance and get eclipsed by the new up-and-coming star. So girls are forced to make their content more and more attention-grabbing in order to fit their rising appetite for attention. This leads to an inevitable sexualization of their content – and the influencer-to-OnlyFans pipeline claims another victim.

As I say, the free market is a harsh place. And for many men, living in the age of sexual freedom and plenty sure feels a lot like suffering through a time of drought. Women are freer than ever from the consequences of their sexual exploits and still lots of men can barely get a girlfriend, let alone casual sex. It's hardly surprising that many men simply choose to check out of traditional relation-

ships – after all, their desires are frustrated and even demonized if they choose to act on them, since insufficient attractiveness is itself a misstep. Instead, these men pursue para-social relationships with e-girls on the internet. Maybe it starts with a twitch subscription and a follow on Instagram, and soon enough they're making requests for feet pics on OnlyFans. Absent a genuine source of meaning, hedonism is the easy option, and with no girlfriend or wife to spend their money on, throwing away their hard-earned cash in the hopes of getting noticed – anything! – by that cute streamer suddenly feels like an attractive prospect. Just one more donation, then surely this time she'll agree to meet in person!

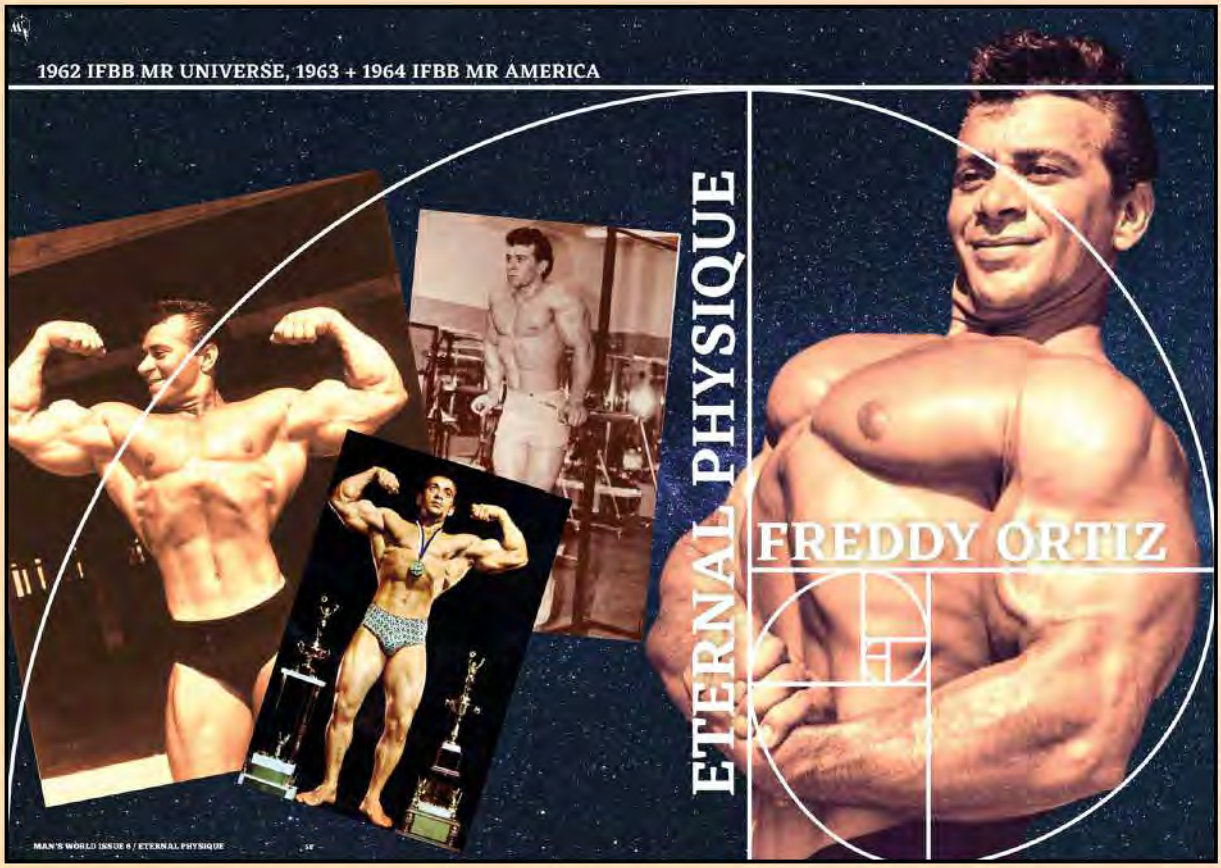
But what these men unfortunately refuse to acknowledge is a harsh truth: that the women they're investing all their hard-earned money and attention in will never have sex with them. They have Chad for that. That's just how it works. But it gets worse. Because Chad is also probably spending a good portion of that hard-earned feet-pic money himself. A crafty Chad can form pimp-esque relationships with one or more e-girls, managing their social media in exchange for a portion of the profits. Even if this sort of relationship is not explicit, e-girls will end up financing their Chads one way or another. Pimp and ho relationships have existed since forever, but the simp phenomenon is facilitating the transfer of wealth from working-class men to women on an unprecedented (society-wide) scale. And, through their relationships to these women, also to elite men. This phenomenon deserves a serious economic analysis. Really.

THE SIMP'S MONEY MEANS NOTHING SINCE IT CAN'T REALLY BUY HIM WHAT HE TRULY DESIRES

This transfer of wealth from low to high status men has an interesting historical parallel. In the Middle Ages, under feudalism, the serf rented land from a lord in exchange for service and a cut of the serf's own profits. He didn't – couldn't – own the land. In modern sexual feudalism, the unfortunate simp, since he cannot in any sense "own" female sexuality, must rent a limited kind of access to it from the Chad. But it's actually much worse than this. A serf could turn modest wealth into reproductive success – he could actually get a wife and start a family. Not the simp though: his money means nothing since it can't really buy him what he truly desires.

What is the simp, then, if he is worse than a serf? Even so-called "untouchables" in the Indian caste system are able to find a mate. Some will inevitably wonder if a society built on a system of sexual selection like this can survive. Whether we want to or not, we're going to find out.

Bane tweets @enlghtndrtnlst. Read his essays at erationalist.substack.com



OVER THE PAGE: ETERNAL PHYSIQUE, FEATURING A PROFILE OF THE LEGENDARY FREDDY ORTIZ

1962 IFBB MR UNIVERSE, 1963 + 1964 IFBB MR AMERICA

ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

FREDDY ORTIZ

After moving to New York from Puerto Rico, Freddy Ortiz was inspired to become a bodybuilder when he saw a picture of Reg Park on the cover of a magazine. At the time, he was just a short 18-year old who had shown no athletic promise during high school, but through incredible hard work, within a year he had obtained a physique impressive enough for him to place second in the 1960 Mr New York City, against a packed field of more experienced bodybuilders.

Freddy dedicated the next two years to improving his physique, choosing not to enter any further competitions until he felt he was truly ready. With little real knowledge of bodybuilding, he turned to the magazines of the day to learn the movements he needed to build what would become his eternal physique. For this reason, and because he initially shunned training partners, Freddy became known as something of a loner. Although he chose to train alone and trust his own intuitions, it was his fellow gymgoers whose reaction to his massively improved physique finally convinced him that he was ready to compete again.

The 1962 IFBB Mr Universe was Freddy's chance to shine, and shine he did. In only his second competition, he took first place in the short category, a victory which catapulted this young unknown bodybuilder into the top tiers alongside the heroes of the day like Reg Park and Bill Pearl. Over the rest of the decade, he would compete at the highest levels of the sport, winning the IFBB Mr America short category two years on the trot, in 1963 and 1964, before retiring after taking third place in the 1969 WBBG Mr America.

In the late 60s, he moved to California so he could train at Vince Gironda's legendary West

Inset: with Larry Scott outside Vince's Gym in West Hollywood

STATS:

D.O.B. January 1, 1941 Puerto Rico
Height: 5'5"
Competition weight: 185-195lbs

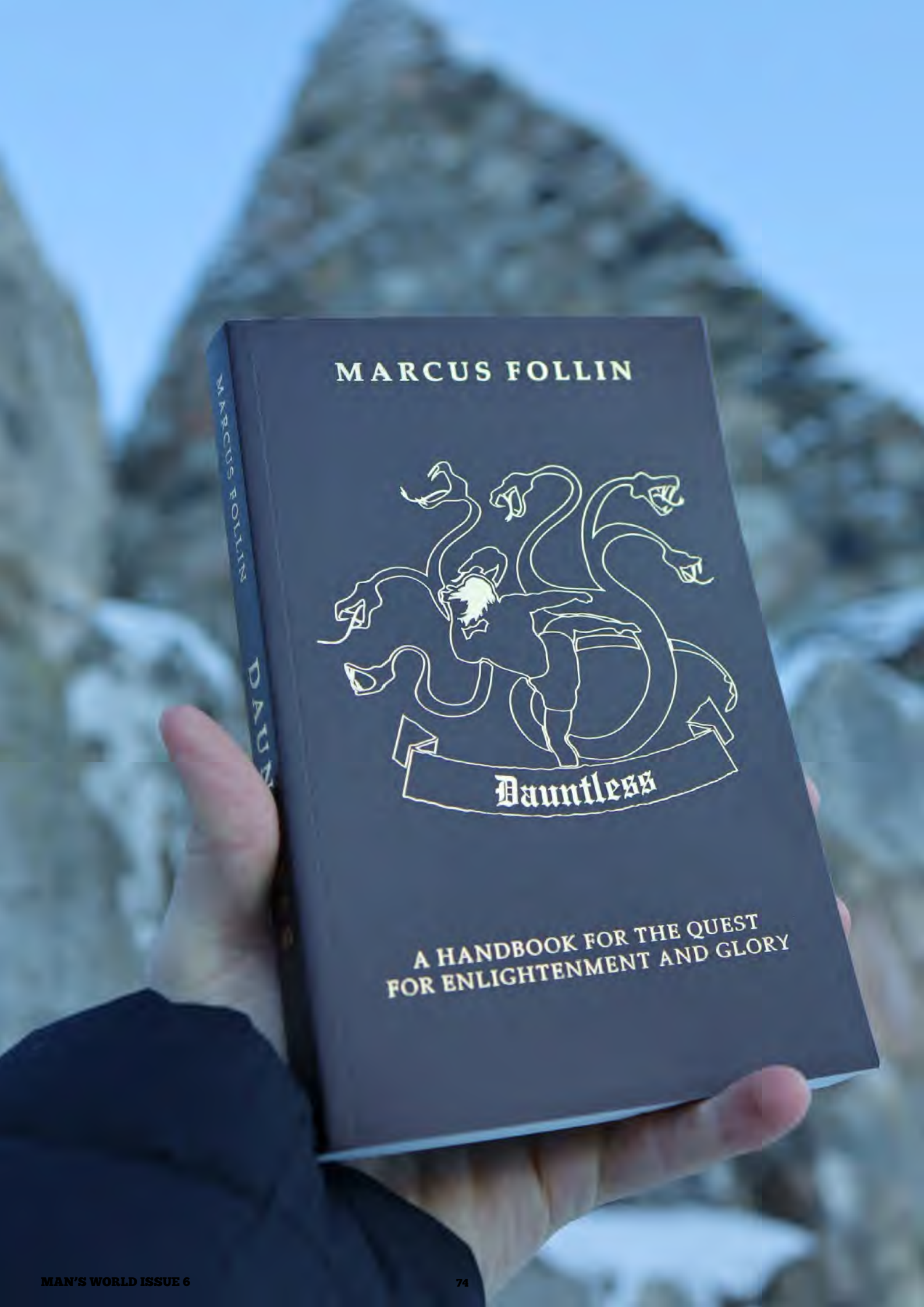
Chest: 50"
Arms: 19.5"
Thighs: 24.5"

COMPETITION HISTORY:

1960 AAU Mr. New York City, Short – 2nd
1962 IFBB Mr. Universe, Short – 1st
1963 IFBB Mr. America, Short – 1st
1964 IFBB Mr. America, Short – 1st
1966 IFBB Mr. Eastern America, Short – 1st
1968 WBBG Pro Mr. America – 2nd
1968 NABBA Mr. Universe Pro, Short – 2nd
1969 WBBG Pro Mr. America – 3rd

Hollywood gym. There he would have trained with bodybuilders like Larry Scott, the first Mr Olympia, Frank Zane, Don Howarth and a young and very green Austrian by the name of Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Freddy is remembered for his massive muscularity – weighing in around 190lbs at just 5'5" – and particularly his incredible arms, which at nearly 20" were among the largest of the day. His approach to training was also different from most of his peers. He was one of the first to emphasise the mind-muscle connection, which meant that he performed more reps, with lower weights, and focused on activating the muscles as much as possible.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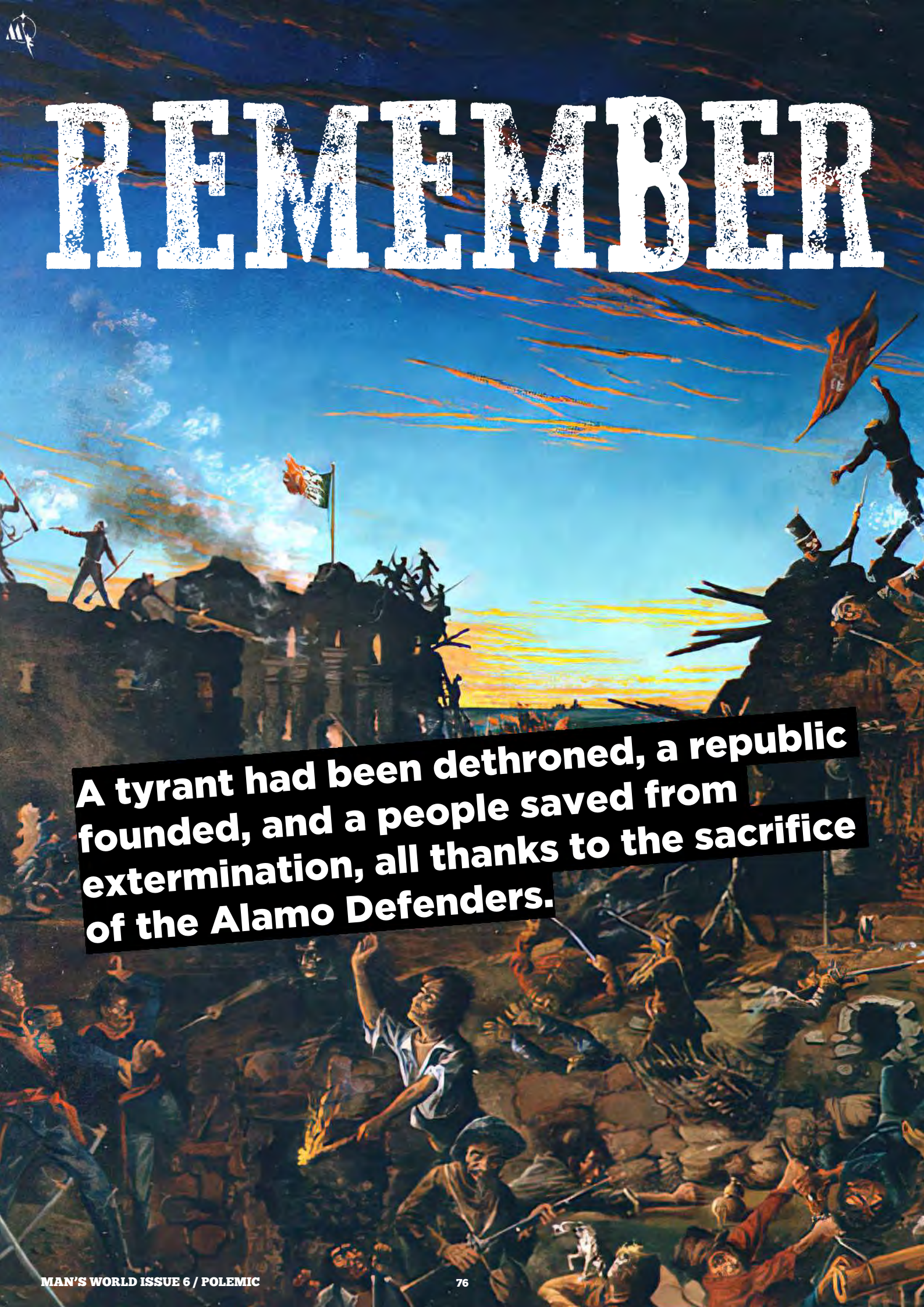
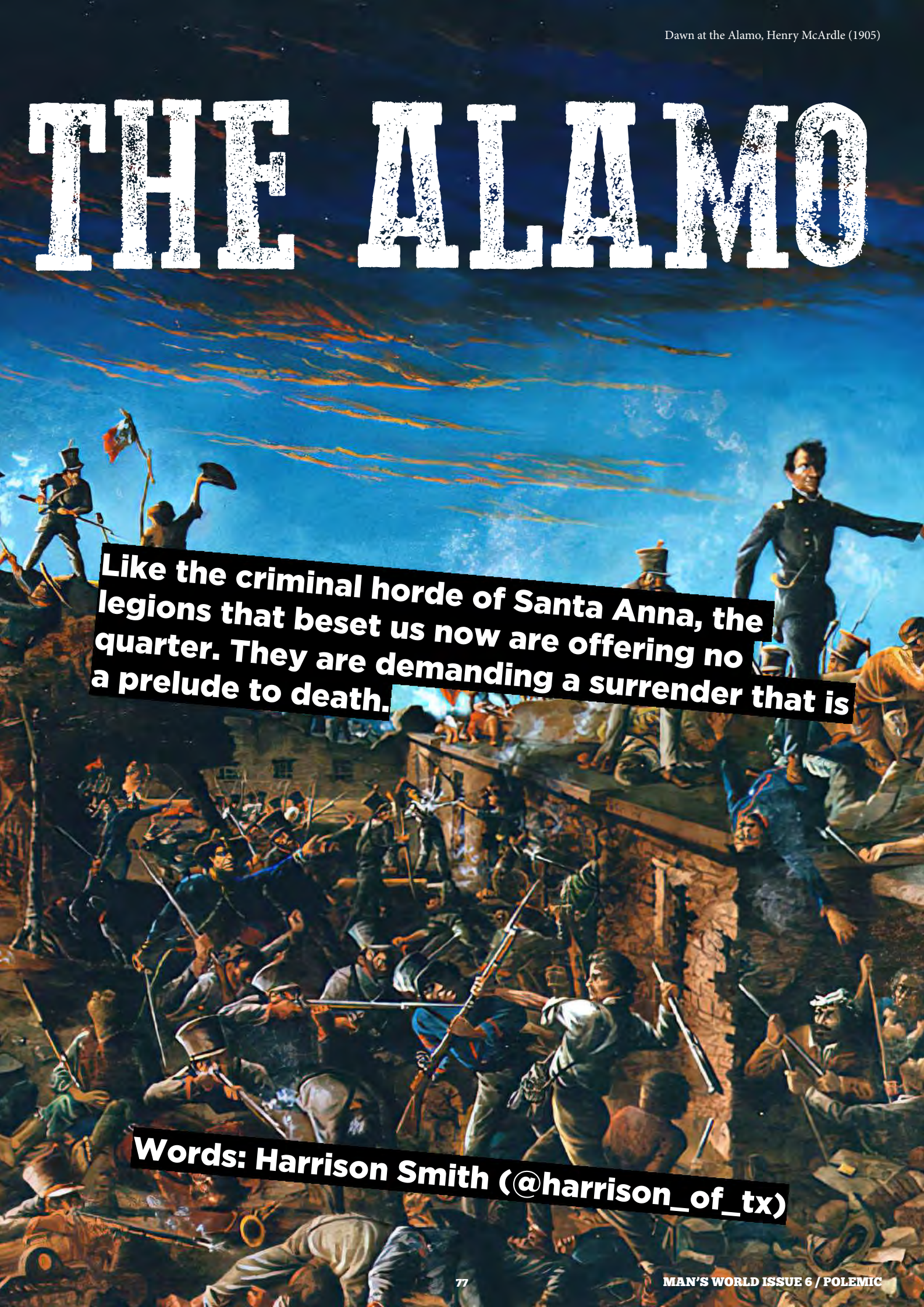
REMEMBER



A tyrant had been dethroned, a republic founded, and a people saved from extermination, all thanks to the sacrifice of the Alamo Defenders.



Dawn at the Alamo, Henry McArdle (1905)

THE ALAMO

Like the criminal horde of Santa Anna, the legions that beset us now are offering no quarter. They are demanding a surrender that is a prelude to death.

Words: Harrison Smith (@harrison_of_tx)

I am besieged… I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism & everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid, with all dispatch… If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible & die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor & that of his country—Victory or Death.

- Lt. Col. William Barret Travis, Letter from the Alamo

The Alamo is under attack, again. This time instead of legionnaires launching cannonballs and musket-men charging with bayonets, it's bloggers writing revisionist history and progressive academics going on podcasts.

In 1836, Mexican dictator Santa Anna rode north at the head of an army six-thousand strong, fresh off a major victory over the strongest militia in Mexico. It took him only a few hours to defeat an army of three-thousand in the city of Zacatecas, which his troops then ransacked for two days straight. Thus resupplied, he marched into Texas confident in the swelling strength of his army, determined to crush the nascent rebellion there. Banners flapping overhead, he was at the pinnacle of his worldly might, the most powerful man in the hemisphere. Then he spotted an ancient Spanish mission in the distance.

The Alamo. It was little more than a walled garden and chapel nestled in the hills by the San Antonio River. It was upon this humble sanctuary that Santa Anna's ever-growing ambition would crash like a wave upon a rock. Inside the adobe walls of the church crouched a mere handful of rebels, less than two-hundred men, most wielding hunting rifles. Above them waved the Mexican flag of 1824, representing the constitution of 1824, the document Santa Anna abolished in 1835 in order to centralize power to himself. His decades-long, inexorable rise from humble infantryman to de-facto emperor of Mexico would grind to a halt here, as his army of six-thousand conscripted men laid siege to the makeshift fort.

Santa Anna's army took heavy losses day after day, and by the time the fort was taken and the last Alamo Defender executed, thirteen days had passed. This delay gave the Texan Rebels elsewhere the precious time needed to organize a general defense. Within two months, Santa Anna's army would be shattered. After the Battle of San Jacinto, he would be found hiding in the bushes, taken prisoner, and sent back to Mexico City in disgrace.

A tyrant had been dethroned, a republic founded, and a people saved from extermination, all thanks to the sacrifice of the Alamo Defenders. Those one hundred eighty-five men chose to die fighting, and their heroic Last Stand became legend, a founding myth for the people of Texas.

Today, it is that very myth itself that is under attack. Subversive intellectuals and their media cohorts have launched a full-scale public relations assault on the perception of the Alamo. Attempting to rewrite history, their thinly-veiled libel is meant to destroy the heritage and cultural touchstones of a people and a morality they despise. The forces of evil descend once again on this little adobe mission, and the champions of liberty must man the battlements against the hordes.

When CS Lewis wrote about JRR Tolkien's influence on his conversion from atheism to Christianity, the crucial moment came when discussing religion in the context of myth. He recalled Tolkien saying, "Now the story of Christ is simply a true myth: a myth working on us in the same way as the others, but with this tremendous difference that it really happened."

In the same way, the myth of the Alamo really happened.

The story of the last stand at the Alamo is true. Even stripped of its more dramatic flourishes, in its most simplistic and unadorned form, it is a story that swells with heroism, self-sacrifice, and courage. It's a story that tells us no matter how uneven the odds, liberty can be wrested from the clutches of tyrants by a few brave men, as long as they are emboldened by the steadfast resolve of a righteous cause.

The 300 Spartans, the Twelve Disciples of Jesus, the Battle of Tours, the American Revolution… It is a lesson that history teaches time and again, but it is a lesson despised by those who love submission, who breed conformity, who fear the uncontrolled, and who's only moral imperative is doing as others are doing. The reality is that there is no such thing as hopeless odds for the good guys.

It is this reality that the Alamo Deniers deny. In a barrage of books, podcasts, and articles launched everywhere from Vanity Fair to National Geographic, they are attempting to distort the meaning of the Alamo. It's a multi-front public relations campaign reminiscent of New York Times' "1619" Project. They are attempting to destroy the myth, and in doing so render impotent the morality it embodies.

The actual claims made by

these cultural vandals are as baseless as they are petulant. Nothing but deconstructionist speculation by limp-wristed ivy-leaguers who wouldn't be fit to lick Jim Bowie's muddy boots. They seem chiefly concerned in disparaging the heroes of the Alamo, regardless of facts. For example, it is abundantly clear from the first hand sources, such as Col. William B. Travis's letter quoted above, that the Alamo Defenders knew perfectly well that they were sacrificing themselves. The author of the book Forget the Alamo, Bryan Burrough, however, claims the exact opposite because he "got the sense" that it wasn't true.

The Alamo Deniers also make the point to say that martyrs like Davy Crockett didn't actually "fight to the death" but surrendered and were then executed. This perhaps inadvertently highlights the cruelty of Santa Anna, but the intention is obviously to slander the dead as cowards. Not to mention that the Tornel Decree issued in 1835 declared capital punishment for all Texan rebels, so Crockett would have known giving up was pointless.

It is not just that their claims can be debunked by a cursory knowledge of Texas history, they can be safely ignored because the authors themselves tell us what their real impetus was in launching this revisionist crusade, and it has nothing to do with academic curiosity or historical accuracy.

According to a fawning article about Burrough in National Geographic, "The story of the Alamo has been central to the "whole Texas creation myth," Burrough says. But he adds it's past time to look critically at the "heroic Anglo narrative" associated with the site." No wonder so many of the claims made by the Alamo Deniers seem to focus on race, and no wonder the mainstream press is so eager to treat them with unearned seriousness. This is racist propaganda masquerading as history. They are slandering the memory of martyrs because they are white.

The reality is that there is no such thing as hopeless odds for the good guys

It can actually be considered a sort of "reconquista" agitprop, as Burrough says, "One of the reasons that it matters most is that Latinos are poised to become a majority in Texas, according to census data. So if there's ever been a time for there to be a robust civic conversation ... about this, about the place of the Alamo in our history, about Texas history itself, we hope it was now."

"The place of the Alamo in our history."

"Texas history itself."

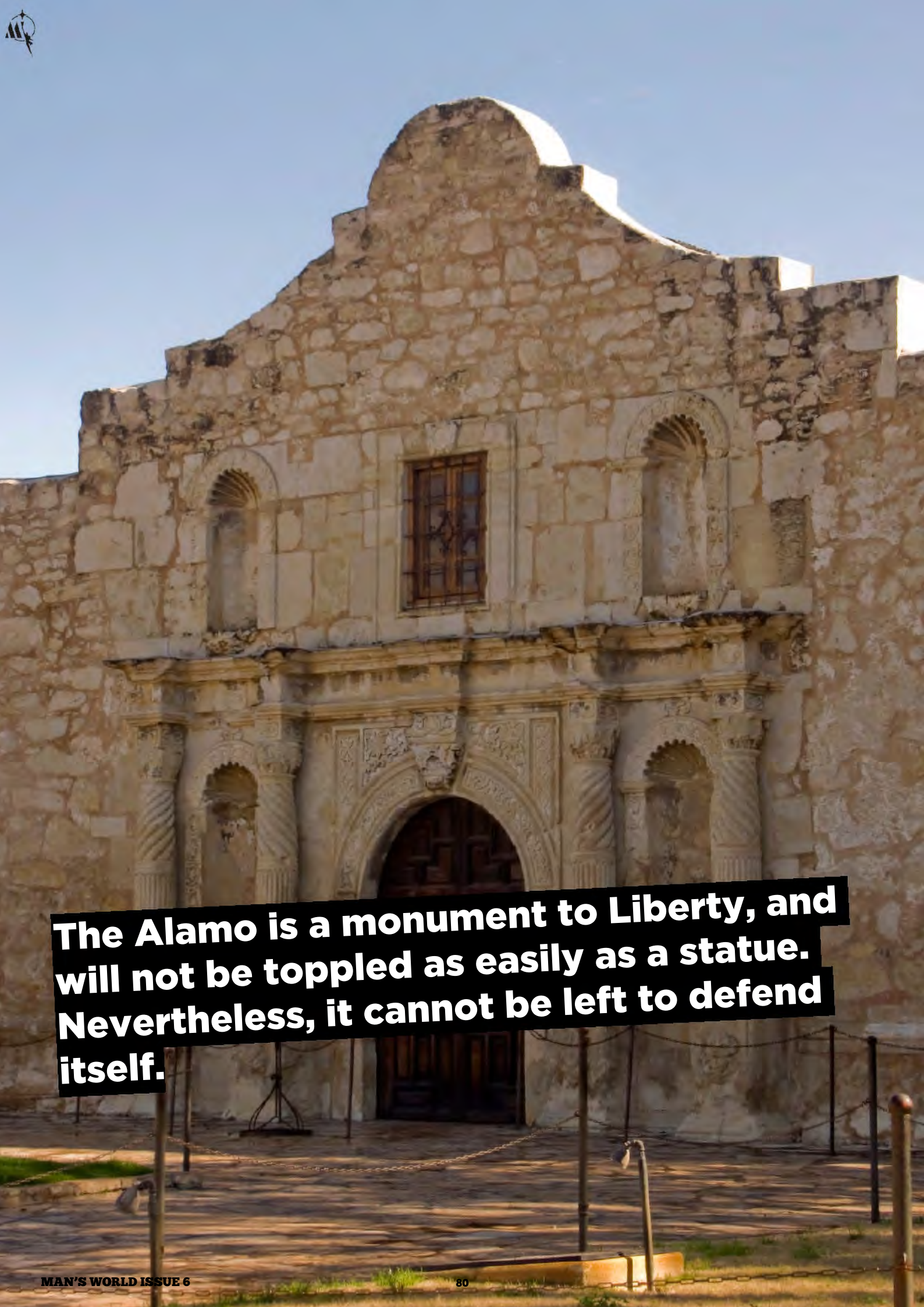
"Robust civic conversation."

These are cultural terrorists, destroying history, vandalizing the collective consciousness of Americans by exploiting racial animus. How else do you boil down the entire complex history of the Mexican and Texas Revolutions into "white" vs. "brown"?

How else do you justify supporting Santa Anna? He was one of the few men in history deserving of his cartoonishly villainous reputation. A despicable strongman warlord with no real political convictions, his only concern was his personal aggrandizement, which he secured by repeatedly brutalizing his own people and massacring his enemies. He openly declared his intention to put every armed Texan to death, something he carried out at Goliad, massacring four hundred forty-five surrendered Texan prisoners. After his abolition of the Constitution and his infamous "Seven Laws," fifteen Mexican States rose up in open rebellion against him, so hated was his one-man-rule. This is what Vanity Fair dismisses as "Santa Anna's supposed tyranny."

They claim the "lynchpin" of the Texas Revolution was "slavery." This is a typical critical theory interpretation of the complex political firestorm described above, but it also

Patrick Wilson as William Travis in the 2004 film, The Alamo



The Alamo is a monument to Liberty, and will not be toppled as easily as a statue. Nevertheless, it cannot be left to defend itself.

ignores the fact that Santa Anna's army was almost entirely impressed men (that is: enslaved) Many were criminals scraped from Mexican jails, or tribesmen who didn't even speak Spanish, others were regular Mexican peasants and tradesmen ripped from their homes to march and die for a tyrant who abandoned them and fled the instant he secured his own release.

Many of the people in the Texas Revolution were already national celebrities in their own time, and their Wikipedia pages read like outlines for a Coen Brothers western. From Jim Bowie's "Sandbar Fight" in which he was shot, stabbed, and bludgeoned by five men and won, to the Baron de Bastop, the Dutch royal imposter who helped Moses Austin navigate the corridors of Imperial New Spain, there is not enough space in this article to do them justice. No one ever claimed they were saints, but they were undoubtedly paragons of manly virtue and exemplars of American dynamism. The Texas Rebels, especially the heroes of the Alamo, were living legends who gave up their mortal coil for the sniveling ingrates who now call them "coke-addicts," "slave traders" and "cowards."

The claims of "white supremacy" motivating the Texas revolution are as baseless as they are predictable. They are even undercut by the propagandists' own mention of Mexican natives on the side of the Rebels, "The Tejanos, who were the Texians' key allies and a number of which fought and died at the Alamo." Davy Crockett lost his Congressional seat over his opposition to the Indian Removal Act, and Sam Houston famously lived with Cherokees for huge portions of his life, even being adopted into their tribe. Juan Seguin's name graces many Texas landmarks.

And yet the Texas Observer says "The Alamo is, after all, dedicated to the American fear of the Mexican body, of Mexican invasion, of Mexican agency." Even though this is a fallacious mischaracterization, it is not enough to simply dismiss these claims with contempt. Amongst an increasingly historically-illiterate populace, these ideas are being planted like choking weeds, and we have to rip them up by the roots.

The Alamo Deniers themselves are the ones motivated by a powerful racial insecurity and bias. They say, "Mexican American kids can grow up in Texas believing they're Americans… until seventh grade when you were taught, in essence, that if you're Mexican, your ancestors killed Davy Crockett." Should we stop celebrating the American Revolution in case any little British children get their feelings hurt? Good thing Germans aren't a "Protected Class" or we'd have to skip the last century. This is the racially obsessed pathology of modern communists projecting their own feelings of inadequacy onto white people, schizophrenically lashing out at the culture of liberty that "whiteness" represents in their mind.

The battle of the Alamo was a struggle of Anglo, Tejano, and Native freemen against the tyrant that had come to kill them. The Texas Revolution was a fight for human rights like freedom of speech, freedom of religion, property rights, elected representation, and not being disarmed then slaughtered by your own government. No coincidence, then, that it is these very rights that are openly despised by the modern leftist mainstream.

This practice of brazen cultural subversion is tried and true. Thanks to a baseless media campaign in the 1990's, if you ask any teenager who Thomas Jefferson is today, you're more likely to hear "the guy that raped his slaves," than "wrote the Declaration of Independence."

Like the statues desecrated in the name of social justice, the attack on the Alamo is a metaphysical assault on the manifestations of our way of life. The Deniers are actively engaged in warping the perception of history to align with their own corrosive ideology, spewing out sludge to cover and blot out the shining symbol of the Alamo.

They seem particularly hateful of the depiction of the Battle of the Alamo in the John Wayne film of the 1960's. The movie is not, of course, "history": it is a Hollywood production. Attacking it reinforces the surface-level character of their assault. It's not about what is true or good or honorable or righteous, it is about psychological manipulation in the pursuit of power.

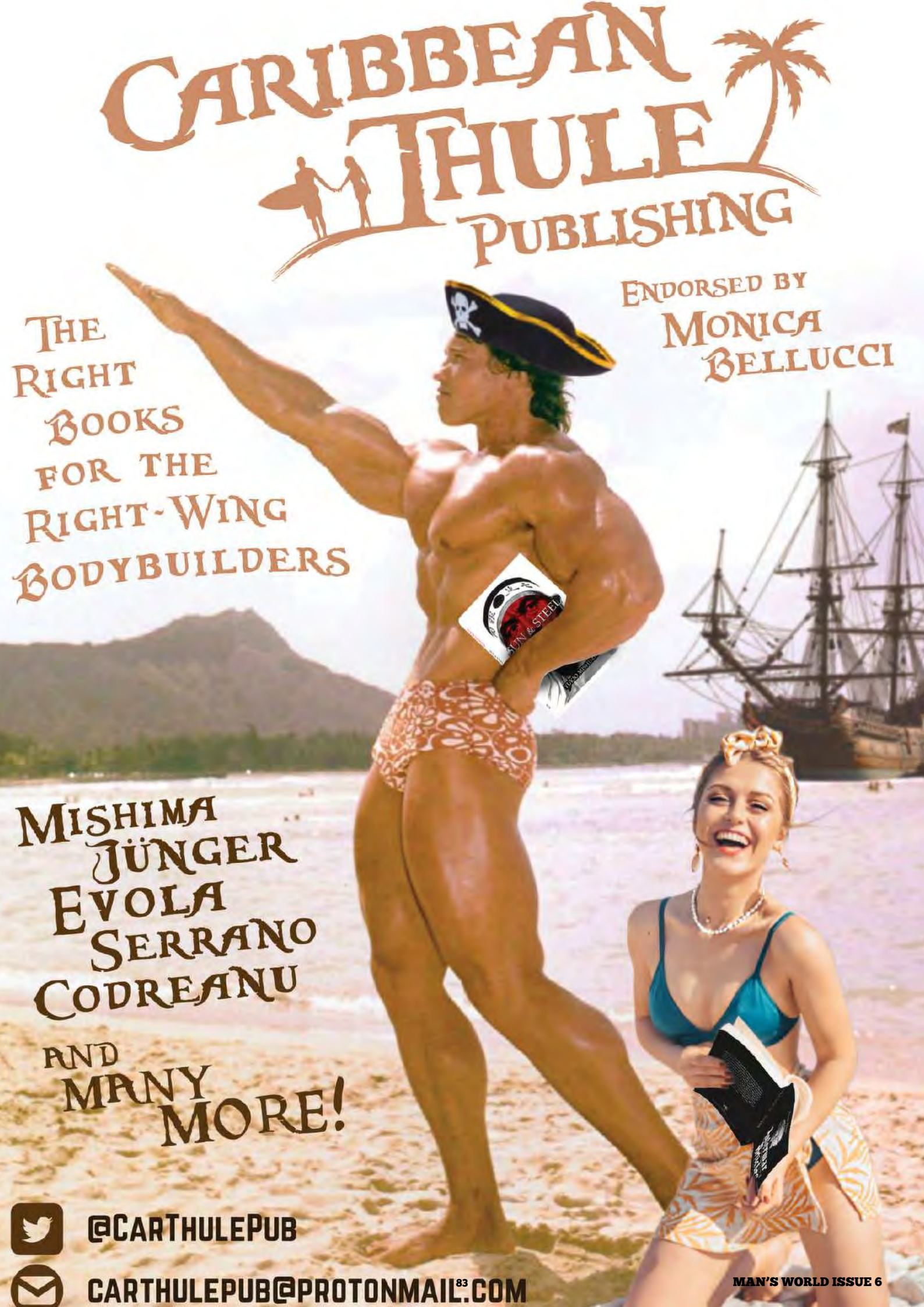
Perhaps one day Hollywood will remake the film of the Alamo, with Santa Anna as the hero, and the rebels he murdered as bumbling racist drug-addicted villains. Swap the actors' genders and races, and then maybe we'll see "real" history according to the critics.

The Alamo is a monument to Liberty, and will not be toppled as easily as a statue. Nevertheless, it cannot be left to defend itself. The damage of cannonballs can be repaired, but the edifice of the Alamo is being fractured in the public consciousness. Attempts have already been made to remove the cenotaph honoring the fallen heroes of the battle, and every year we ignore them, the glory of the Alamo, and the existence of the morality it represents, diminishes.

Like the criminal horde of Santa Anna, the legions that beset us now are offering no quarter. They are demanding a surrender that is a prelude to death. Demanding you sever the thread of your own history, disavow your heroes, and sacrifice your heritage on the altar of their warped, tyrannical worldview. The greatest honor we can show to the fallen heroes of the Alamo is to reawaken that reckless, all-consuming, and self-fulfilling belief in liberty at all cost.

MAN'S WORLD

A NEW HANDSOME NATIONALISM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BORDER
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WE WERE NEVER ASKED

Western Civilization is in crisis.

More than half a million illegal aliens from around the world poured across the southern border. Nearly 100,000 unvetted 'asylum seekers' were flown in from Afghanistan in an open-ended resettlement program. Tens of thousands of Haitians invaded Texas. The Regime raised the 'refugee' ceiling to 125,000 for the 2022 fiscal year.

This all unfolded in the United States during a couple of months in 2021 alone.

Rampant mass migration from the Third World poses one of the greatest imminent and long-term threats to our nations. The government-media complex works day and night to obfuscate the truth about how dire our predicament is, employing a stunning array of propaganda weaponry to keep Westerners in the dark.

In response, we launched BorderHawk.news as a resource center for anyone seeking a clearer picture about how immigration is affecting our way of life.

Our format is undeniably influenced by the formerly-great Drudge Report, but similarities end there as we are laser-focused on immigration and the matters it directly impacts: crime, security, demographics, environment, population density, health, texture of life, economics, political corruption, and so much more.

As a U.S.-based entity advocating an 'America First' ethos, we are also committed to promoting and preserving English as the common unifying lingua of the United States and the official language of government business.

Having lived and traveled for years throughout the U.S., Europe, and Oceania, I have witnessed first-hand the differences between locales overrun by foreigners and those which remain relatively unscathed by mass migration.

The stunning scope of scorched-earth migration facilitated by anti-national entities truly dawned on me during a journey to the Arctic Circle in 2019.

I had just landed at the airport in Bodø, Norway, and hopped a high-speed (high-cost) ferry to the Lofoten archipelago.

To my great surprise, I discovered multiple African families were also onboard.

It's not particularly difficult to differentiate 'tourists' from 'migrants' in Europe these days – if you know, you know.

After spending a few days in the fishing village of Svolvær, I learned African migrants have been 'resettled' there in relatively large numbers.

I watched African mothers in their traditional garb pushing prams about town in the cold rain and pondered the extent to which our rulers must hate us and those whom they recklessly transfer from totally disparate cultures and regions into the homelands our ancestors fought, bled, and died to build for us.

We shouldn't have to live like this.

Globalists claim we must import millions of migrants to 'do the jobs natives won't do.'

This is a lie.

Rugged Americans will gladly landscape yards and frame new single-family homes, as they do in Sandpoint and Petoskey. Hearty Croatians will cheerfully craft beautiful pizzas and seafood dishes, as they do in the kitchens of restoranima across Rovinj and Zadar. Lovely Polish women will meticulously pinch and boil dumplings, as they do in the pierogarnie of Gdańsk and Wrocław.

I've seen it with my own eyes. I know /our people/ will work hard to sustain, support, and preserve our ways of life, just as those who came before us.

We are in a fight for our very existence. We must be armed with information. We have to know who is entering our lands, who is living among us, who are our allies – and who are our enemies.

It is imperative we are informed on immigration issues.

No one is curating cutting-edge immigration news like we are at Border Hawk.

We invite you to come 'round for a visit and bookmark the website for a daily read over your protein shake or morning coffee.

Dan Lyman
Border Hawk • Editor-in-Chief

Achilles, Alexander Rothaug (c.1930)

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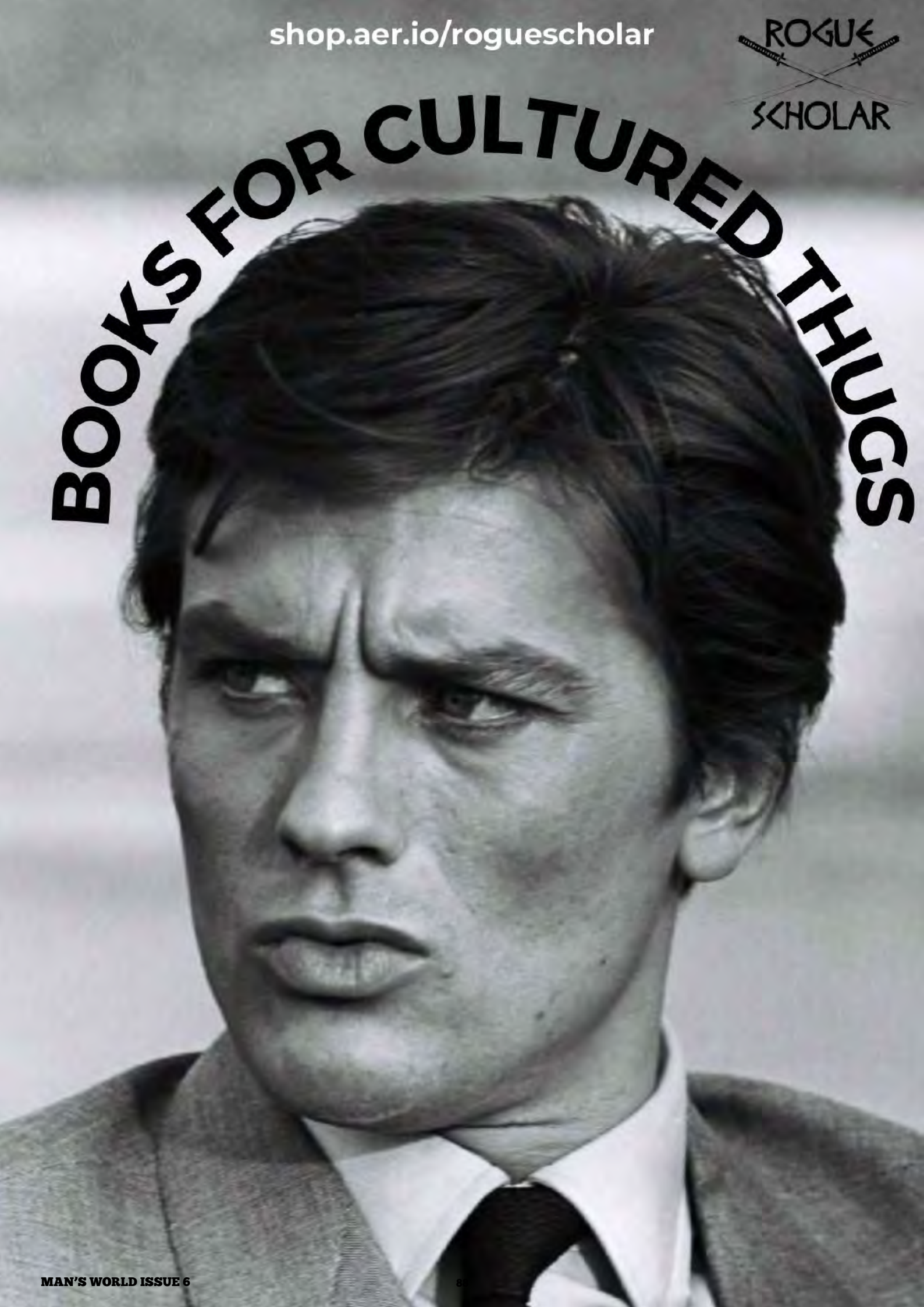
ROGUE SCHOLAR

BOOKS FOR CULTURED THUGS



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DATE A RAW-MILK DRINKER

RAW MILK. THE ONE AND ONLY HEALTH DRINK.

JOHN BUCHAN's

THE 39 STEPS

In chapter three of the first book in the Man's World Classics series, our hero Richard Hannay finds himself hunted by his enemies in the Highlands of Scotland...

I had a solemn time travelling north that day. It was fine May weather, with the hawthorn flowering on every hedge, and I asked myself why, when I was still a free man, I had stayed on in London and not got the good of this heavenly country. I didn't dare face the restaurant car, but I got a luncheon-basket at Leeds and shared it with the fat woman. Also I got the morning's papers, with news about starters for the Derby and the beginning of the cricket season, and some paragraphs about how Balkan affairs were settling down and a British squadron was going to Kiel.

When I had done with them I got out Scudder's little black pocket-book and studied it. It was pretty well filled with jottings, chiefly figures, though now and then a name was printed in. For example, I found the words "Hofgaard", "Luneville", and "Avocado" pretty often, and especially the word "Pavia".

Now I was certain that Scudder never did anything without a reason, and I was pretty sure that there was a cypher in all this. That is a subject which has always interested me, and I did a bit at it myself once as intelligence officer at Delagoa Bay during the Boer War. I have a head for things like chess and puzzles, and I used to reckon myself pretty good at finding out cyphers. This one looked like the numerical kind where sets of figures correspond to the letters of the alphabet, but any fairly shrewd man can find the clue to that sort after an hour or two's work, and I didn't think Scudder would have been content with anything so easy. So I fastened on the printed words, for you can make a pretty good numerical cypher if you have a key word which gives you the sequence of the letters.

I tried for hours, but none of the words answered. Then I fell asleep and woke at Dumfries just in time to bundle out and get into the slow Galloway train. There was a man on the platform whose looks I didn't like, but he never glanced at me, and when I caught sight of myself in the mirror of an automatic machine I didn't wonder. With my brown face, my old tweeds, and my slouch, I was the very model of one of the hill farmers who were crowding into the third-class carriages.

I travelled with half a dozen in an atmosphere of shag and clay pipes. They had come from the weekly market, and their mouths were full of prices. I heard accounts of how the lambing had gone up the Cairn and the Deuch and a dozen other mysterious waters. Above half the men had lunched heavily and

were highly flavoured with whisky, so they took no notice of me. We rumbled slowly into a land of little wooded glens and then to a great wide moorland place, gleaming with lochs, with high blue hills showing northwards.

About five o'clock the carriage had emptied, and I was left alone as I had hoped. I got out at the next station, a little place whose name I scarcely noted, set right in the heart of a bog. It reminded me of one of those forgotten little stations in the Karroo. An old station-master was digging in his garden, and with his spade over his shoulder sauntered to the train, took charge of a parcel, and went back to his potatoes. A child of ten received my ticket, and I emerged on a white road that straggled over the brown moor.

It was a gorgeous spring evening, with every hill showing as clear as a cut amethyst. The air had the queer, rooty smell of bogs, but it was as fresh as mid-ocean, and it had the strangest effect on my spirits. I actually felt light-hearted. I might have been a boy out for a spring holiday tramp, instead of a man of thirty-seven very much wanted by the police. I felt just as I used to feel when I was starting for a big trek on a frosty morning on the high veld. If you believe me, I swung along that road whistling. There was no plan of campaign in my head, only just to go on and on in this blessed, honest-smelling hill country, for every mile put me in better humour with myself.

In a roadside planting I cut a walking-stick of hazel, and presently struck off the highway up a by-path which followed the glen of a brawling stream. I reckoned that I was still far ahead of any pursuit, and for that night might please myself. It was some hours since I had tasted food, and I was getting very hungry when I came to a herd's cottage set in a nook beside a waterfall. A brown-faced woman was standing by the door, and greeted me with the kindly shyness of moorland places. When I asked for a night's lodging she said I was welcome to the "bed in the loft", and very soon she set before me a hearty meal of ham and eggs, scones, and thick sweet milk.

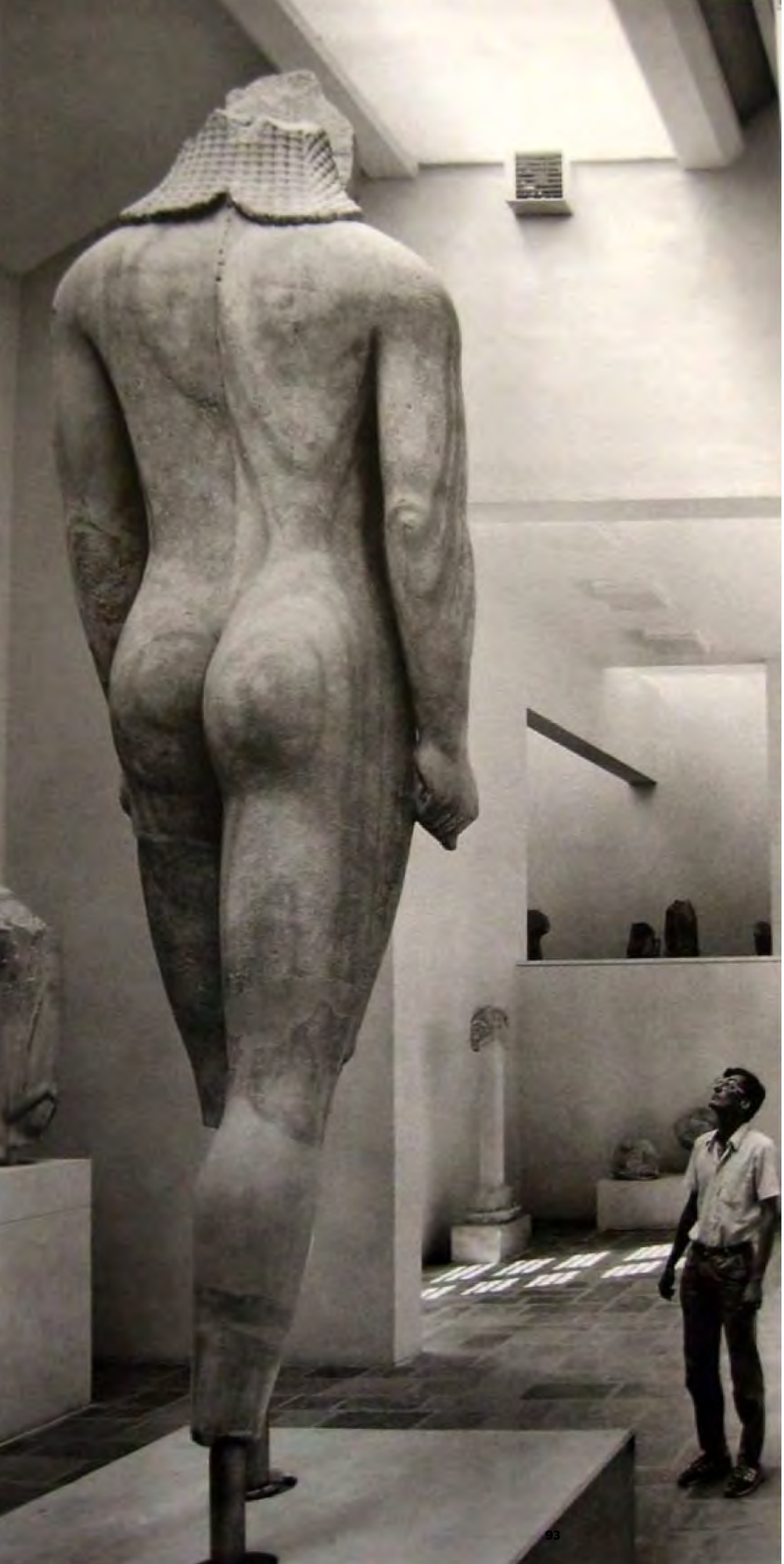
At the darkening her man came in from the hills, a lean giant, who in one step covered as much ground as three paces of ordinary mortals. They asked me no ques tions, for they had the perfect breeding of all dwellers in the wilds, but I could see they set me down as a kind of dealer, and I took some trouble to confirm their view. I spoke a lot about cattle, of which my host knew little, and I picked up from him a good deal about the local Galloway markets, which I tucked away in my memory for future use. At ten I was nodding in my chair, and the "bed in the loft" received a weary man who never opened his eyes till five o'clock set the little homestead a-going once more.

"It was a gorgeous spring evening, with every hill showing as clear as a cut amethyst. The air had the queer, rooty smell of bogs, but it was as fresh as mid-ocean, and it had the strangest effect on my spirits."

They refused any payment, and by six I had breakfasted and was striding southwards again. My notion was to return to the railway line a station or two farther on than the place where I had alighted yesterday and to double back. I reckoned that that was the safest way, for the police would naturally assume that I was always making farther from London in the direction of some western port. I thought I had still a good bit of a start, for, as I reasoned, it would take some hours to fix the blame on me, and several more to identify the fellow who got on board the train at St Pancras.

It was the same jolly, clear spring weather, and I simply could not contrive to feel careworn. Indeed I was in better spirits than I had been for months. Over a long ridge of moorland I took my road, skirting the side of a high hill which the herd had called Cairnsmore of Fleet. Nesting curlews and plovers were crying everywhere, and the links of green pasture by the streams were dotted with young lambs. All the slackness of the past months was slipping from my bones, and I stepped out like a four-year-old. By-and-by I came to a swell of moorland which dipped to the vale of a little river, and a mile away in the heather I saw the smoke of a train.

The station, when I reached it, proved to be ideal for my purpose. The moor surged up around it and left room only for the single line, the slender siding, a waiting-room, an office, the station-master's cottage, and a tiny yard of gooseberries and sweet-william. There seemed no road to it from anywhere, and to increase the desolation the waves of a tarn lapped on their grey granite beach half a mile away. I waited in the deep heather



MAN'S WORLD: AS WE WERE, SO SHALL WE BE AGAIN.

till I saw the smoke of an east-going train on the horizon. Then I approached the tiny booking-office and took a ticket for Dumfries.

The only occupants of the carriage were an old shepherd and his dog—a wall-eyed brute that I mistrusted. The man was asleep, and on the cushions beside him was that morning's Scotsman. Eagerly I seized on it, for I fancied it would tell me something.

There were two columns about the Portland Place Murder, as it was called. My man Paddock had given the alarm and had the milkman arrested. Poor devil, it looked as if the latter had earned his sovereign hardly; but for me he had been cheap at the price, for he seemed to have occupied the police for the better part of the day. In the latest news I found a further instalment of the story. The milkman had been released, I read, and the true criminal, about whose identity the police were reticent, was believed to have got away from London by one of the northern lines. There was a short note about me as the owner of the flat. I guessed the police had stuck that in, as a clumsy contrivance to persuade me that I was unsuspected.

There was nothing else in the paper, nothing about foreign politics or Karolides, or the things that had interested Scudder. I laid it down, and found that we were approaching the station at which I had got out yesterday. The potato-digging station-master had been gingered up into some activity, for the west-going train was waiting to let us pass, and from it had descended three men who were asking him questions. I supposed that they were the local police, who had been stirred up by Scotland Yard, and had traced me as far as this one-horse siding. Sitting well back in the shadow I watched them carefully. One of them had a book, and took down notes. The old potato-digger seemed to have turned peevish, but the child who had collected my ticket was talking volubly. All the party looked out across the moor where the white road departed. I hoped they were going to take up my tracks there.

As we moved away from that station my companion woke up. He fixed me with a wandering glance, kicked his dog viciously, and inquired where he was. Clearly he was very drunk.

"That's what comes o' bein' a teetotaller," he observed in bitter regret.

I expressed my surprise that in him I should have met a blue-ribbon stalwart.

"Ay, but I'm a strong teetotaller," he said pugnaciously. "I took the pledge last Martinmas, and I havena touched a drop o' whisky sinsyne. Not even at Hogmanay, though I was sair temptit."

He swung his heels up on the seat, and burrowed a frowsy head into the cushions.

"And that's a' I get," he moaned. "A heid better than hell fire, and twae een lookin' different ways for the Sabbath."

"What did it?" I asked.

"A drink they ca' brandy. Bein' a teetotaller I keepit off the whisky, but I was nip-nippin' a' day at this brandy, and I doubt I'll no be weel for a fortnicht." His voice died away into a splutter, and sleep once more laid its heavy hand on him.

My plan had been to get out at some station down the line, but the train suddenly gave me a better chance, for it came to a standstill at the end of a culvert which spanned a brawling porter-coloured river. I looked out and saw that every carriage window was closed and no human figure appeared in the landscape. So I opened the door, and dropped quickly into the tangle of hazels which edged the line.

It would have been all right but for that infernal dog. Under the impression that I was decamping with its master's belongings, it started to bark, and all but got me by the trousers. This woke up the herd, who stood bawling at the carriage door in the belief that I had committed suicide. I crawled through the thicket, reached the edge of the stream, and in cover of the bushes put a hundred yards or so behind me. Then from my shelter I peered back, and saw the guard and several passengers gathered round the open carriage door and staring in my direction. I could not have made a more public departure if I had left with a bugler and a brass band.

Happily the drunken herd provided a diversion. He and his dog, which was attached by a rope to his waist, suddenly cascaded out of the carriage, landed on their heads on the track, and rolled some way down the bank towards the water. In the rescue which followed the dog bit somebody, for I could hear the sound of hard swearing. Presently they had forgotten me, and when after a quarter of a mile's crawl I ventured to look back, the train had started again and was vanishing in the cutting.

I was in a wide semicircle of moorland, with the brown river as radius, and the high hills forming the northern circumference. There was not a sign or sound of a human being, only the plashing water and the interminable crying of curlews. Yet, oddly enough, for the first time I felt the terror of the hunted on me. It was not the police that I thought of, but the other folk, who knew that I knew Scudder's secret and dared not let me live. I was certain that they would pursue me with a keenness and vigilance unknown to the British law, and that once their grip closed on me I should find no mercy.

I looked back, but there was nothing in the landscape. The sun glinted on the metals of the line

Low down in the south a monoplane was climbing into the heavens.
Last of all I looked into the blue May sky, and there I saw that which set my pulses racing...

and the wet stones in the stream, and you could not have found a more peaceful sight in the world. Nevertheless I started to run. Crouching low in the runnels of the bog, I ran till the sweat blinded my eyes. The mood did not leave me till I had reached the rim of mountain and flung myself panting on a ridge high above the young waters of the brown river.

From my vantage-ground I could scan the whole moor right away to the railway line and to the south of it where green fields took the place of heather. I have eyes like a hawk, but I could see nothing moving in the whole countryside. Then I looked east beyond the ridge and saw a new kind of landscape—shallow green valleys with plentiful fir plantations and the faint lines of dust which spoke of highroads. Last of all I looked into the blue May sky, and there I saw that which set my pulses racing….

Low down in the south a monoplane was climbing into the heavens. I was as certain as if I had been told that that aeroplane was looking for me, and that it did not belong to the police. For an hour or two I watched it from a pit of heather. It flew low along the hill-tops, and then in narrow circles over the valley up which I had come. Then it seemed to change its mind, rose to a great height, and flew away back to the south.

I did not like this espionage from the air, and I began to think less well of the countryside I had chosen for a refuge. These heather hills were no sort of cover if my enemies were in the sky, and I must find a different kind of sanctuary. I looked with more satisfaction to the green country beyond the ridge, for there I should find woods and stone houses.

About six in the evening I came out of the moorland to a white ribbon of road which wound up the narrow vale of a lowland stream. As I followed it, fields gave place to bent, the glen became a plateau, and presently I had reached a kind of pass where a solitary house smoked in the twilight. The road swung over a bridge, and leaning on the parapet was a young man.

He was smoking a long clay pipe and studying the water with spectacled eyes. In his left hand was a small book with a finger marking the place. Slowly he repeated—

As when a Gryphon through the wilderness
With winged step, o'er hill and moory dale
Pursues the Arimaspian.

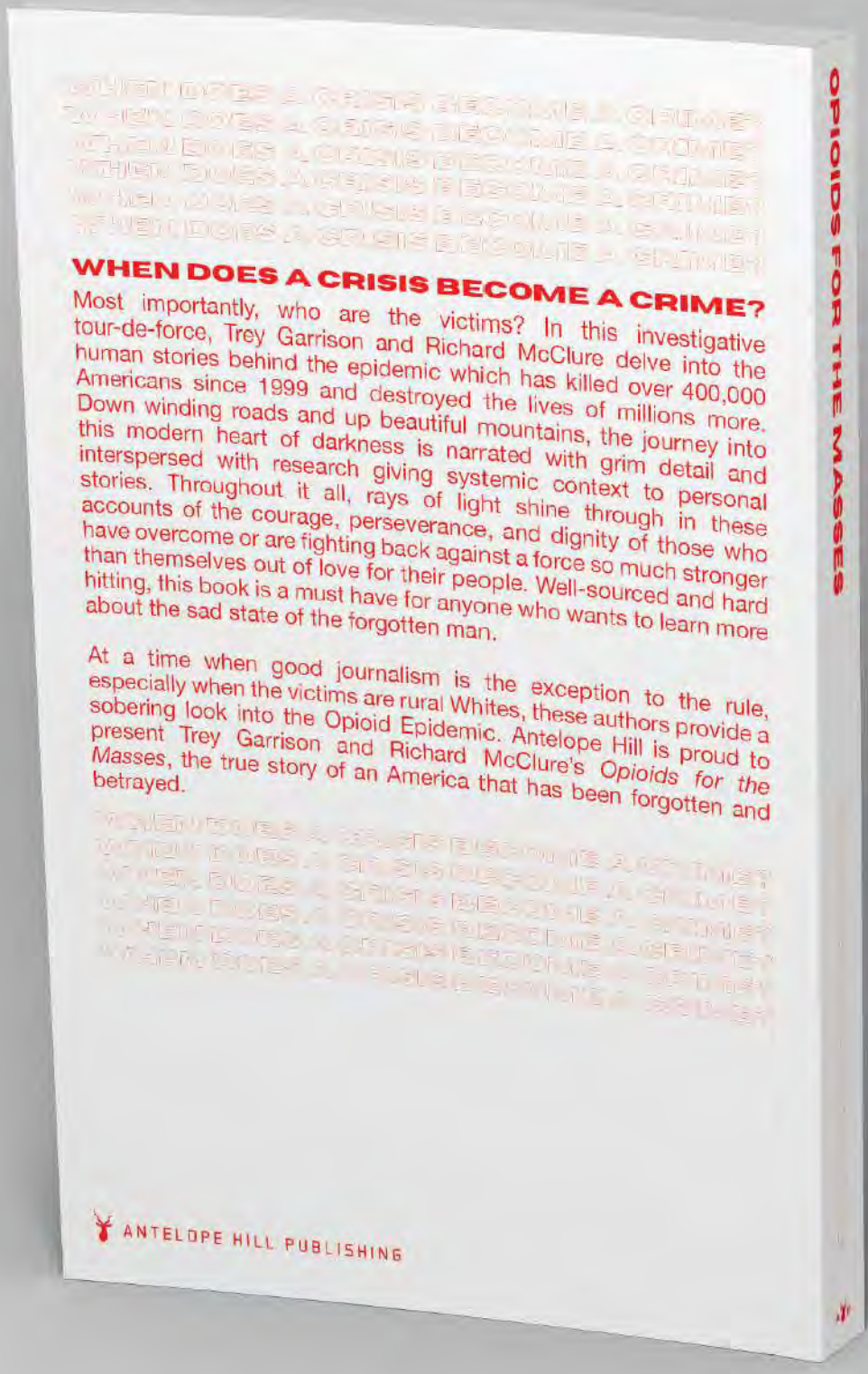
He jumped round as my step rung on the keystone, and I saw a pleasant sunburnt boyish face.

"Good evening to you," he said gravely. "It's a fine night for the road."

The smell of peat smoke and of some savoury roast floated to me from the house.

"Is that place an inn?" I asked.

"At your service," he said politely. "I am the landlord, sir, and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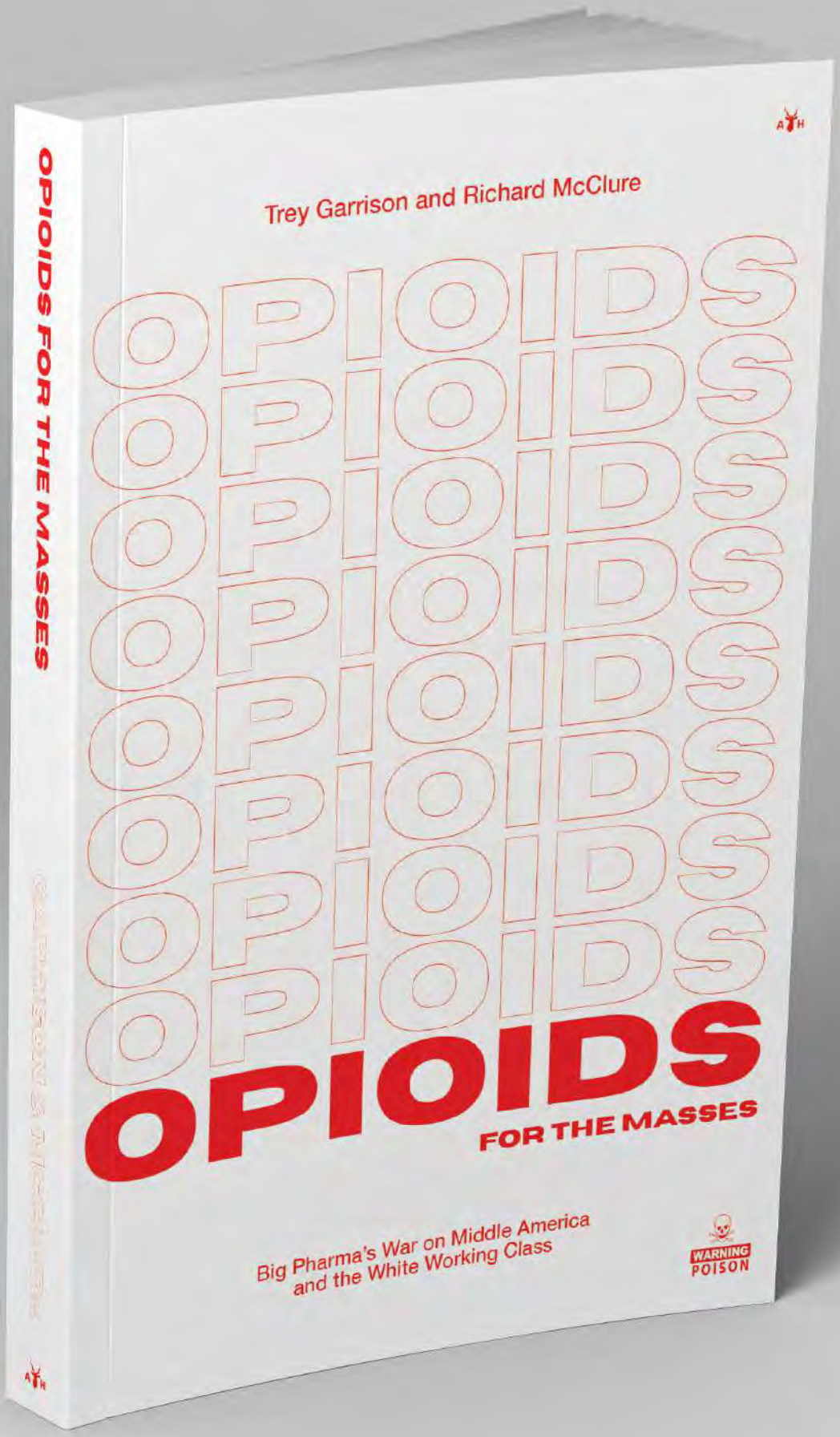

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I hope you will stay the night, for to tell you the truth I have had no company for a week."

I pulled myself up on the parapet of the bridge and filled my pipe. I began to detect an ally.

"You're young to be an innkeeper," I said.

"My father died a year ago and left me the business. I live there with my grandmother. It's a slow job for a young man, and it wasn't my choice of profession."

"Which was?"

He actually blushed. "I want to write books," he said.

"And what better chance could you ask?" I cried. "Man, I've often thought that an innkeeper would make the best story-teller in the world."

"Not now," he said eagerly. "Maybe in the old days when you had pilgrims and ballad-makers and highwaymen and mail-coaches on the road. But not now. Nothing comes here but motor-cars full of fat women, who stop for lunch, and a fisherman or two in the spring, and the shooting tenants in August. There is not much material to be got out of that. I want to see life, to travel the world, and write things like Kipling and Conrad. But the most I've done yet is to get some verses printed in Chambers's Journal."

I looked at the inn standing golden in the sunset against the brown hills.

"I've knocked a bit about the world, and I wouldn't despise such a hermitage. D'you think that adventure is found only in the tropics or among gentry in red shirts? Maybe you're rubbing shoulders with it at this moment."

"That's what Kipling says," he said, his eyes brightening, and he quoted some verse about "Romance brings up the 9.15."

"Here's a true tale for you then," I cried, "and a month from now you can make a novel out of it."

Sitting on the bridge in the soft May gloaming I pitched him a lovely yarn. It was true in essentials, too, though I altered the minor details. I made out that I was a mining magnate from Kimberley, who had had a lot of trouble with I.D.B. and had shown up a gang. They had pursued me across the ocean, and had killed my best friend, and were now on my tracks.

I told the story well, though I say it who shouldn't. I pictured a flight across the Kalahari to German Africa, the crackling, parching days, the wonderful blue-velvet nights. I described an attack on my life on the voyage home, and I made a really horrid affair of the Portland Place murder. "You're looking for adventure," I cried; "well, you've found it here. The devils are after me, and the police are after them. It's a race that I mean to win."

"By God!" he whispered, drawing his breath in sharply, "it is all pure Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle."

"You believe me," I said gratefully.

"Of course I do," and he held out his hand. "I believe everything out of the common. The only thing to distrust is the normal."

He was very young, but he was the man for my money.

"I think they're off my track for the moment, but I must lie close for a couple of days. Can you take me in?"

He caught my elbow in his eagerness and drew me towards the house. "You can lie as snug here as if you were in a moss-hole. I'll see that nobody blabs, either. And you'll give me some more material about your adventures?"

As I entered the inn porch I heard from far off the beat of an engine. There silhouetted against the dusky West was my friend, the monoplane.

He gave me a room at the back of the house, with a fine outlook over the plateau, and he made me free of his own study, which was stacked with cheap editions of his favourite authors. I never saw the grandmother, so I guessed she was bedridden. An old woman called Margit brought me my meals, and the innkeeper was around me at all hours. I wanted some time to myself, so I invented a job for him. He had a motor bicycle, and I sent him off next morning for the daily paper, which usually arrived with the post in the late afternoon. I told him to keep his eyes skinned, and make note of any strange figures he saw, keeping a special sharp lookout for motors and aeroplanes. Then I sat down in real earnest to Scudder's note-book.

He came back at midday with the Scotsman. There was nothing in it, except some further evidence of Paddock and the milkman, and a repetition of yesterday's statement that the murderer had gone North. But there was a long article, reprinted from the Times, about Karolides and the state of affairs in the Balkans, though there was no mention of any visit to England. I got rid of the innkeeper for the afternoon, for I was getting very warm in my search for the cypher.

As I told you, it was a numerical cypher, and by an elaborate system of experiments I had pretty well discovered what were the nulls and stops. The trouble was the key word, and when I thought of the odd million words he might have used I felt pretty hopeless. But about three o'clock I had a sudden inspiration.

The name Julia Czechenyi flashed across my memory. Scudder had said it was the key to the Karolides business, and it occurred to me to try it on his cypher.

It worked. The five letters of "Julia" gave me the position of the vowels. A was J, the tenth letter of the alphabet, and so represented

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by X in the cypher. E was U=XXI, and so on. "Czechenyi' gave me the numerals for the principal consonants. I scribbled that scheme on a bit of paper and sat down to read Scudder's pages.

In half an hour I was reading with a whitish face and fingers that drummed on the table.

I glanced out of the window and saw a big touring-car coming up the glen towards the inn. It drew up at the door, and there was the sound of people alighting. There seemed to be two of them, men in aquascutums and tweed caps.

Ten minutes later the innkeeper slipped into the room, his eyes bright with excitement.

"There's two chaps below looking for you," he whispered. "They're in the dining-room having whiskies-and-sodas. They asked about you and said they had hoped to meet you here. Oh! and they described you jolly well, down to your boots and shirt. I told them you had been here last night and had gone off on a motor bicycle this morning, and one of the chaps swore like a navvy."

I made him tell me what they looked like. One was a dark-eyed thin fellow with bushy eyebrows, the other was always smiling and lisped in his talk. Neither was any kind of foreigner; on this my young friend was positive.

I took a bit of paper and wrote these words in German as if they were part of a letter—

… "Black Stone. Scudder had got on to this, but he could not act for a fortnight. I doubt if I can do any good now, especially as Karolides is uncertain about his plans. But if Mr T. advises I will do the best I…."

I manufactured it rather neatly, so that it looked like a loose page of a private letter.

"Take this down and say it was found in my bedroom, and ask them to return it to me if they overtake me."

Three minutes later I heard the car begin to move, and peeping from behind the curtain caught sight of the two figures. One was slim, the other was sleek; that was the most I could make of my reconnaissance.

The innkeeper appeared in great excitement. "Your paper woke them up," he said gleefully. "The dark fellow went as white as death and cursed like blazes, and the fat one whistled and looked ugly. They paid for their drinks with half-a-sovereign and wouldn't wait for change."

"Now I'll tell you what I want you to do," I said. "Get on your bicycle and go off to Newton-Stewart to the Chief Constable. Describe the two men, and say you suspect them of having had something to do with the London murder. You can invent reasons. The two will come back, never fear. Not tonight, for they'll follow me forty miles along the road, but first thing tomorrow morning. Tell the police to be here bright and early."

He set off like a docile child, while I worked at Scudder's notes. When he came back we dined together, and in common decency I had to let him pump me. I gave him a lot of stuff about lion hunts and the Matabele War, thinking all the while what tame businesses these were compared to this I was now engaged in! When he went to bed I sat up and finished Scudder. I smoked in a chair till daylight, for I could not sleep.

About eight next morning I witnessed the arrival of two constables and a sergeant. They put their car in a coach-house under the innkeeper's instructions, and entered the house. Twenty minutes later I saw from my window a second car come across the plateau from the opposite direction. It did not come up to the inn, but stopped two hundred yards off in the shelter of a patch of wood. I noticed that its occupants carefully reversed it before leaving it. A minute or two later I heard their steps on the gravel outside the window.

My plan had been to lie hid in my bedroom, and see what happened. I had a notion that, if I could bring the police and my other more dangerous pursuers together, something might work out of it to my advantage. But now I had a better idea. I scribbled a line of thanks to my host, opened the window, and dropped quietly into a gooseberry bush. Unobserved I crossed the dyke, crawled down the side of a tributary burn, and won the highroad on the far side of the patch of trees. There stood the car, very spick and span in the morning sunlight, but with the dust on her which told of a long journey. I started her, jumped into the chauffeur's seat, and stole gently out on to the plateau.

Almost at once the road dipped so that I lost sight of the inn, but the wind seemed to bring me the sound of angry voices.

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Solamente Cenote, Yucatan, Mexico.

Gustavo Gerdel

Cenotes are natural limestone pits or sinkholes that are caused by the collapse of the bedrock, revealing the groundwater beneath.

They are famed for the clarity of their water, which filters slowly through the rock.

There are at least 6,000 of these holes in the Yucatan peninsula alone.

Inset: a diver swims in a cenote

BEYOND the WALL

Becoming a barbarian in the age of the grain state / RAW EGG NATIONALIST

The agricultural revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race. They have greatly increased the life expectancy of those of us who lived in "advanced" countries, but they have destabilised society, have made life unfulfilling, have subjected human beings to indignities, have led to widespread psychological suffering and have inflicted severe damage on the natural world. The continued development of agriculture will worsen the situation. It will certainly subject human beings to greater indignities and inflict greater damage on the natural world, it will probably lead to greater social disruption and psychological suffering, and it may lead to increased physical suffering even in "advanced countries".

You may recognise the previous paragraph, with one crucial substitution, as the opening paragraph from Industrial Society and Its Future, otherwise known as the Unabomber Manifesto. This is not me being facetious or "clever". Far from it. Truth is, every word that Ted Kaczynski says in those immortal opening lines is just as applicable to the agricultural revolution, an event which began around 12,000 years ago and whose consequences continue to ramify to this day, as it is to the industrial revolution, a much more recent, but no less momentous, change to the way we, as humans, live. Indeed, without the one there could never have been the other. If mankind had not domesticated grains and livestock and settled down to a life of sedentary cultivation; if man had instead continued the fully or semi-mobile life of a Stone Age hunter-gatherer, there could never have been an industrial revolution – just as there could never have been cities, states, universities, standing armies or any of the other paraphernalia of what we like to call civilised life.

As with the industrial revolution, the agricultural revolution also has – and has had from the very beginning – its opponents and enemies. In the earliest days there were Luddites of the agricultural revolution too, and they resisted not by smashing looms, but simply by running away, by doing everything they could to avoid being caught by the first states and put to work in the fields, willingly or otherwise. The machines these OG luddites raged against were the new states, of which they themselves formed the vital moving parts. As the anthropologist James C. Scott puts it, the very first states were "population machines" whose job was to maintain a constant supply of people to work the land and extract a surplus of grain for tax. Besides the drudgery of the new agricultural lifestyle, which was geared entirely around the needs of just a single or sometimes two grain-crops, serious malnutrition caused by a largely grain-based diet and new forms of epidemic disease – the result of unprecedented concentrations of people and livestock – made life nasty, brutish and short for the first agriculturalists. Forced migration, often as a result of environmental changes and population pressure, and war, meaning slavery, were the principal means of ensuring the flow of people into the state's population machine would continue. The first wars between states were not bloodbaths, in which the enemy would be slaughtered to a man, but opportunities to capture productive workers, as well as livestock and other booty. It's for this reason that the most ancient accounts of war tend to be lists, but not necessarily of men killed – this many slaves taken, so many women and children, cattle, sheep and pigs.

Of course, this is not a story we're used to hearing. Since we are the heirs of the agricultural revolution and continue to live in agricultural societies, it's only natural that the story we tell about that event should be a positive one. Societies tell stories that justify their institutions and history, whatever they may be, and we are products of the very first agricultural revolution as much as the first farmers of Mesopotamia. No healthy society willingly portrays itself as being on the wrong side of history (which is why the new origin stories Americans are being told, like the 1619 Project, are so revealing). Such stories are often true, at least to some extent. Ideologies have to be, for people to believe them, certainly in the long run. It would be ridiculous – what philosophers call a "performative contradictive" – for me, as a 21st century inhabitant of a first-world country, standing at his expensive Alienware gaming PC (with an RTX 3080!) on a Saturday afternoon in early spring, a few metres from a blissfully warm radiator, to pretend that the long march of agriculture is actually just a trail of tears. Clearly, it has its benefits, just like the industrial revolution. Even so, we should reckon with the downsides, first of all because they are true. What we then do with such a reckoning, is our choice.

For example, in the face of evidence of our maladaptation to certain foods that have become staples of civilised diets since the agricultural revolution, especially gluten-bearing grains like wheat, more and more people are turning to so-called "paleolithic" diets. These diets are supposed to mimic more closely the foods our ancestors ate before the agricultural revolution and, therefore, to be healthier for us, since we were hunter-gatherers for a far longer period of time than we've been settled cultivators. It makes sense, as a principle; although I agree with Stone Age Herbalist, in his piece in Issue One of MAN'S WORLD, that the range of foods our neolithic ancestors ate was far greater than most paleo dieters allow, and could vary quite substantially from place to place.

But a reckoning with the true costs of agriculture need not only have lifestyle implications. What about politics? It shouldn't be too difficult to see how an attack on our agricultural system could easily become an attack on the political system itself. After all, the kind of political forms we take for granted, namely states, are a direct product of the agricultural revolution and could scarcely be imagined without it. Although some academics have tried to suggest that states can actually take various forms – for instance that nomadic pastoralists in Inner Asia lived in "headless states", which had all the functions of a state but no central ruler – it's clear that those organisations don't bear much relation to the states we know and love. If you got rid of grain agriculture, could states survive?

Mongols take prisoners, from a thirteenth-century manuscript

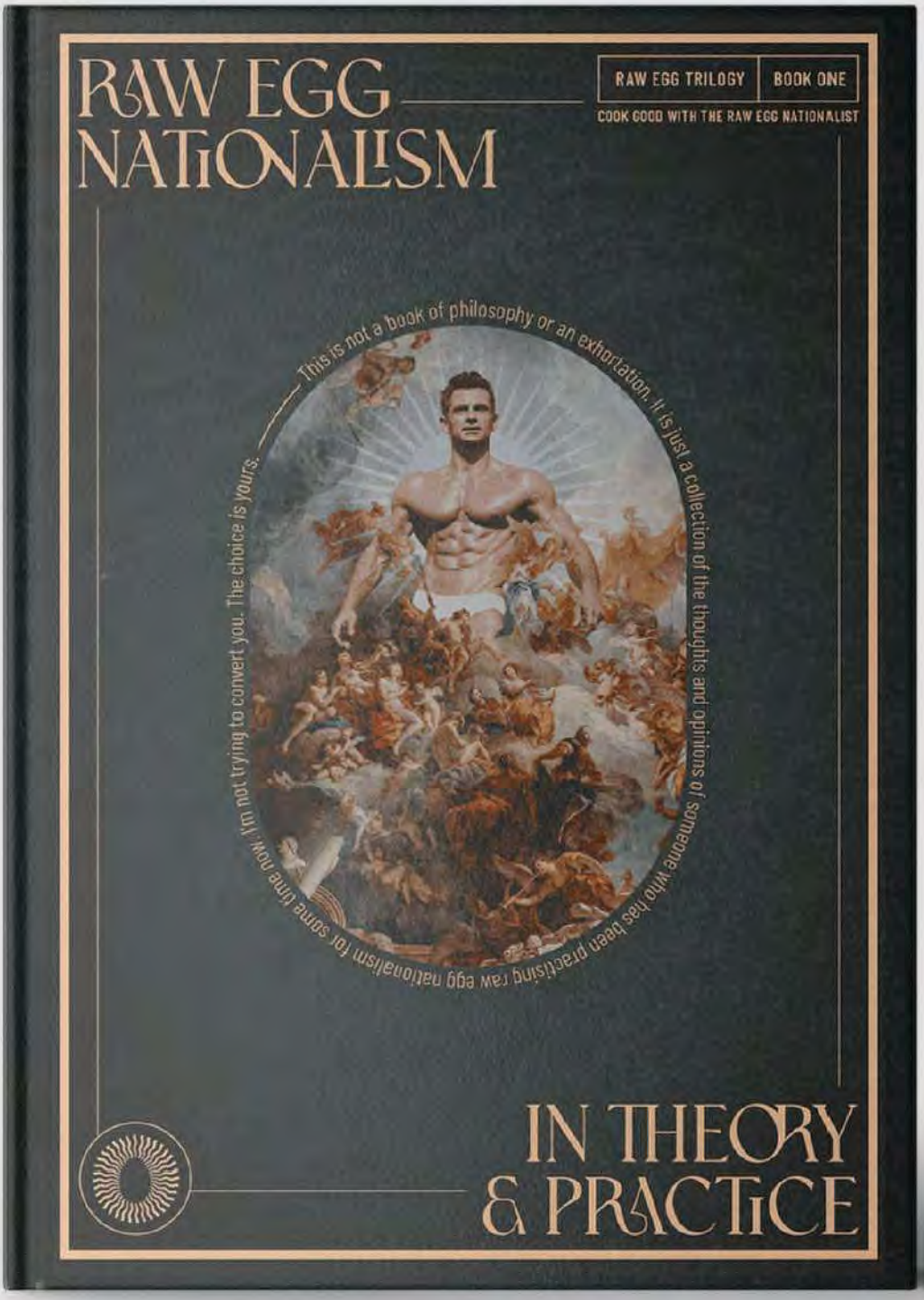
Probably not.

If we care about freedom today, we need to think carefully about the relationship between control of the food supply and social control. The Great Reset, the latest iteration of the globalists' plan for world government, has at its centre a new agricultural revolution. According to the architects of the Great Reset plan, such as the World Economic Forum, the world must revolutionise the way it produces and consumes food if it wishes i) to avert the looming catastrophe of man-made climate change, and ii) to be able to feed, in a "fair and equitable manner", a global population that is projected to reach 10 billion by 2050. We will have to abandon our consumption of meat and dairy products entirely, the globalists say, and instead switch to plant-based diets supplemented with novel sources of protein such as insect-meal, and plant-based and lab-grown "meat". Be in no doubt: this revolution will be the basis of a new form of global social control unlike anything that has come before it. First, because the distribution of food is likely to be tied to a personal credit score, maintained through digital biometric forms of identification, and personal carbon allowances, by means of which each individual will offset their environmental impact across every aspect of their life. And second, because it will bring about the total corporate capture of the world's food supply. To meet the need for massively increased yields of grain-crops, new varieties of GMO seeds will be required, which will of course be patented and therefore owned by just a handful of corporations like Bayer, Monsanto and Syngenta. Likewise the new varieties of ersatz protein: patented and owned. It will be near-impossible to produce food, certainly on a large scale, without the say-so of a corporation. The parallels between the Great Reset and its new agricultural revolution on the one hand, and the original neolithic revolution on the other, are one of the main subjects of my new book, The Eggs Benedict Option, which I'm currently writing.

If we care about freedom today, we need to think carefully about the relationship between control of the food supply and social control.

Here, in the rest of this essay, I simply want to talk a little about how certain groups chose not to become settled agriculturalists, but instead went "against the grain", to borrow the title of James C. Scott's important book. As Scott sees it, the period from the emergence of the first agricultural states in the Near East until at least 1600 AD – a period of perhaps five or more millennia – was the "golden age of barbarians". It was a golden age, Scott argues, because the majority of people on the planet were still non-state peoples (so "barbarians") and were able to remain beyond the reaches of state power. What's more, if these barbarians were clever, they were also able to live off the prosperity of the neighbouring grain states, whether through serving as mercenaries (usually horsemen) in their armies, trading with them at outposts or simply through raids and pillaging. In addition to having access to commodities that settled peoples wanted to trade for, such as furs, slaves, livestock and horses, the barbarians enjoyed the twin

The original books that started a movement...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advantages of mobility and surprise as predators of settled farmers; as the well-known Berber proverb has it, "raiding is our agriculture". For these reasons, barbarians could live in rude style beyond the boundaries of the civilised world. The average barbarian was better-fed, taller and lived an easier life than his agricultural counterpart. These contrasts came to the fore most powerfully when barbarians and agriculturalists found themselves at war with one another, as was not uncommon. Here's a quotation from Jack Weatherford's book on Genghis Khan that I've probably used one too many times already – oh well!

"Compared to the Jurched [northern Chinese] soldiers, the Mongols were much healthier and stronger. The Mongols consumed a steady diet of meat, milk, yogurt, and other dairy products, and they fought men who lived on gruel made from various grains. The grain diet of the peasant warriors stunted their bones, rotted their teeth, and left them weak and prone to disease."

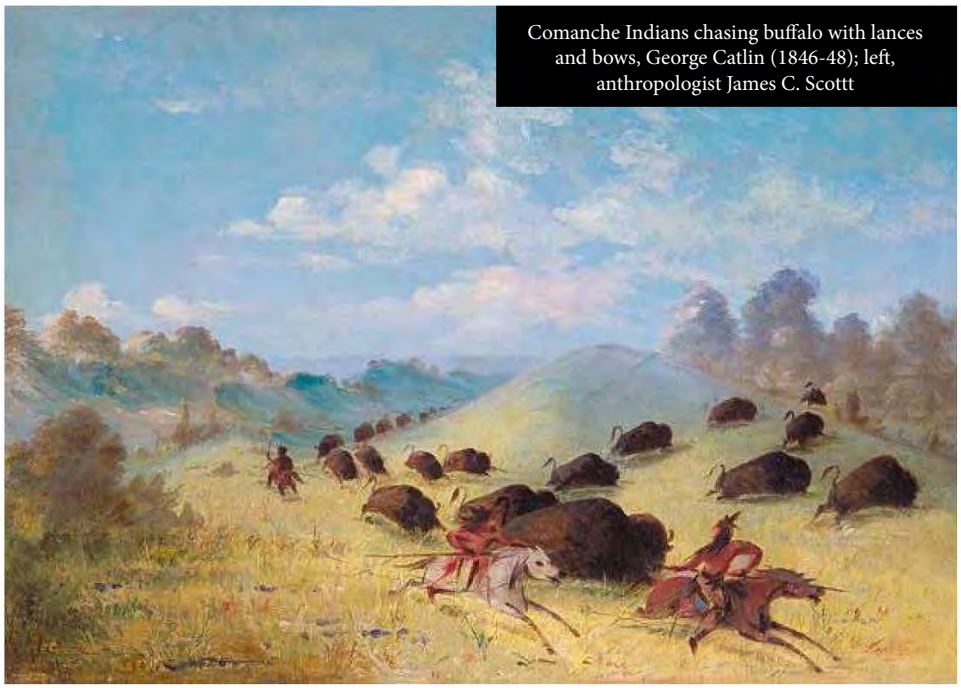
It was no surprise, then, that there was a steady drain of people from the agricultural states into barbarian territory. Even before the existence of states, it was very common for sedentary sites to be abandoned and for the people to move on and settle somewhere else, but the added pressures of population, coercion and competition made the early states unstable to a much greater extent. Collapse could happen at any time, whether through the ravages of epidemic disease, revolt among the peasants, ecological changes leading to reduced agricultural productivity, or war with other states. When an early state began to unravel, populations that were previously forced to be settled agriculturalists could now choose not to be – and the evidence suggests that many were more than happy to vote with their feet as soon as the opportunity arose. And so what look to the historian and the archaeologist of today like little "dark ages", when written and physical records cease as a result of state collapse, may actually have been anything but dark ages for the peasants who were now free from the crushing exactions of state authority.

"There may well be, then, a great deal to be said on behalf of classical dark ages in terms of human well-being. Much of the dispersion that characterizes them is likely to be a flight from war, taxes, epidemics, crop failures, and conscription. As such, it may stanch the worst losses that arise from concentrated sedentism under state rule."

Scott calls the deliberate choice to go over to the barbarians, "voluntary self-nomadization". Herodotus, for instance, describes how certain Greeks might spend part of the year in the saddle among the famous Scythian pastoralists, and self-nomadization was an option as much for the heavily pressed Roman cultivator in the late Empire, who might choose to join the Huns or the Germans, as it was for the Chinese rice farmer if he could reach the nomadic horsemen of the Great Steppe. One fact that's worth remembering about the ancient world is that walls, and that includes the Great Wall, weren't just built to keep people out: they were also built to keep people *in*.

One problem for the barbarians was that in the long term, especially through providing slaves and serving as mercenaries, they helped to strengthen and expand the grain states. "The barbarians willingly dug their own grave," Scott says. By 1600, that grave had almost completely been dug. In the late eighteenth century, Edward Gibbon, author of The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman

A painting of the Lewis and Clark expedition, by Charles Marion Russell (1905)



Comanche Indians chasing buffalo with lances and bows, George Catlin (1846-48); left, anthropologist James C. Scottt

Empire, wondered whether there were any barbarians left in Europe at all. Except in a few mountainous and inhospitable places like the Scottish Highlands and Macedonia, they were all gone.

Beyond Europe, though, there were still frontiers, and as long as there were still frontiers, the possibility of abandoning settled life for the life of a barbarian remained. One of the final hurrahs of the self-barbarising men took place in the American wilderness between the 1810s and 1880s, with a group who have come to be known as the mountain men.

Made famous in recent years by the film The Revenant, starring Leonardo Dicaprio, the mountain men travelled west into the Rocky Mountain territories in search mainly of fur to sell back east. After the Lewis and Clark expedition between 1803 and 1806, which travelled through the Rockies into the Oregon Country, large numbers of men – perhaps as many as 3,000 during the peak of the fur trade in the 1840s – threw off the garments of settled civilisation and, for all intents and purposes, became indistinguishable from the many native tribes that still roamed the great western territories. Apart from the colour of his skin, which in any case would have been superficially darkened by the sun and by weeks or months of accumulated sweat and grime, the mountain man in his buckskins was changed down to the level of his mannerisms. Like the native he would place distinct emphasis on his words, gesticulate frequently and show extensive skill in the use of sign language. It was common for mountain men to marry Indian squaws and take them off into the wilderness with them.

"Immediately, the bison's skull was hacked open, and the raw brains were wolfed down in great, bloody chunks."

But perhaps the way in which the mountain men most came to resemble the natives, and to differ most from their fellow civilised countrymen, was in their diet. This was the subject of a fascinating article by William Holston, "The Diet of the Mountain Men", in the California Historical Society Quarterly, published in 1963. Like the native, the mountain man lived off the land, eating almost entirely meat, especially bison, but also elk, deer, bear, antelope, beaver and other small game. Cougar and lynx meat, though harder to find, were highly prized.

The primary food, bison, was treated in the same manner as the Indians, being butchered with hatchets or tomahawks. No part went to waste – tongue, brains, blood, organs, including the intestines, and fat were savoured. If a pregnant cow was slaughtered, even parts of the unborn foetus – usually the legs – would be consumed too. If the mountain men had plenty of time to spare, they would make jerky, dried strips of meat prepared on wooden frames, and pemmican, pounded jerky made into cakes with melted fat and sometimes berries. The pounded jerky would be poured into buffalo-hide bags and then the melted fat poured in on top, making for an excellent travel food that kept well for long periods of time.

If, however, time was short or the mountain men were simply too

hungry, they would fall upon the dead animals with the ferocity of wolves, forgoing even the most basic rudiment of civilisation – cooking. Holston describes the scene:

"Immediately, the bison's skull was hacked open, and the raw brains were wolfed down in great, bloody chunks. The blood was quaffed and usually spilled down the trapper's face, arms, and body. The liver was torn from the body cavity. Bloody and unwashed, it was seasoned with gunpowder, or by squeezing the gall bladder's contents over it, and then consumed without further preparation."

Even when the mountain men did cook their meat, their preference was almost always rare. Alternate pieces of fat and meat would be stuffed onto a skewer and held briefly over the fire or stuck into the ground next to it. Buffalo marrow was made into a soup with the blood, and fat was flash-boiled if it wasn't eaten raw.

Perhaps their favourite delicacy of all was the "boudins", or intestines, which were cut into shorter lengths and roasted, with their contents, over the fire. So prized were these boudins that they were swallowed whole, without chewing. This might lead to absurd spectacles such as when two mountain men decided to have an eating contest with a single length of intestine. Just when one of the men looked to have swallowed a large section, the other would

"jerk back his head, drawing out at the same moment, by the retreating motion, several yards of boudin from his neighbor's stomach… and, snapping up the ravished portions, greedily swallowed them, to be in turn again withdrawn and subjected to a similar process by the other."

When the going was good, mountain man and Indian alike would gorge on meat, giving little thought to the days and weeks ahead. This, quite naturally, led to situations of extreme hunger when they might be reduced to eating insects, buds and twigs. In truly dire straits, it was not unknown for mountain men to eat their own buckskins and leather bags, or the grease from their guns. One mountain man confessed,

"I have held my hands in an ant hill until they were covered with the ants, then greedily licked them off. I have taken the soles off my moccasins, crisped them in the fire, and eaten them."

Nor were the mountain men above cannibalism, when it came to it. Bill Williams was one mountain man accused of eating his companions due to starvation. Charles Gardner, aka "Old Phil", was said to have eaten human flesh on multiple occasions, including his young Indian wife.

When the mountain men returned, briefly, to the outposts of civilisation to trade, an orgy of feasting, drinking and fighting was always guaranteed, and whatever precious winnings these hard, hard men had made were cast away without even a moment's thought for the future. Here is how Holston describes such meetings:

"All the months of starvation and gorging ended for the mountain men when they met for their annual rendezvous. This was a noisy, drunken gathering. Fights were frequent and there was 'a constant uproar from the hoards of Indian dogs brought along for the final grand feast.' Indians, trappers, and traders drank diluted raw alcohol. Metheglin, a drink made from diluted raw alcohol and honey, was a favorite. Whiskey sold for five dollars a pint at the 1832 rendezvous. It was the only item which was sold for several days."

This description instantly evokes Cormac McCarthy's novel Blood Meridian and the bacchanalian feasting of the Glanton Gang after their state-licensed murder spree through the southern Badlands; or Tacitus's description of the very bravest warriors among the Chatti, whom I mentioned in my previous essay, in Issue Five.

"They have no home, farmlands or other burdens. They nourish themselves at the table of whoever they find, wastefully accepting what is offered and showing contempt for anything that is supposedly their own, until pale old age makes them unequal to such harsh virtue."

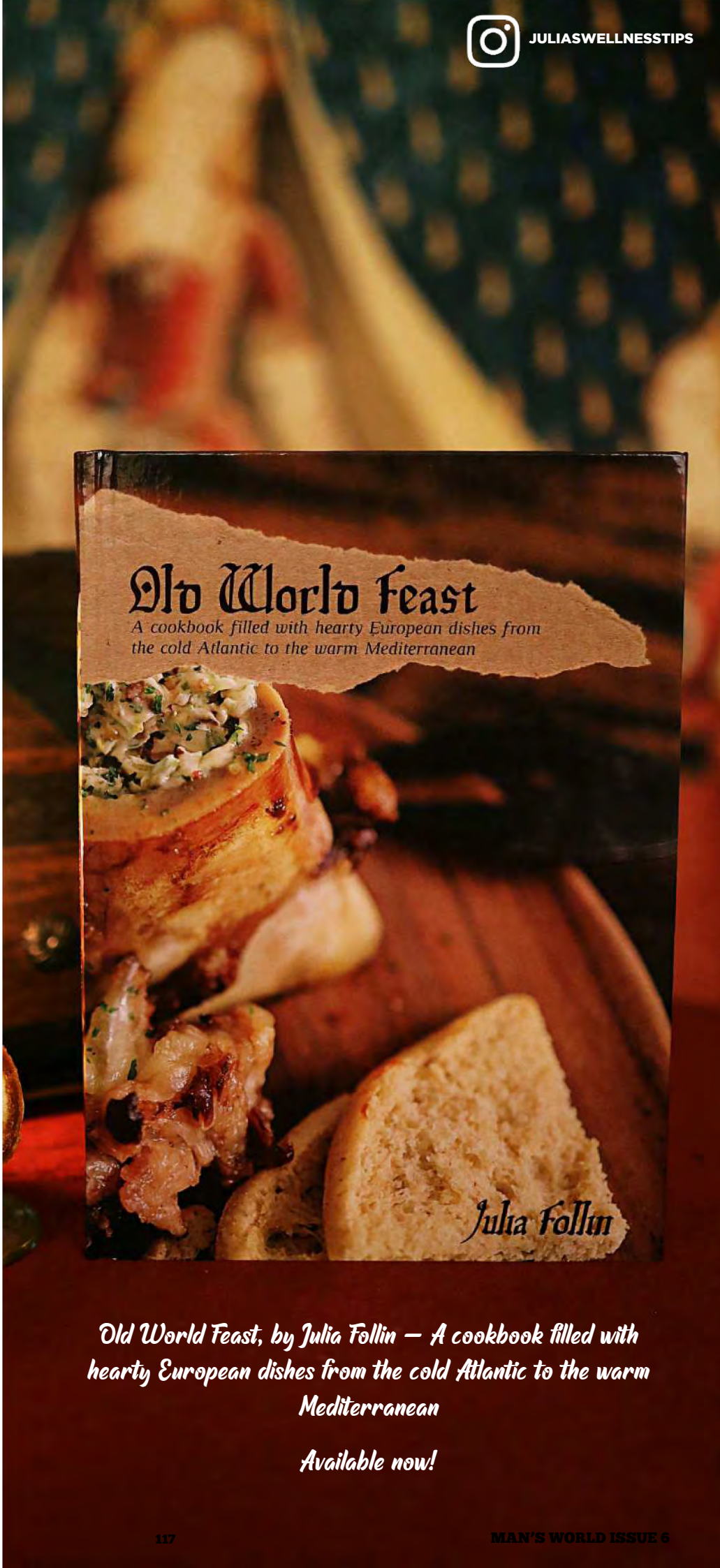
In the case of the mountain men, the window of opportunity to exercise such harsh virtue, if it could be called that, was short. By the 1840s, the American fur trade had collapsed, largely due to changing fashions in Europe – the principal market for beaver fur – over-trapping and competition from Canadian companies like the Hudson Bay Company. Trappers roamed the western wilds in fewer and fewer numbers. Their knowledge of the trails meant that they were still in demand, however. As an increasing flow of migration from the east made its way across the Rockies, including via the newly opened Oregon Trail from 1841, the former mountain men were needed as guides and scouts. Although a few trappers were still plying their trade in the old manner as late as the 1880s, by 1890, when the American frontier was finally declared closed, with momentous consequences for America as a nation, the mountain man's way of life was truly a thing of the past.

Or not entirely. Interest in low-carbohydrate diets has only grown over the last fifty years or so, and the diet of the mountain men has been cited as powerful evidence in their favour. At the end of

his article, Holston notes that "the recorded, excellent health of the average mountain man has helped to disprove certain dietary theories", chiefly the notion that men could not "subsist on an all-meat diet and remain in good health." Instead, the diet of the mountain men shows that "a predominantly raw, fresh meat bill of fare, supplemented with liberal quantities of fat, is one of the most healthful regimes that an individual can eat." This is further confirmed, Holston adds, by the research of Vilhjamur Stefansson, who spent extensive periods of time with the Inuit. It has been a contention of mine that Vince Gironda, a pioneer of low-carbohydrate diets in bodybuilding, could very well have read Holston's article. Gironda was known to read widely in the scientific and broader nutritional literature of his time, and we know for certain that he had read the work of Vilhjamur Stefansson.

Today, the wisdom of Vince Gironda has become a central part of a new revolt against the grain, and especially against the globalist Great Reset plan, which would complete the dietary revolution begun in Mesopotamia some 12,000 years ago. Such a revolt comes, however, from the heart of the grain states, since they now control all the meaningful territory. But who says that this control will not one day soon begin to recede? And then perhaps a new class of barbarians can emerge and serve as both a beacon, and a hope, for all those who wish to leave themselves, and this trash-world, behind.

The Raw Egg Nationalist is the founder and editor of MAN'S WORLD magazine. He is currently writing his next book The Eggs Benedict Option. For links to all his content, visit lnk.bio/raweggnationalist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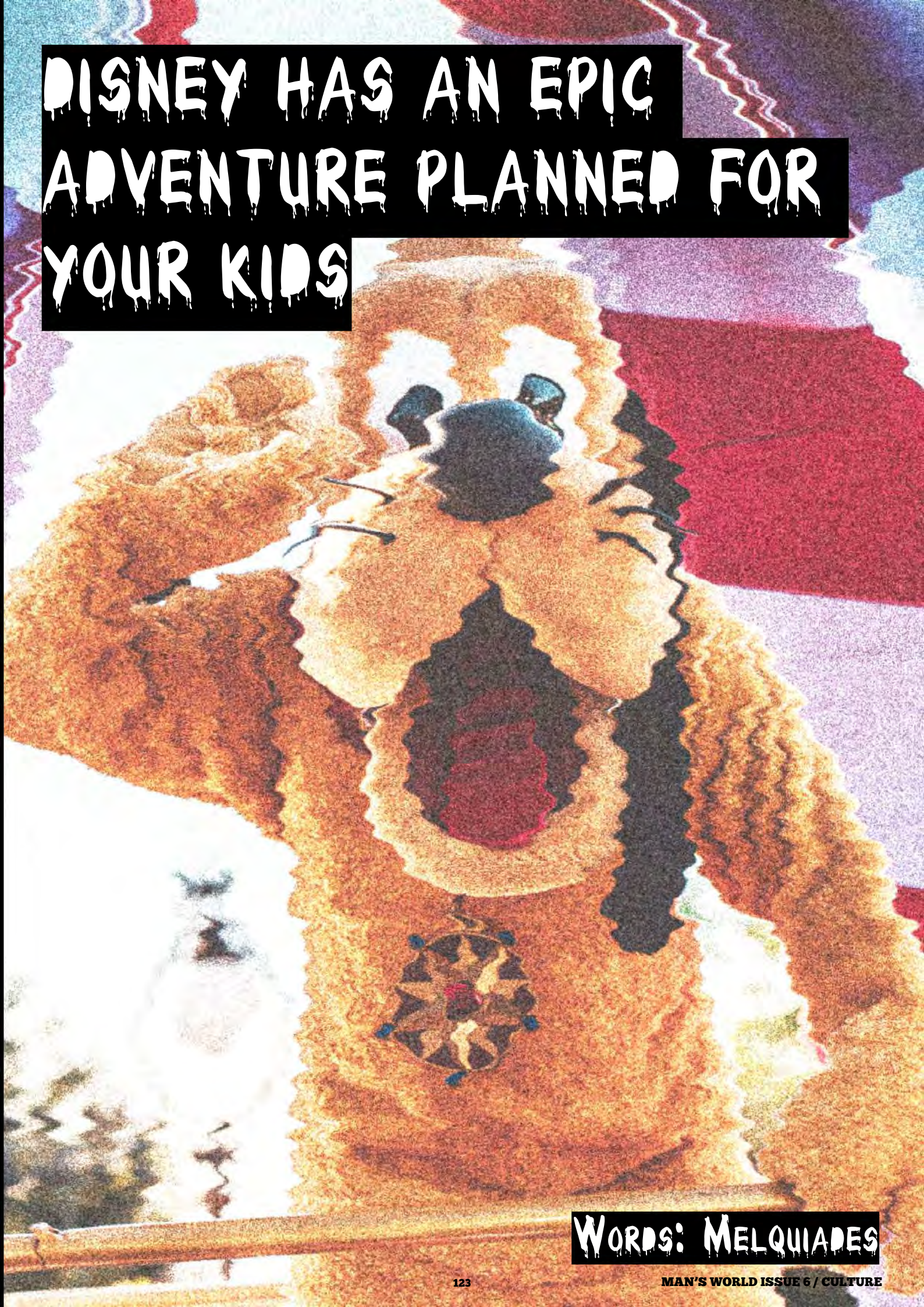

Words: Melquiades

Every episode of Leave it to Beaver is essentially the same. Theodore, called Beaver, and his older though rarely wiser brother, Wally, get up to some kind of trouble. They devise some scheme, ignore some instruction, tell some lie, or pursue some boyish folly that lands them in a jam that eventually leads to maturation and character development thanks to their parents' wise intervention.

For 39 weeks each year from 1957 to 1963, millions of American children were given a total of 234 humorous, wholesome, and relatable lessons on the goodness of honesty, the honor of work, the sanctity of family, the necessity of civic virtue. Their parents likewise received as many lessons demonstrating meaningful involvement in their children's lives, a model for providing firm boundaries with a gentle hand.

While the boys' mischief is constant, it is never tragic. Their parents, Ward and June, are ever-present, providing guidance and correction, support and encouragement. The boys are lovingly disabused of their misconceptions of the world. Whatever the week's lesson, each fell into fertile American cultural soil atop the bedrock understanding that children are by nature ignorant, lacking the wisdom inherited and earned by previous generations and relayed to them by their parents.

In the inaugural season's second episode, "Captain Jack," Beaver and Wally wind up in their usual mischief, purchasing a live Florida alligator from a comic book ad which arrives at the post office in a box far too small for the 8-foot reptile they'd thought they were getting. Suddenly in possession of a baby alligator and unable to care for it, they seek the advice of Captain Jack, owner of the local alligator farm, who explains how to feed and house the animal. Naturally, the gator quickly outgrows their ability to secretly sustain it in their bathroom on foodstuffs spirited from the kitchen.

Eventually their secret pet is discovered when the cleaning lady stumbles across and is nearly bitten by the animal that's now living in the basement. Though the boys assume they're in serious trouble, Ward responds with his trademark firm kindness. He enters their room at bedtime, turns on the light, and pulls up a chair. The boys climb out of their bunkbed and stand to meet their father who explains the truth the boys couldn't grasp on their own: alligators don't make good pets. They protest with pronouncements of love for the beast and explain how responsible they've been in caring for it, but Ward Cleaver has made the decision not to have large predators around his children. He is eager for them to perceive the love and wisdom prompting his decision, but the decision does not depend on their agreement or understanding.

Kids don't know shit and their parents need to train them. And so it ever was until around fifty years ago when this universal truth became confused. Suddenly rebellion was virtuous. Suddenly entertainment produced for children extolled the wisdom of youth and encouraged kids to cast off the tired traditions of their forebears in pursuit of higher and truer purposes; none has done so much so thoroughly for so long as the Walt Disney Company. Though founded in 1923, Disney began its transformation into the entertainment behemoth we know today in the 1980's.

If a sharp line can be drawn between Disney productions that obeyed the long-held pattern espoused by Leave it to Beaver and the novel sort that upended it, the new era began with 1989's The Little Mermaid. That means that a generation of children who learned the lessons not of Beaver and Wally but of Ariel are now the parents to children of their own, only children today are taking 400-level courses because their parents teethed on Disney 101.

In sharp contrast to the once familiar rhythm of Leave It to Beaver's weekly lessons, Disney's training of children has calcified into predictable form over the years. Let us call it the CROSA story arc, a trademark plot structure throughout the Magic Kingdom's animated instruction manuals.

Call - An epic journey awaits you. Much is at stake.

Rebellion - Your parents will try to stop you, but you must ignore them. Break the mold in which they mean to cast you. They'll thank you in the end.

Obstacle - No one said this would be easy, but you must press on.

Success - Despite hardships, you will succeed. Every Disney character does.

Apology - Those who doubted you will realize their error and seek your forgiveness. The aged will acknowledge the wisdom of youth.

The Little Mermaid was well ahead of its time for trans advocacy. Ariel, despite her status as most beautiful daughter of the all-powerful King Neptune, is beset by the nagging suspicion that she is not fully herself, that some truer identity lies beyond the borders of the world she knows (Call) where her father has forbidden she go (Rebellion). She ventures off despite his command and faces hardship (Obstacle) but finds ultimate self-actualization in the end (Success), though it costs her body, her family, and her former life. Still, her father repents for having attempted to constrain her glorious transfor-

Happy families: the cast of Leave it to Beaver; below, Waly Disney in 1946

Kids don't know shit and their parents need to train them. And so it ever was until around fifty years ago when this universal truth became confused.

mation (Apology).

The film disregards entirely man's abiding fascination with the underwater world, as evidenced in our invention of SCUBA gear to experience brief glimpses of the life Ariel had below, but the story told in reverse would have been impossible. Watching Ariel gain legs and become one of us seems natural; watching her lose them and turn half-fish is too unsettling. Thus, major alteration of her physical form to achieve the true self is told in a story begun in a foreign world that ends in ours. Rejection of one's body is then sensible, leading to normalcy.

A generation of parents raised on the Little Mermaid were in turn provided Moana for their children. While the story's CROSA arc is identical, Disney advanced from substantial territory conquered in 1989, bolstering its position and preemptively disarming would-be challenges in the form of parental objection. As in the Little Mermaid, the title character's father represents both familial and civil authority (the island's chieftain) and both give the same instruction: "Danger awaits where I forbid you go. I give this lawful command for your good."

Where Ariel is enticed to rebel by a grotesquely drawn and overtly sinister sea witch, Moana cleverly casts the girl's temptor as her paternal grandmother. Thus, her father's authority is undermined by a yet more senior member of the family's lineage a degree closer to the source of her people's ancient collective wisdom. Grandmother embodies the genuine spirit of their culture, rendering Moana's father a defective link in the chain connecting generations. Moana is free to reject her father's command knowing that, rather than garden-variety youthful rebellion, her voyage is the manifestation of her people's true wisdom, which her father lacks. To complete his discreditation, we learn the story of his own prior attempt to journey beyond the reef which ended in the death of a friend. His judgment is therefore based on fear;

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Bodybuilder
Is Talking
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his concern for his daughter's safety is a product of his own anomalous experience, not a fatherly transmittal of acquired wisdom useful to the next generation.

Where Ariel rebelled to achieve her true nature, Moana's call is to rescue nature itself. A blight has overtaken the island and its surrounding waters, imperiling the survival of her people. Having firmly established the goodness of rebellion for personal fulfillment in the preceding decades, Disney has increasingly turned to training rebels for a larger cause. Moana is chosen by the ocean itself to set things aright, and her people rely on the ocean for survival. Her choice to rebel, then, is no choice at all. True to the CROSA arc, Moana succeeds in restoring nature, anthropomorphized as a lushly vegetated island in female form, gloriously reborn and thankful to Moana for rescue. The perpetually warned-of loss of land to sea-level rise is reversed in a dramatic instant as new islands rise from the sea, all thanks to the rebellious courage of one young girl.

1992's Aladdin employs the standard motif. Princess Jasmine aims to defy her father's (and her Sultan's) order that, in keeping with the ancient law of his kingdom, she marry royalty. Determined to wed for love rather than status, she prefers the common criminal for a husband. Lacking position, employment, prospects, or property, the "street rat" Aladdin promises a life of excitement and adventure in lieu of the traditional qualifications of a husband. Destitution and incarceration may be presumed but go unmentioned. If ever Disney perpetuated the "girls love bad boys" trope, it did so with Aladdin. Though its target audience undoubtedly never faced the choice between one marriage candidate managing a nation state and another stealing bread with the aid of a fez-wearing monkey, girls were enticed again to ignore their fathers and choose adventure.

Having done its duty to liberate Middle Eastern women in Aladdin, Disney repackaged the lesson for the Far East in 1998's Mulan. The title character is presented as an energetic, adventurous young woman keen to buck established norms, a source of potential reproach for her family in a highly structured Confucian society. A series of unladylike foibles scuttles her chances to win the matchmaker's approval and her chances of marriage. Society's rejection of this depiction of Mulan's atypical yet equally valid womanhood forms the foundation of the story that follows. Facing an apocalyptic Hun invasion, every capable man is conscripted to defend the kingdom. Mulan's aging father, an army veteran, is determined to render his manly duty in common defense, but she cuts her long hair, steals his armor, and enlists in his place.

In Disney's first on-screen transgender how-to, Mulan binds her breasts to flatten them, presenting a male-passing torso to her superiors and the other recruits in the barracks. She completes her public transition by adopting the male name, Fa Ping, severing ties with her "deadname," Mulan. Fa Ping proves to be a brave and capable soldier, but his gender assigned at birth is revealed when an injury suffered in battle is bandaged. He is expelled from the army, though spared execution in violation of standing policy, only to rescue the Emperor, who has been captured by the invading Huns. The empire could only be saved by a daring trans boy who flouted convention, saved his people, and overturned the social order only to replace it with a new, more progressive alternative. After receiving the praise of the Emperor and returning to her home, Fa Ping de-transitions to Mulan, making her Disney's first non-binary gender-fluid character – quite the accomplishment for 1998.

As typified in Mulan, scale distortion is a load-bearing pillar in the Magic Castle. Never are the stakes representative of those encountered in the pedestrian lives of its viewers, but the films' protagonists invariably find themselves uniquely positioned to rescue whole civilizations, ways of life, or the natural world itself, the survival of which hinges on the choices of a single child. The centrality and importance of this ubiquitous plot device must not be underestimated. A young girl watching Disney films in a trailer park is instructed by a throng of princesses who live in palaces: "If I can give up all of this to follow my heart, so can you."

That the leads in Disney films are so often royalty is no accident, nor is the ubiquitous habit of begrudging the benefits of their births. Ariel, Jasmine, Moana, Elsa, and the rest are eager not only to abandon the rare privileges they enjoy but to abdicate the monarchical duties that attend them. Disney characters more or less fall into one of two groups: 1) the rich and powerful who long to escape their station; 2) the low and powerless who prove the sole agents able to rescue the peoples and places the powerful hope to abandon. Upon reflection, it would seem Disney is also interested in cultivating a new socioeconomic curriculum to accompany its novel moral instruction.

While we might presume that Disney films are produced for children, little girls across the continent did not memorize the lyrics to Frozen's "Let It Go" during a single viewing in a theater. They spent countless hours in living room rehearsals, straining their tender larynxes to hit those climactic sustained high notes. Likewise, though toy commercials are filled with frantic excitement for boys or fairytale wonder for girls, children lack the purchasing power to move product. The true target for

A young girl watching Disney films in a trailer park is instructed by a throng of princesses who live in palaces: "If I can give up all of this to follow my heart, so can you."

They say you are what you eat.

Only Egg is made from 100% pasture-raised organic eggs. Nothing else.

anything ostensibly marketed to children is their parents. Children merely serve as a proxy fleet of door-to-door salesmen enlisted to convince adults to purchase Disney goods.

And why wouldn't parents invest $15 in a copy of their child's favorite movie? A babysitter may charge $15/hr, while the runtime of a Disney film hovers around 90 minutes, plus the child wants to watch it again as soon as it's over. A Disney DVD or download pays for itself 100-fold, the easiest financial decision a parent could make. But parents fail to understand that every time they plop their kids down on the sofa for the fiftieth viewing of that film to buy themselves time to catch up on laundry or take a nap, they provide their children with surrogate sources of instruction given unspoken authority with the push of a play button. Whatever parents do during those free hours, Disney is hard at work constructing a worldview in their absence.

Of course Disney doesn't only make movies. Children are enticed to beseech their parents for figurines for acting out their favorite scenes, stickers and posters for proclaiming their love for Disney characters, lunchboxes and backpacks to broaden the marketing campaign. The most consuming product, however, is the adorable costumes sold in sizes accommodating everyone from infants to adults. Children become these characters in a sense very real to them, the indistinct line in children between reality and imagination blithely unconsidered by parents and tactically exploited by Disney. Yet parents still puzzle at their children's disregard for their earnest pleadings, "Why won't you listen? I'm only trying to keep you safe," never understanding that they purchased and blessed years of indoctrination that led their children to the cliff they're convinced they can fly off.

While it's well understood that Disney now owns ABC and ESPN among other major outlets, many may not know that Jim Henson's The Muppets, purchased by Disney in 2004, have also joined the cause. Last year Disney incorporated this acquisition into its established royalty motif, updated with the most aggressive messaging permissible in the cultural moment, a trademark Disney stratagem. In a 2021 episode of Muppet Babies (ages 3+), the crew are enraptured by the appearance of a captivating gown-wearing girl in a preschool-age retelling of Cinderella. True to the classic plot, Cinderella leaves the ball in a hurry, her audience entranced both by her beauty and the mystery of her identity. The following day the princess is revealed to be Gonzo, a heretofore male character, nervous to admit his identity for fear of his friends' reaction. The pre-K muppets instantly adopt "they/them" pronouns for Gonzo, clearly well-versed in the expected verbal decorum of our day, and so too shall be the young viewership of Disney's Muppet Babies.

After decades of clandestine advocacy, Disney has, true to form, advanced to the furthest culturally allowable battlefront. When the Florida Legislature passed HB 1557 in the spring of 2022, it was countered with an admittedly clever media campaign nicknaming the measure the "Don't Say Gay" bill. Disney, a powerful corporate concern in Florida, quickly went public with its opposition. Ready or not, 2022 suddenly became the year Disney was forced by external factors to unveil the ultimate aim of its decades-long early childhood education campaign. Perhaps it might have preferred to deliver another few semesters of its curriculum, but a vocal contingent of LGBTQIAAP+ employees forced a moment of crisis, demanding public corporate opposition to the Florida legislation preventing discussion of sexual identity and gender theory in grades K-3.

In the following weeks, leaked Zoom calls among high-level Disney executives revealed the extent to and fervor with which Disney labors to promote, in the words of one executive, its "not so secret gay agenda." Another executive, a proud catamite sort, described the detailed tracker he's made of trans and gender non-conforming characters and the necessity of making them more central to Disney stories. He went on to explain the importance of "kids who don't know any of this" consuming their content in order to understand "what is normal." A corporate statement pledged tireless effort to repealing the law. It seems kindergartners learning the finer points of sodomy from they/them teachers with blue hair is an essential ingredient in the Disney magic formula.

Disney's CROSA formula has become the industry standard, adopted by competing production houses for its track record of success. Released in 2010 by rival Dreamworks, How to Train Your Dragon is the spiritual heir of Beauty and the Beast and holds pride of place among the most aggressive sexually pernicious propaganda Disney has produced. The film's opening scene is narrated by its protagonist, Hiccup, an awkward and effete teenage boy who describes his rugged island village:

It's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes. We have dragons. Most people would leave. Not us. We're Vikings. We have stubbornness issues.

We learn much from this sequence, and none of it accidentally. First, whatever Hiccup's deeds, they will be cast against the backdrop of his people's dogged determination

to retain their home despite long odds, a trait learned and taught through seven generations. Second, this teenage boy places himself in a position of judgment over not only his living elders but his distant forebears by referring to their determination as "stubborn issues." Hiccup has in an instant pathologized the defining characteristic of his culture, invoking the adults-have-it-all-wrong paradigm underpinning the Rebellion portion of the CROSA arc.

Like Mulan's experience with the matchmaker, Hiccup fails out of a dragon fighting class, demonstrating that his people's expectations for young men are unnecessarily rigid and an ill fit for him. He eventually manages to wound a dragon but upon finding it cannot bring himself to slay it, freeing and befriending it instead. Thus, Hiccup has discredited the acquired wisdom of his people, deemed their courage folly, failed to perform his duty in protecting them, and taken sides with their existential threat. Of course, in true CROSA arc fashion, after a nervy series of close calls he prevails. The village thanks him, the girl gives him a kiss, and men and dragons war no more. While this story may seem at first like all the others, it is distinct for incorporating Disney's most insidious doctrine yet: "Those monsters aren't really monsters. They're just misunderstood."

In 2015, five years after the release of How to Train Your Dragon, San Francisco's Castro neighborhood Harvey Milk Memorial Library hosted its first Drag Queen Story Hour. Founded by Michelle Tea, a victim of childhood sexual trauma and former prostitute, the events saw parents bring their children (ages 3-11) to the library to have books read to them by men costumed in garish makeup and sexually provocative dress. Marti Gould Cummings, a prominent New York City drag queen, ensured his story hours weren't interrupted when libraries closed for COVID. He took his engagement online, broadcasting virtual events and pronouncing, "Anyone who thinks drag isn't for kids is wrong." To celebrate Pride Month 2021, Disney+ broadcast This is Me: Pride Celebration Spectacular featuring drag queens performing Disney films' iconic songs such as "Be Our Guest," "A Whole New World," "Friend Like Me," "When She Loved Me," and "Kiss the Girl." The program closed with the winner of season 11 of RuPaul's Drag Race, Nina West, and Kermit the Frog in a stirring duet rendition of "Rainbow Connection."

The lessons Disney has taught successive generations have been well received. The most thoroughly indoctrinated parents now willfully bring their children to the feet of monsters, confident that they are merely misunderstood, that their children's early desensitization to objective horrors will advance our collective progress. And for those still harboring suspicions, they will at least have learned the CROSA arc. After all, it's the only story we know how to write anymore. Whatever fears they may have for their children's brave new adventures, they've learned a thousand times over that those fears are irrational, backward, and unjust. Doubts always turn into apologies, anyhow. Best to be supportive from the start.

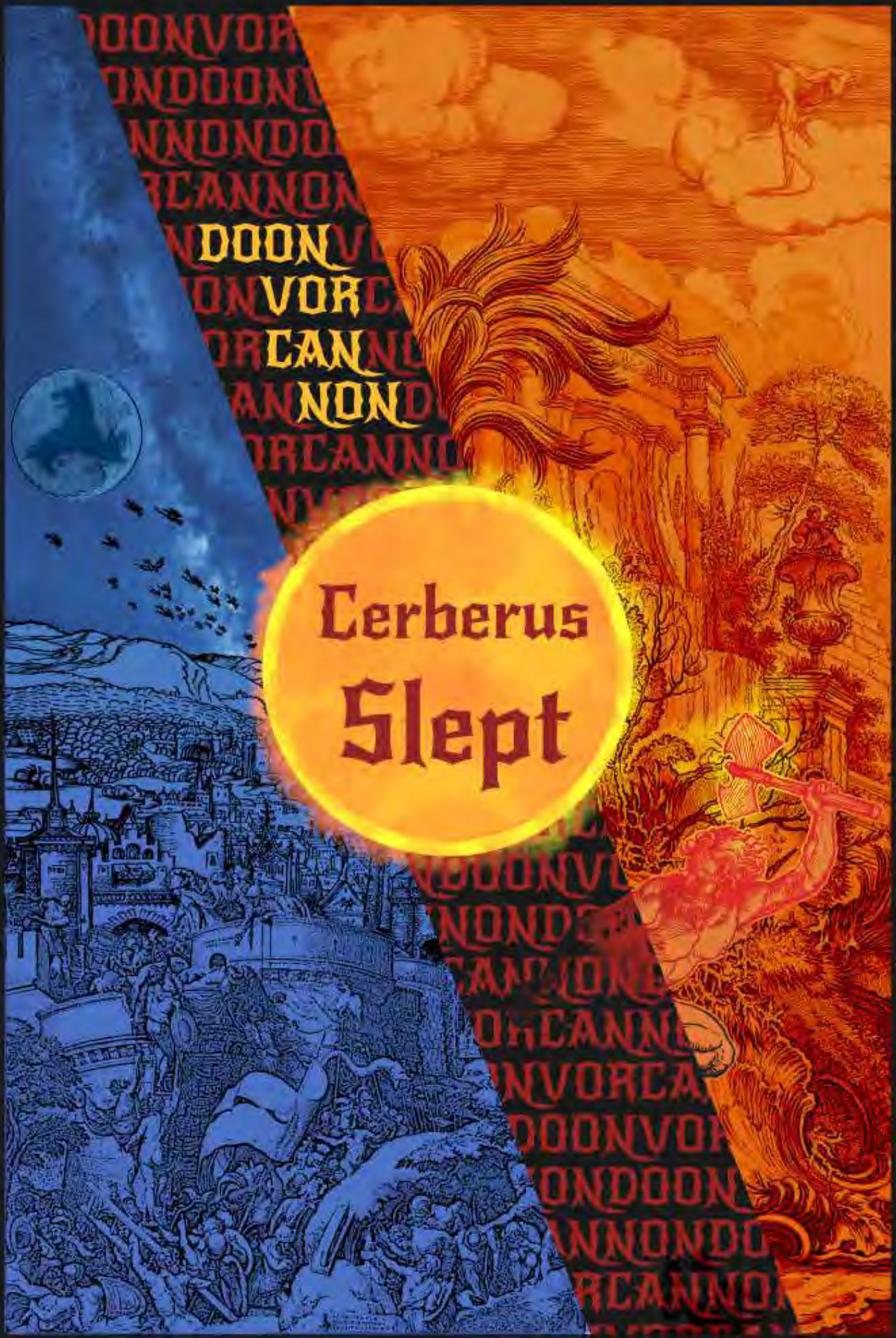
Both generations know the story now. We've studied our parts and memorized our lines. We didn't know just what the journey would be until Disney finally revealed the destination, but we know we're going to succeed. Disney heroes always do.

Melquiades tweets @whywherever

Next: Noor Bin Ladin returns to interview Mark Eglington, author of the new book No Domain: the John McAfee Tapes.

SPECTRES OF SATURN

PATRICK KILGORE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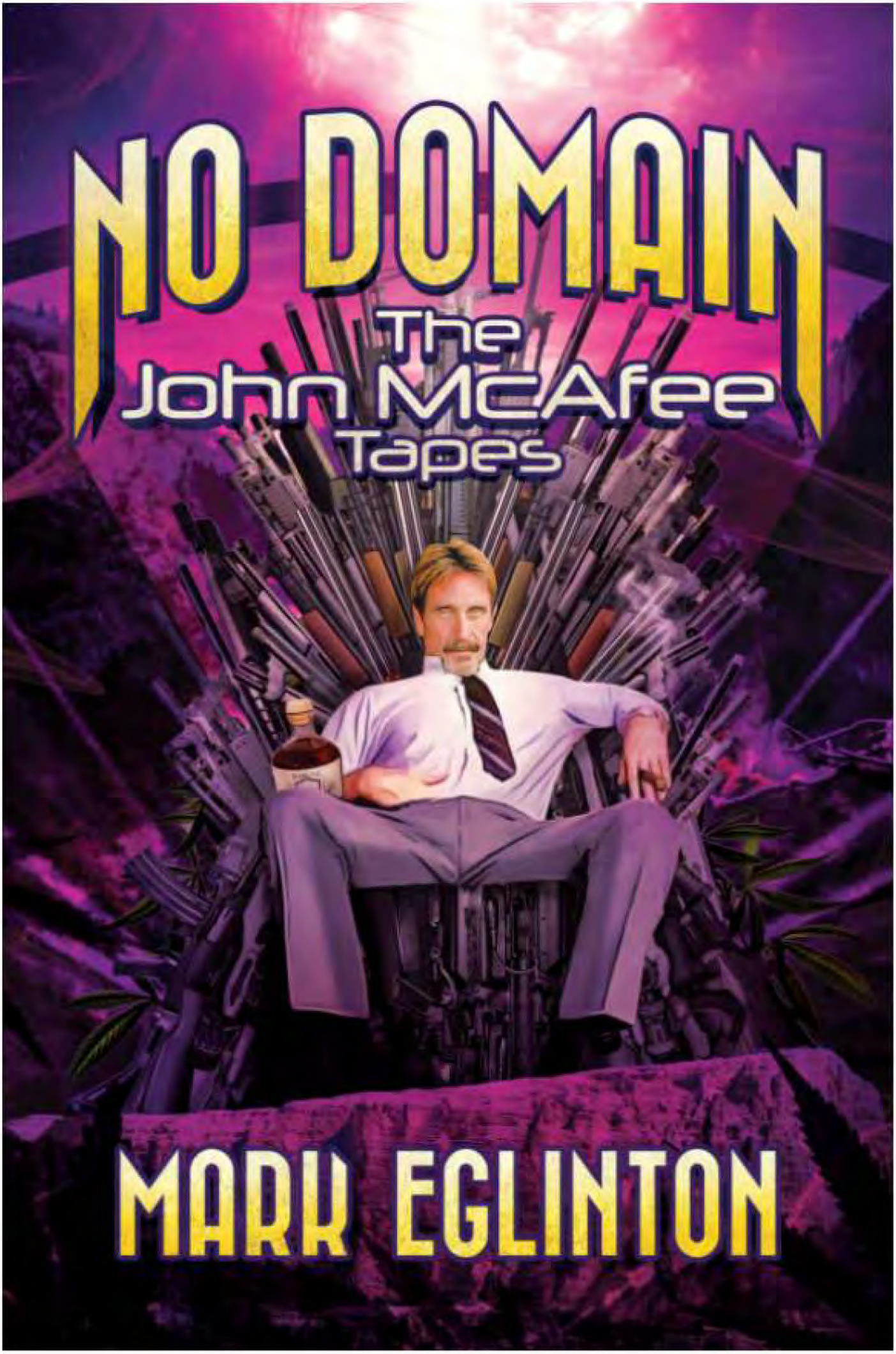
★ MAGA TRANNY ★
TRUMP
MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN
I STAND WITH ISRAEL

Where in the world is Hakan Rotmurt?

WEST BALCONY
TICKET MACHINES
TRACKS 31 TO 42
TRACKS 100 TO 117
CAN YOU FIND HIM?


NO DOMAIN
The John McAfee Tapes
MARK EGLINTON

NOOR BIN LADIN
In conversation with
The MAN'S WORLD Interview: MARK EGLINTON

From the moment you start reading the prologue of Mark Eglinton's latest book "No Domain: The John McAfee Tapes", it is quite impossible to put it down. Granted, the subject matter of John McAfee's life is gripping itself, but Mark's commentary enhances it masterfully. Due to the exclusive nature of their exchanges and their rapport, it is also likely to be the ultimate and truest account that will ever be published.

Other previous books of Mark's include Blindsided, with former Australian rugby captain and stroke survivor Michael Lynagh — which was shortlisted for International Autobiography Of The Year 2016; Heavy Duty: Days And Nights In Judas Priest with musician K.K Downing — one of Rolling Stone magazine's ten Music Books of 2018 and, more recently, Reboot: My Life My Time with soccer legend Michael Owen — shortlisted for Autobiography Of The Year 2020 by the Daily Telegraph.

Among other career endeavours, he's a former professional golf caddie who learned the sport at a young age in his native Scotland - and has written about his experiences for Golf magazine and Golf Digest.

Upcoming projects include the authorised biography of Steven K. Bannon, and the film adaptation of "No Domain" produced by Amanda Milius.

Mark and I first came into contact via Twitter, as with most of the kindred spirits I've been fortunate to encounter since going public in September 2020. A quip led to a follow, and DMs were exchanged - and now here we are. I asked Mark if he would kindly participate in this profile piece because not only is he a talented writer, but also I found Mark's story particularly engaging and very relatable, although his life is atypical in many ways. In his own words during our conversation: "my life has been one of unconventional conventionality".

While it wasn't as insane and extreme as John's journey, there is one common denominator with Mark's: neither wanted to be slaves to the system, and sought ways around it.

As he once tweeted: "John McAfee placed the act of LIVING high above everything else. Do you?"

Our interview below should give you a good glimpse into Mark's own answer.

NOOR BIN LADIN: Mark, for those who are finding out about you for the first time, tell us a bit about your background and how your upbringing in St Andrews has shaped you.

MARK EGLINTON: I'm Scottish, 51 years old and I grew up as the younger son of two people who

I suppose were fundamentally working class from Glasgow, but who ultimately elevated themselves to middle class through sheer hard work and entrepreneurship. My parents existed in an era when you really could buy a house for five thousand pounds, and they consistently made money throughout my childhood by buying homes and selling them on for profit. In parallel, when they moved to St Andrews—the Home of Golf— in 1969, they started a newsagent business with a post office attached. Over time this business grew into more of a distribution company as they acquired more stores, and by extension they integrated themselves, and that business, deeply into the local community to the extent that it became a bit of an institution. I was born in 1970 and what I remember most from my childhood is that we moved house a lot. I was sent to boarding school – which I now recognize was an enormous financial sacrifice on my parents' behalf.

NOOR BIN LADIN: You followed a 'conventional' path, as the product of your environment, having to conform or meet certain expectations. Then, at the age of 34, you decided to veer course and chart a different trajectory for your life. What was the trigger?

MARK EGLINTON: Boarding school was the beginning of this conventional path I guess. I was at that place at a time when the demographic was very much the sons and daughters of politicians and diplomats – and certainly not of newsagents. From the start, I was at a disadvantage.

In this era, the 80s, boarding school was little more than an exercise in survival—a siege from morning to night. From day one you had no choice but to survive in a hierarchy that was best compared with 'Lord Of The Flies'. Senior boys were responsible for disciplining younger ones. If you didn't look after your possessions, somebody took them from you. If you were fat, you were taunted mercilessly. If you were weak, you became a victim. I was exposed to all of this from a position of not being the standard boarding school kid. My parents didn't show up in fancy cars to school and I didn't have the kind of home other kids did. Consequently, I had to punch much harder, in a figurative sense, to survive. But that I certainly did. Rather than sinking and becoming an anonymous also-ran, destined for a lifetime of obscurity, I suppose—

At the age of thirty- four, with a divorce, no home of my own, two young children and no income, I found myself at the edge of the abyss.

via the sporting abilities I had— I became a bit of an Alpha male in the context of my peer group.

I then went to University with no real plan as to why I was going or what I wanted to do afterwards. I didn't enjoy any aspect of it: the party atmosphere, the fact that people didn't conform to my worldview, which was pretty cynical at that point, if I'm being truthful. I started to not like people and the irony was that one of the people I liked least was myself. For whatever reason, I really wrestled with self-esteem—especially when it came to my relationship with the opposite sex. I had no idea how to do small talk with anyone, far less with women. I became dispirited and walked into a relationship for no other reason than I thought it was all I would ever get. Within a year of leaving University, I was married. And then I made one of the biggest mistakes of my life.

In order to appease the much older woman I married, I decided to go into the family business. I did this not because I wanted to run a newspaper business, but solely because I felt it could elevate me to a certain income level without having to work particularly hard. It was a weak decision, and ultimately very selfish in the sense that it forced my father to dilute his income in the business he'd worked so hard to build. But at age 24, I didn't think about or care about those things. I was just focused on creating some sort of viable platform from which to sustain a marriage, and for all the wrong reasons. Although my relationship was deeply flawed, I had two children and was a very active and engaged dad. On one hand life felt good, but on the other I knew that I was living a constant lie. I found myself asking myself "Is this all my life will ever be?"

Inevitably the relationship broke down and around the same time my father died after a long illness and the business failed. At the age of thirty- four, with a divorce, no home of my own, two young children and no income, I found myself at the edge of the abyss. For a while I lost all sense of purpose and identity. I even lost track of reality for a while when I started taking sleeping pills to erase that reality. I was living day to day, and not liking the next day when it arrived. It was a really dark time, and I wasn't always certain that I'd get out of it.

NOOR BIN LADIN: How did you find your way out?

MARK EGLINTON: One night, as

I sat half asleep in my rural cottage where Prince William and Kate Middleton as she was at the time were my next-door neighbors, there was a knock at the door. I got up, irritated, and walked down the hallway to see who had the sheer audacity to interrupt my misery. Outside the door stood a friend of mine who'd been calling and texting me for days to no avail, barely visible behind what I could see was a Playstation 2 console sitting atop a 48-can slab of the cheapest Czech lager known to man. "This ends now, Marcus," he said--using a bastardization of my name only he has ever used. He came in, we hooked up the games and we played until morning with Czech beer on the side. He ended up sleeping on my couch for three nights. For whatever reason, this guy's unexpected company shook me from my depressed state.

NOOR BIN LADIN: To what extent was your experience working as a caddy a catalyst to making this change?

MARK EGLINTON: Caddying pretty much transformed my life! That is no exaggeration. I had grown up playing golf in St. Andrews. I'd played the Old Course hundreds of times. I knew the landscape like the back of my hand. It was one of the few places I ever felt alive and unburdened by the shit of life was when I was out on the links with the wind and the four-seasons-in-one-day climate of eastern Scotland. By late 2004, I had to make quite a depressing decision—what was I going to do that could give me some kind of an income? Really I had no choice. I decided to walk down to the caddie shack and ask if there was any possibility of trying out as a caddie.

This caddy shack environment was yet another Lord Of The Flies situation except no longer was I contending with a bunch of snot-nosed teenagers, this was a hundred-strong crew of grizzled grown men and a couple of women. People who had been there for forty years viewed any incomer with slit-eyed suspicion. They viewed me, a guy who until recently had owned a prominent business in their town, with even more of the same. Again, I had to adapt and find my place. But because I knew the course and could talk to people from any background, I soon became part of the hardcore Old Course caddie fraternity. For once I felt like I was the person I wanted to be and in the place I wanted to be it.

I was reminded of the words [of] my English teacher at boarding school... "You could be a good writer if you ever bothered to show up to class."

NOOR BIN LADIN: Tell us a bit more about how the skills you acquired from your time caddying have helped you in your writing career, and how this line of work influenced the way you relate to others.

MARK EGLINTON: I actually had no expectations at the beginning about what it might lead to. I was using the caddying simply to decompress, earn some money and just be in an environment I enjoyed. However... it soon became apparent to me that caddying for someone was a unique position. You met these random people on the first tee and had no choice but to find a way to relate for the next four or five hours. Many of these people were on bucket list trips. I wanted to make their once in a lifetime experience of playing the Old Course in St Andrews memorable. Along the way I met an Olympic athlete who was in the midst of writing his own autobiography at the time. As we walked and talked, he told me about how the process was playing out. As I listened, I was reminded of the words my English teacher at boarding school had once told me: "You could be a good writer if you ever bothered to show up to class." I'd never considered this as a potential career path at all. To me, writing never seemed lucrative, far less very sexy. However I started seeing things differently. I began using these four-hour relationships with golfers as a way to develop my listening/relating skills with a view to perhaps launching a new career as a biographer/ghost-writer. Looking back, caddying was a means of testing the model.

NOOR BIN LADIN: Your first foray into writing was linked to another passion of yours, heavy metal music. In an interview elsewhere you describe how although you winged your first manuscript, with little to no experience at all on how to write a book when you got the deal, you submitted a perfectly standard industry manuscript. It must have been a thrill to take that leap!

MARK EGLINTON: Heavy metal had been in my life since an older school friend handed me a cassette tape when I was fourteen years old with the words, "Listen to this shit…"

It was a mix-tape, with a random bunch of songs on it. 'Paranoid' by Black Sabbath, 'More Than A Feeling' by Boston and 'Simple Man' by Lynyrd Skynyrd were three of them. I can't recall the others.

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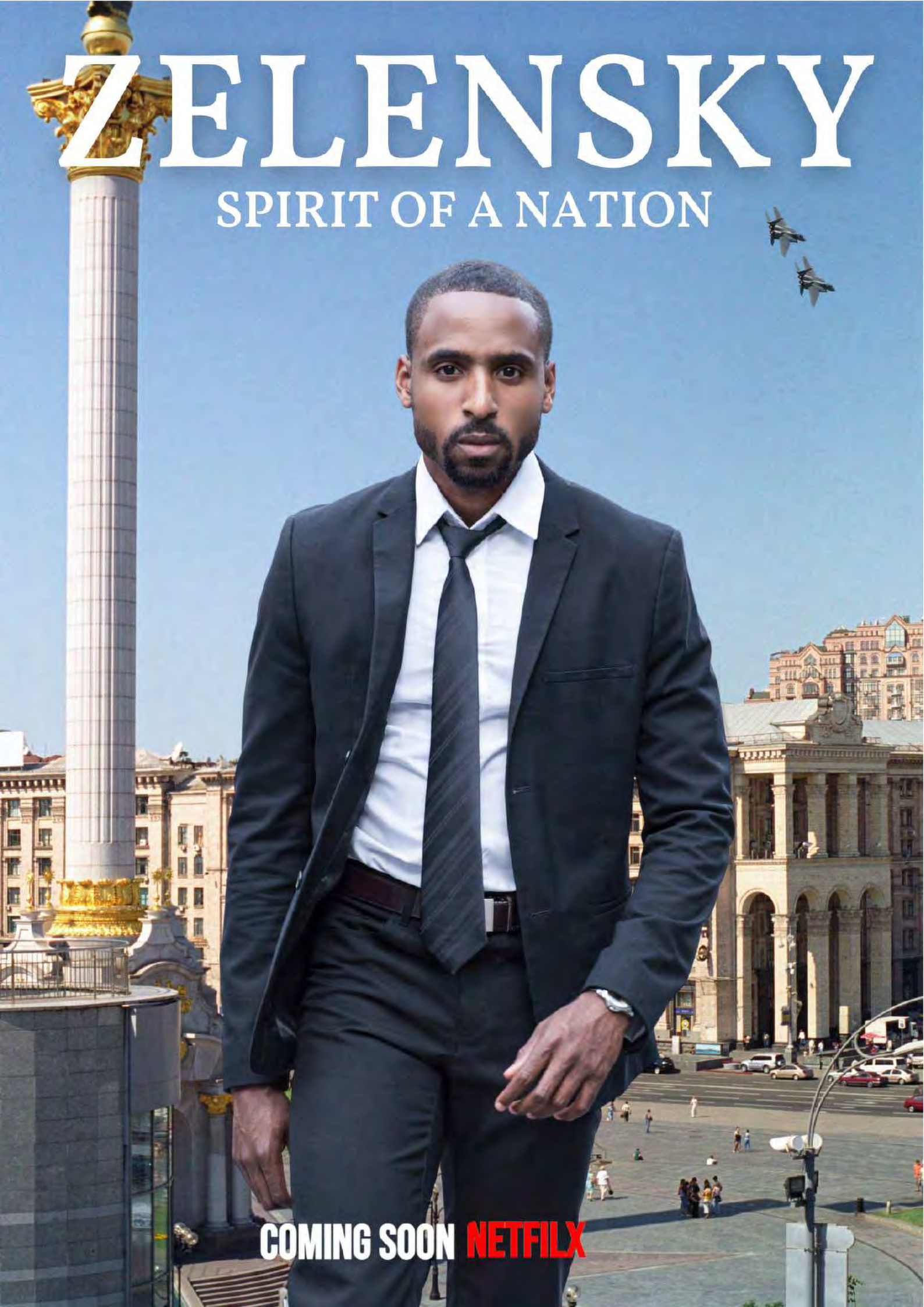

ZELENSKY
SPIRIT OF A NATION
COMING SOON NETFILX

Well, hearing this kind of music felt like walking through a star-gate into a parallel dimension. While this music I'd been given wasn't heavy per se relative to what I'm into nowadays, it was nevertheless a whole world that I never knew existed prior. It was a private club, completely hidden away from most people in the normal world and I especially liked that idea of belonging to something like that.

From there I became completely immersed. I bought vinyl in vast quantities, wore the shirts, went to concerts and shook the foundations of my parents' house. I lived the heavy metal lifestyle from the age of fifteen and I have not stopped doing so since. At various times I have been asked questions like, "Will you ever grow out of this stuff?" Many people don't get it, but I get a perverse sense of satisfaction from the fact that they don't. Even today, not a moment passes where I don't think about this music. It truly is fundamental to my being. If you want to be in my life, you must accept that it is part of me. I still wear the t-shirts.

So, when it came to finding a way into writing, it was very much a case of writing about what I knew best. In the mid-2000s, I found myself begging website editors to let me give them what were, in retrospect, very naïve album reviews of heavy metal albums released at that time. But, just like anything, if you work hard enough on what you're doing, you get better at it. And before long I'd written a few reviews, had done a few features and interviews, and was being approached by an independent publisher to write an unauthorized biography of James Hetfield, the frontman in Metallica. And I literally did wing it. I had no idea how to research or write a book. I decided to agree to the deal and then figure it out later. And I did figure it out. It was pretty empowering and scary at the same time. But when I submitted it on deadline, I remember thinking, "Damn, I can do this."

NOOR BIN LADIN: One aspect we discussed I'd like to know more about, is how you changed your mind-set, learned to rely on your own abilities, and how putting yourself first improved your relationship with those around you.

MARK EGLINTON: I think I was a people-pleaser for years without really knowing it. Scots aren't the most forthcoming when it comes to offering affirmation etc. and that extended to my own parents who came from a generation

I had no idea how to research or write a book. I decided to agree to the deal and then figure it out later. And I did figure it out.

where everyone was pretty stoical in the day to day. In no way is it a criticism of them, but they rarely verbally or physically expressed love that I can recall. Instead, they exhibited love in more practical ways by doing things like sending me to boarding school regardless of how much that definitely stretched their finances. As I said, they never had fancy cars and we only ever took one holiday overseas. I respect that dedication of theirs, but with hindsight it left me looking for affirmation throughout life, mostly in the wrong places. What I realized was that the need for affirmation not only made me weak, but also it meant that I wasn't giving myself any affirmation. Getting my first book published, low key as it was, probably flipped a switch in me. I saw it as not only an act of defiance to all the people who saw what I was doing as not a 'real' job, but I also used it as a means of beefing up my own ego at the same time. It had taken me until the age of forty to believe in myself. And once I believed in myself, I started applying really direct communication with anyone I worked with. I did what I said I'd do (rare nowadays) and I wasn't afraid to say 'no' a lot. I think people worry that that kind of stark honesty alienates people. I found the opposite to be true. I got respect. And as a result of that respect, all my relationships improved: family, friends, business—every aspect of my life benefitted. I began to understand my own worth.

NOOR BIN LADIN: As a writer of biographies, each project must be quite transformational, immersing yourself into another person's world. Which aspect of delving into the recesses of your subject's life do you enjoy the most? How fulfilling is the collaboration process when you co-write their story?

MARK EGLINTON: I like that you can be in someone's world for a year and then you leave. Some I enjoyed leaving more than others. But no two processes are the same. Like I had to with every golfer I met on the first tee of the Old Course, I also had to find common ground with my subjects. In some cases it was easy, in others less so. But the basis of it all was the honesty and direct communication I mentioned earlier. I spelled out the process as clearly as possible at the outset with no bullshit whatsoever. I never over-promised and I like to think I over-delivered instead.

In co-write situations, my ideal situation is where the subject

doesn't have any desire to write anything and is happy for me to do all the writing based on our conversations. That way I can build authentic voice from scratch, without having to pick one out of existing writing—which is a bit like trying to bend non-compliant lumps of metal into shape. But these conversations I'm talking about are the key. At the beginning of my career, I think I probably asked too many 'closed' questions. With time I learned that the best material came when the subject was disarmed and unprompted. Sometimes someone will go off on a tangent on their own, and it was learning when to shut up when that happened, rather than trying to interject, that yielded the best material. Lesson: people don't always think linearly.

NOOR BIN LADIN: Speaking with John McAfee for so many hours, how has his way of thinking and experiences influenced your belief system? I imagine it shakes up many preconceived notions and makes you reassess certain of your perspectives on life, and reaffirm others.

MARK EGLINTON: I honestly had no expectations when I started speaking to John. If anything, I think I went into it all expecting not to like him very much. As much as I saw him as this interesting maverick figure, I didn't particularly see any areas where I thought we'd agree—not that that particularly mattered. However, in one of the first conversations with John that I had, he told me that previous people he'd worked with had been too naïve as to the ways of the world. When he said that, I took mental note. From that point onwards I made sure that I was completely open to anything he told me—even some of the stories that on paper were beyond implausible. The fact of the matter is that the majority of people walking around the world are far too content to just accept what they are told –by media or by other people. Time and time again it has been proven that to simply take things on face value, isn't the way to go. How many so-called 'conspiracy' theories have later been disproved? Let's get real, in 2022, institutions that are held up to be unchallengeable and unimpeachable: politicians, doctors, law enforcement etc., are every bit as likely to be corrupted as anyone else. The evidence of that is just too plentiful to ignore.

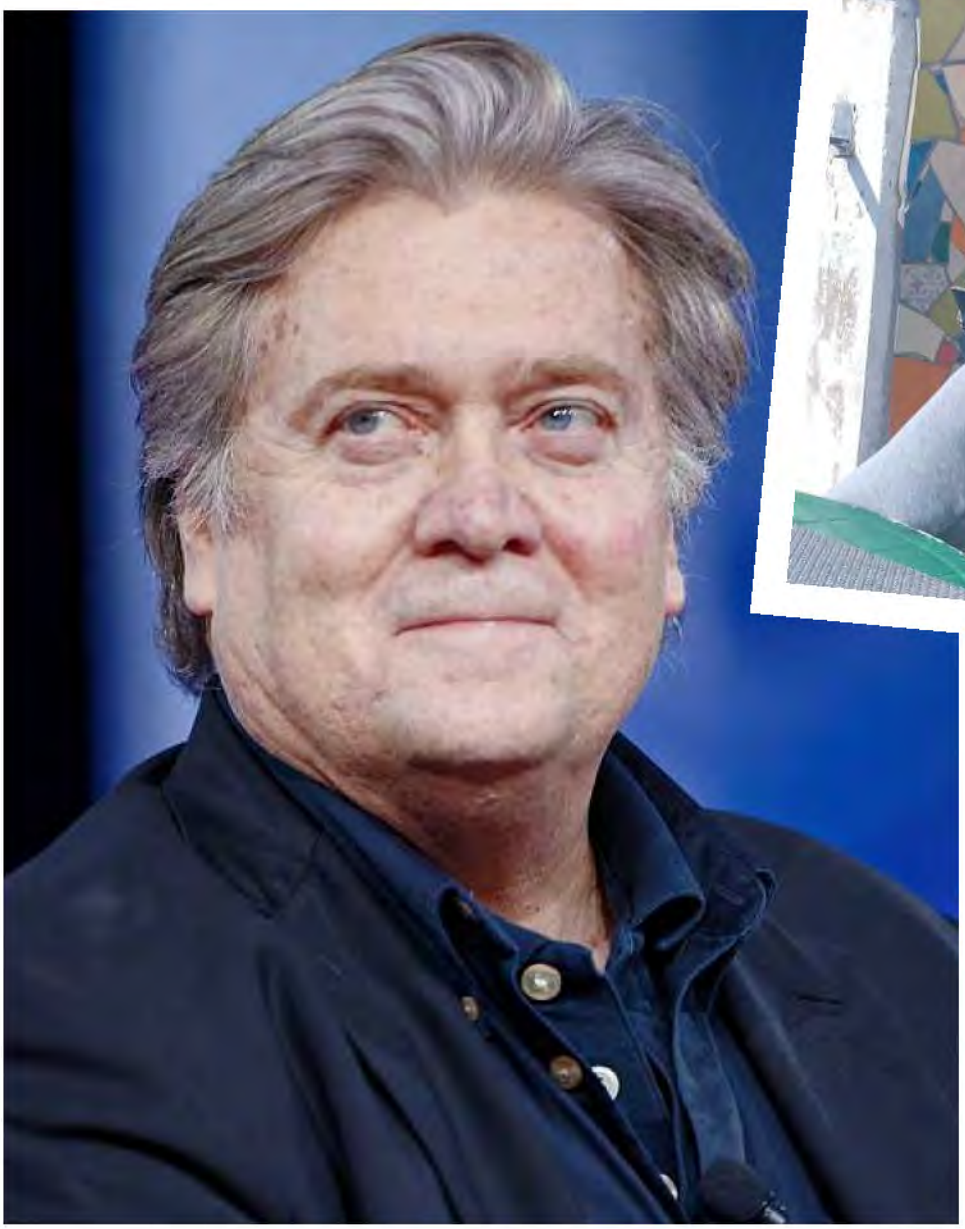
When you accept that fact, it opens your eyes. Now, I should say that I was already halfway down that road when I started talking to John McAfee. For years my wife and I have been having breakfast table conversations about aspects of the world we don't like and that aren't what they seem. We even talked about making a podcast out of it all: us ranting over breakfast. But we decided that we'd probably be cancelled! Anyway, I digress. What was most appealing about John to me was his understanding of the dichotomy of human nature. He had many qualities. He also had loads of flaws. However, when he explained how both of those sides have co-existed in him, and how by extension they also co-exist in every human being who has ever lived, that reinforced something in me that I'd always felt: that I wasn't perfect, and that I should give up trying to be. When you do that, it doesn't give you license to live a shitty life, but it certainly takes the pressure off. John, for someone who specialized in bending the reality he projected to the world and the media, was someone who was, at the heart of it, deeply rooted in a sense of his own reality. He knew what the Truth of John McAfee was. There was something very reassuring about that.

What was most appealing about John to me was his understanding of the dichotomy of human nature. He had many qualities. He also had loads of flaws.

NOOR BIN LADIN: So you were already somewhat 'red pilled' before embarking on 'No Domain'. Tell me more about that awakening and those conversations with your wife.

MARK EGLINTON: Yeah, I suppose I was. The breakfast conversations I talked about started out as us just ranting about the world in the echo chamber of our kitchen. One or both of us might have seen something on social media or in the news, or on Netflix the previous evening, and often it was something like that that started the conversation. Then it would go freeform from there. We go all over the place with this: how wireless technology simply has to have profound effects on peoples' health that we probably won't find out about for years. How TV manufacturers were implanting technology in TV sets as far back as the 1980s, specifically to spy on people. Why does Alec Baldwin's wife pretend she is Spanish? How pets didn't used to get weird cancers back in the day but now seem to. How spectacularly shit Emily In Paris is? How mainstream news cannot be believed etc. etc. This has been breakfast fodder for a few years, and believe me this is some of the tamer stuff! It's our way of attempting to set the world to right sat the beginning of each day. And then the next morning,

NO DOMAIN
John McAfee
ARK EGLINTON



Clockwise from opposite left: British heavy metal band Judas Priest in their 1980s heyday. Mark profiled the band in an award-winning 2018 book. James Hetfield, lead singer and rhythm guitarist of Metallica, whose biography was Mark's first book. The late John McAfee, the subject of Mark's latest book, No Domain. Steve "the Honey Badger" Bannon, the subject of Mark's next project. Inset: Noor reading No Domain.

we go all over again. These types of conversations perfectly primed me for the kinds of suggestions about our world that John McAfee often made.

NOOR BIN LADIN: In your book's epilogue, after having previously explained how the original publishing deal with John McAfee fell through, you describe a touching aspect of your relationship, and the importance of getting his approval to publish without his involvement in the writing process. It reads like there was an unspoken code of honor between the two of you.

MARK EGLINTON: That wasn't something either of us planned, but was something that just happened. I remember he and I talking about how ludicrous the idea of a collaboration agreement between us would have been. In any other book arrangement I'd been part of, there had been a written agreement, signed, maybe an NDA etc. But we both knew that was pointless. He was in hiding. What was I going to do if he didn't fulfill his end of the deal? Equally, for the same reason, what could he do to me? We just laughed, looked each other square in the eye on Skype and said, "OK, let's proceed." Later, after John had removed himself from the publisher deal because of the issue with crypto, I was left hanging with all this material. In the background, I had talked with a few publishers with a view to how it could be used. In the end, the publisher that had originally offered us the deal was the one who was brave enough to go with the revised idea whereby I'd go it alone with the material from the tapes. Now, I know many people who, knowing what they knew about John's position, would have just powered on and not bothered even asking. I just couldn't have done that. I was fully prepared for him to say no. Had he done so I would have been disappointed, but I'd have sucked it up and found another book to write. But I asked him directly and with nothing withheld. I didn't dress it up, nor did I dress it down. And I believe it was that approach that tipped the scales my way. John knew I was being respectful, and he reciprocated by saying yes. The sad part is that he told me later that he was looking forward to reading it. That never happened obviously.

NOOR BIN LADIN: You've spoken about the passing of your father, and how it has affected you. Reading 'No Domain' and from our conversations, it seems like John became a kind of father figure to you. What made you look up to him in that way?

I never once got a sense of John's political leanings beyond his own McLuhanesque spin on Libertarianism—none of which he took particularly seriously I don't think.

MARK EGLINTON: This thought occurred to me long after our conversations. As I said, my parents were from a hardworking and reasonably non-effusive generation. Not only that, my own father, who I respected a great deal, did not live life on the scale that John McAfee did, nor did he do much by way of philosophizing about life. John did a lot of that, and what was most surprising was that he wasn't self-centered about doing it. Many times he asked me about my life and views on certain things – many more times than I chose to include in the book. Long after we stopped talking, I suddenly realized that he enjoyed imparting wisdom on someone who was 25 years his junior. Equally, I enjoyed getting it. John taught me the nuances of how to get thrown in jail in Mexico and how to steal bicycles from peoples' front porches. With the best will in the world, my father never did that!

NOOR BIN LADIN: In one of your conversations you transcribed in the book, John McAfee refers to the presidency as 'that chair that is occupied by a set of profoundly charismatic and articulate actors'. I wonder what his take on President Trump was, as the only reference was his disagreement over the wall. And what is your assessment of the theatre that is currently going on with these different 'leaders' such as Biden and Trudeau, who in my opinion are clearly puppets (though not charismatic, nor articulate).

MARK EGLINTON: I never once got a sense of John's political leanings beyond his own McLuhanesque spin on Libertarianism—none of which he took particularly seriously I don't think. He certainly didn't want to become President; I just think he found it titillating that he could even try.

I think John looked fairly cynically upon any politician's motives, his own included, and I think that went back to his fundamental understanding of human nature more generally. He always told me that the acquisition of power only ever resulted in negative traits: greed, jealousy and anger etc. I can't disagree. Show me a politician from any side of any aisle that isn't motivated by what they personally stand to gain?

As far as Trudeau and Biden are concerned, I am no fan of either of them. Unfortunately, all of this theater as you describe it has led us

into uncharted and dangerous territory. The great irony here is that for all that I didn't always like Trump's house style, what he did seem to be was honest in a way that the Bidens and Trudeaus of the world just aren't. And this was a guy who didn't even come from a political background! I think that tells its own story.

NOOR BIN LADIN: There's another passage I really enjoyed, where you transcribed John's views about the unconstitutionality of income tax and the government/central banks' control over us, as I share pretty similar views. However, unlike John I have mixed/cautious feelings about crypto and remain dubious about its origins and/or potential weaponization to usher in a digitized centralized

system by our cunning overlords. He seemed utterly convinced in its liberating power. What are your thoughts?

MARK EGLINTON: I disagree with you on that one. I don't see it as their desire to usher in anything specifically. I just think governments have realized that crypto is unstoppable and that, in that case, they may as well make some attempt to control it and regulate it for their own ends. But this is where people must make a decision. It is clear that, for all that technology arguably makes life better on many levels, the other side of that coin is that governments can and will utilize technology against the general population if given the chance. Look at Australia during the pandemic. I believe their government had an app where they could make sure people stayed in their homes! How did we get there? We need to decide whether we want to control technology, or whether we are prepared to submit to being controlled by it via government regulation. It's a simple choice. Crypto is just one part of that.

NOOR BIN LADIN: You recently launched a 'No Domain' NFT collaboration, tell us a bit more about that.

MARK EGLINTON: This NFT collaboration is the first step for me into the crypto world and I did it for all the reasons I mentioned above. With a company called Canonic, we launched an NFT version of the McAfee book on Bitcoin, in addition to a signed, numbered and limited edition hard cover version with a new holographic cover. In addition to that, there are some cool extras related to the forthcoming documentary being directed by

The funny thing is that everybody always told me Steve is basically Satan— that he's impossible to work with etc. I've found the Honey Badger to be the complete opposite...

Amanda Milius, after she optioned the original book. While this NFT is a cool vibe, the signaling that comes with it is every bit as important. By owning this you are saying: "Screw you" to anyone who thinks they can regulate crypto-currency. And who better than John McAfee as a medium through which to transmit such a signal?

NOOR BIN LADIN: I can't wait for the film adaptation by Amanda Milius — she's brilliant. Another project you're working on I'm excited about is your book on Steve Bannon, who is someone I greatly respect. What can you share about both ventures at this stage?

MARK EGLINTON: I'm really glad Amanda is doing this adaptation. She gets McAfee completely and I don't doubt for a second that she'll come up with something great. I'm not sure about timelines at this stage though. I believe these things can take a while

Steve Bannon is someone I pestered for months to do something. After a while we started getting along pretty well and he was into the McAfee stuff enough to have me on the War Room to talk about it. Beyond that I wanted to co-write an autobiography, which was an idea he absolutely wasn't interested in. Instead I pitched the definitive Bannon biography to him: the dark, the light – the entire Bannon story from the Navy to Goldman Sachs, to China, to Hollywood to the Trump White House, and everything else that goes to make what is a truly fascinating character in my eyes. The funny thing is that everybody always told me Steve is basically Satan— that he's impossible to work with etc. I've found the Honey Badger to be the complete opposite: old school direct, honest, reliable; I have never had any issue with Steve Bannon and I'm in the midst of writing what he knows has to be a balanced biography, with his blessing. In it will be some input from him directly, as well as tons of inside-baseball from people who have known him over the years—both friends and foes. It'll be explosive…

Mark Eglinton is a Scottish author/ghostwriter who has written twenty books in the genres of sport, music, business and politics. No Domain: The John McAfee Tapes is his latest book.

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Noor Bin Ladin

AN APPEAL TO THE UN HUMAN RIGHTS COUNCIL

ANOTHER LOOK AT 1/6

MAN'S WORLD readers are well aware of the ways of the Globalists' organizations like the UN, and how George Soros, Lord Malloch Brown and the rest of the NWO/Great Reset crew weaponize these international bodies to push their agenda with impunity across the world. But while we know these entities are compromised, there is a sweet irony in using their own mechanism to call them out on their hypocrisy, and that of the abusive governments they abet.

Which is exactly what I did.

Here's the background story of how I got the rogue US government's abuse against the January 6 protesters entered into the official records at the UN.

Last month, prior to interviewing Jeremy R. Hammond for my podcast, I discovered a trove of documents submitted to the UN Human Rights Council by the Planetary Association for Clean Energy (PACE). PACE is a Canadian scientific network with UN ECOSOC accreditation for which the likes of Jeremy, Kris Newby and Dr. Mike Yeadon have written in the past. One of their writers for the 49th session of the Human Rights Council pulled out at the eleventh hour and I was asked whether I would like to take his spot. 1/6 immediately came to mind. PACE's status allows it to submit documents to the Human Rights Council, which may or may not be reported upon by Special Rapporteurs. This is one of few ways that civil society can formally make its opinion known to the Human Rights Council. While this was very short notice, I accepted their invitation in order to write about the fake January 6 insurrection and the subsequent human rights abuses of the protesters. Realistically, unless these documents have political support or fit the official UN narrative, they are relegated to a digital drawer and conveniently ignored. Knowing full well that the U.S. Government, along with Soros and his ilk, exert excessive influence over the UN and its various body parts, it is still worth poking them in the eye by using their own rulebook. That being said, these are still valid UN work documents, made within its legal framework for each OHCHR session, which take place in Geneva three times a year. In other words, some of the Human Rights abuses of the 1/6 detainees are now in the UN's public records. To my knowledge, this matter has not been addressed by the UN yet, other than their own early declarations which unsurprisingly echoed the official narrative. While it may indeed be a long shot, the objective is to officially bring this issue to the attention of the High Commissioner and Special Rapporteurs, giving them the opportunity to report on it... we shall see.*

**On February 7, 2022 PACE submitted this document (ref. A/HRC/49/NGO/244, published on March 9, 2022) to the UN Human Rights Council with literally one minute left before the automated system was shut down. Hence why there are a couple of typos in the official document. Also, UN editors systematically changed 'the U.S.' or 'U.S.' to 'the United States of America', annoyingly making the original document less than an ideal read –– please ignore.*

The transcript below is the original submission, minus these alterations.

N.B.L.

On January 18, 2021, Special Rapporteurs of the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights (OHCHR) released a statement in which they condemned the "violent attempt to overturn the results of a free and fair election at the United States (U.S.) Capitol on 6 January", referring to the event as "shocking and incendiary". They joined several top UN officials who had decried the "assault on democracy" immediately after the protest.

As more information on Jan. 6 comes to light, the OHCHR should consider modifying its earlier position, as it is now clear that most if not all early reports of violence by demonstrators were deliberately falsified by U.S. security services, including the FBI. Indeed, many of these acts were apparently committed by the security services themselves.

In addition, the reference to free and fair elections in the OHCHR statement is unwarranted, since no consensus on the U.S. 2020 elections has yet emerged, either domestically or internationally among recognized election monitors.

Furthermore, the subsequent crackdown on the Jan. 6 protesters by U.S. security services, the physical abuse of arrested protesters, and the surveillance and intimidation of their political supporters throughout the United States, all constitute a massive violation of UN human rights norms, as set forth in the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (ICCPR), the Convention against Torture and Other Cruel, Inhuman or Degrading Treatment or Punishment (CAT), and others.

Prominent U.S. journalists, including Darren Beattie of Revolver News and Glenn Greenwald, among others, have conclusively proved that Officer Sicknick was not bludgeoned to death with a fire extinguisher, as originally reported, nor was he even attacked by protesters at all, but rather suffered two strokes and died of natural causes the day after the protest, according to the District of Columbia's chief medical examiner, forcing a retraction from The New York Times.

Julie Kelly of American Greatness analyzed all charges levelled at the Jan. 6 protestors and available footage. She unmistakably concludes that it wasn't an 'armed insurrection' as there were no arms, and it wasn't even a breach since Capitol Police officers lifted barriers and allowed protestors to enter through open doors.

Since January 6, more than 700 people have been arrested; 70 men are under pre-trial detention orders, including about 40 who are in a political prison in Washington DC specifically affected for January 6 detainees. These defendants have not been convicted of any crime, and yet have been denied bail repeatedly as their trials continue to be delayed into the middle or end of 2022, with some awaiting in jail for over a year for a trial date.

Prosecutors are petitioning the courts for indefinite incarceration, and federal judges in turn grant these punitive demands from the Department of Justice (DOJ) to incarcerate defendants for minor offences such as trespassing, parading, demonstrating, picketing - even for first time offenders. As Julie Kelly notes, "they are presumed guilty until proven innocent". According to court memos and sentencing motions, the 'unprecedented' nature of the 'attack' on the Capitol, as well as the 'need to deter others in cases involving domestic terrorism', warrants this blatant disregard of the law.

Furthermore, there are detainees who have been refused medical treatment, some for injuries caused by prison guards, while certain have been placed in solitary confinement for 23 hours a day, denied access to family, lawyers, and even to evidence. This includes the 14'000 hours of Capitol Police surveillance video footage, which remains under strict protective orders to this day. Also being withheld from defendants are the transcripts of the January 6 Committee's interviews with Ray Epps, one of the ringleaders on the ground caught on numerous tapes urging and directing protestors to 'go INTO the Capitol', both on January 5 and January 6.

In many cases, defendants are made to read specific materials to reprogram their political beliefs, having been advised by their attorneys that political "confessions" will win them leniency.

Meanwhile, Capitol Police officer Michael Byrd faces no consequences for shooting demonstrator Ashley Babbit to death, though she carried no arms and presented no threat as video footage shows.

From a human rights' standpoint, the unjust treatment of these political prisoners is clear to any man or woman of honor claiming to support the three cornerstones of our legal system: the blind application of the law, the presumption of innocence and the right to a fair trial. The denial of their Constitutional rights of free speech, free assembly, and free and fair elections, should also appal anyone who purports to advocate for freedom, individual liberties or 'democracy'.

Several members of Congress, such as Sen. Ron Johnson, have sought answers regarding the treatment of January 6 detainees, prosecutorial overreach, scope of discovery and other abuses of powers from the

Darren Beattie / Alex Sheppard /Joe Kent / Amanda Milius / Richard Poe / Ned Ryun / Raw Egg Nationalist / Kash Patel / General Flynn AND MANY MORE

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DOJ, the FBI, and the January 6 Committee whose tactics the New York Times of February 6, 2022 even referred to as prosecutorial, in contrast to more common techniques reserved for congressional inquiries. The formation itself of the Committee also raises questions regarding its legitimacy, as does the extent of its purview.

House Majority Leader and January 6 Committee initiator, Nancy Pelosi, refused to heighten security on Capitol grounds on six consecutive occasions, despite being forewarned ahead of the march. Why?

On July 6, 2021, the United States Capitol Police announced the expansion of its powers without any oversight or congressional approval. How?

Not much clarification can be expected from these essential questions, as Attorney General Merrick Garland and FBI Director Christopher Wray, among figureheads from the Department of Defense, all join in the political ruling class' chorus of 'white supremacy' and 'domestic terrorism' constituting the greatest threat to America today, and the justification for their crackdown on citizens' rights.

January 6 is not the first event used as a pretext to inflate the surveillance state machine and weaponize the national security apparatus against US citizens. In the same manner 9/11 and the 'war on terror' was used to justify the passage of the Patriot Act in 2002, January 6 and this 'new war on terror' are being used to justify this latest expansion of the security state. Except this time they are not even bothering to formally obtain congressional approval, as noted above.

January 6 is also not the first FBI-led entrapment operation. The alleged plot to kidnap Michigan's Governor Whitmer a few months prior, was revealed to have been set up by agents and informants as well, among other similarities with January 6. Coincidentally (or not), Steven M. D'Antuono, chief of the FBI Detroit field office who oversaw the Whitmer case, was promoted by FBI Director Christopher Wray to head the Washington D.C. field office a mere few weeks before January 6.

In general, U.S. security services have a long and well-documented history of using provocateurs to provoke violence, in order fabricate a pretext for crackdowns against dissidents.

For instance, a US Army counter-insurgency handbook from 1966 recommended that the government create a "pseudo-insurgent force" to generate "incidents among the population," which could be used to "indicate to the people the need for government-sponsored population control…"

This scenario was applied in the notorious 1985 MOVE bombing, in which Philadelphia, with training, logistical support, and oversight from federal agencies FEMA and the FBI, carried out a preemptive strike against a house in North Philadelphia occupied by an armed group of black urban survivalists called MOVE. The explosives started a fire that destroyed not only the MOVE house, but two city blocks and 61 homes. All but two occupants of the MOVE house were killed, including five children.

Reports of U.S. journalists make it increasingly obvious that the so-called "insurrection" of January 6 was largely, if not entirely, a government-orchestrated provocation, whereby a peaceful protest was infiltrated by "pseudo-insurgent forces," exactly as prescribed by well-known US Army counterinsurgency doctrine.

International human rights monitors, including the OHCHR, have shown a puzzling lack of interest in the obvious human rights abuses being reported.

Since the inception of the United Nations, critics in the developing world have accused the UN of being an instrument of neocolonialism, eager to point out human rights violations in developing countries, but treating human rights violations by developed Western powers with proverbial kid gloves.

In this critical moment of history, the OHCHR has a unique opportunity to demonstrate that the UN no longer fears to subject its financial patron the United States to the same standards of human rights that it has traditionally applied in places like Zimbabwe, Sudan, Burma, or Russia.

An African regime that behaved like the Biden administration, using its state security services to suppress dissent and punish political opponents, under the guise of a "domestic war on terror," would be swiftly condemned by the UN, and punished with sanctions.

We respectfully urge the OHCHR to reconsider its January 18, 2021 statement, in light of new evidence, and to take forceful action against the grievious human rights violations now being unleashed against political dissidents by US security services.

For a list of references, visit nuremberg2.org/un/references17.pdf

Pull up a chair and get comfortable...

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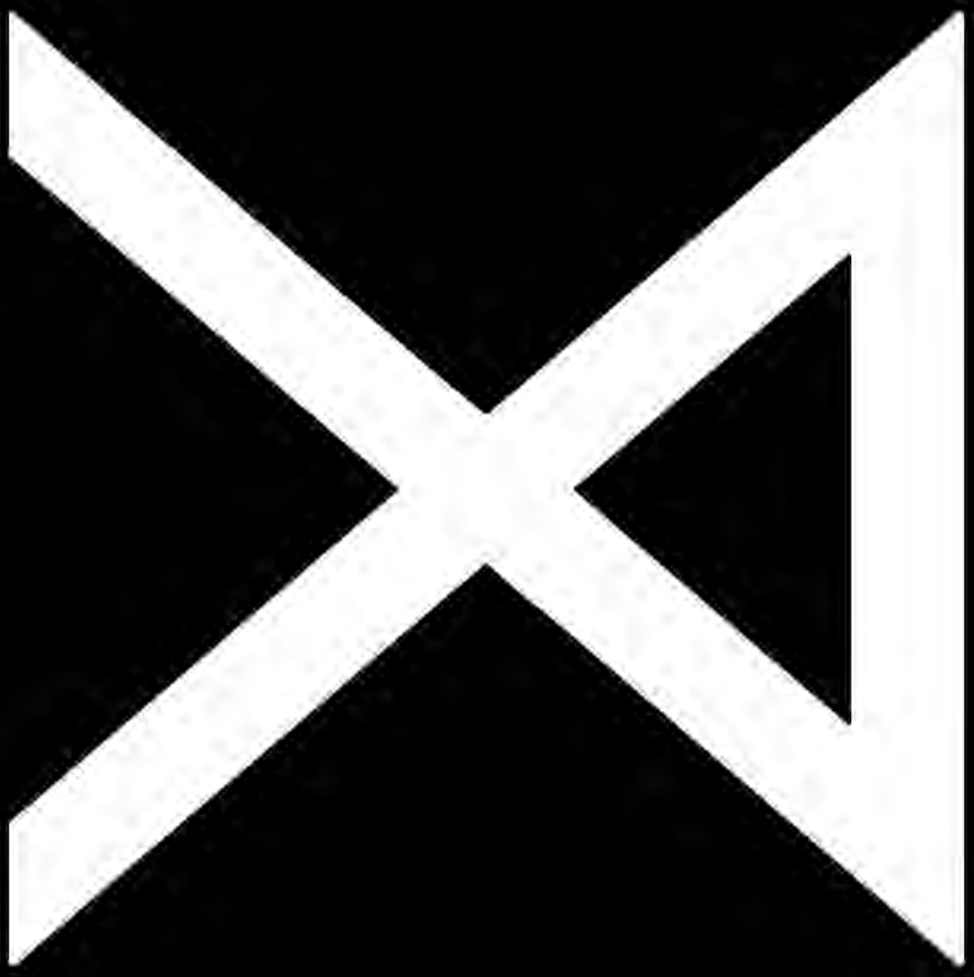
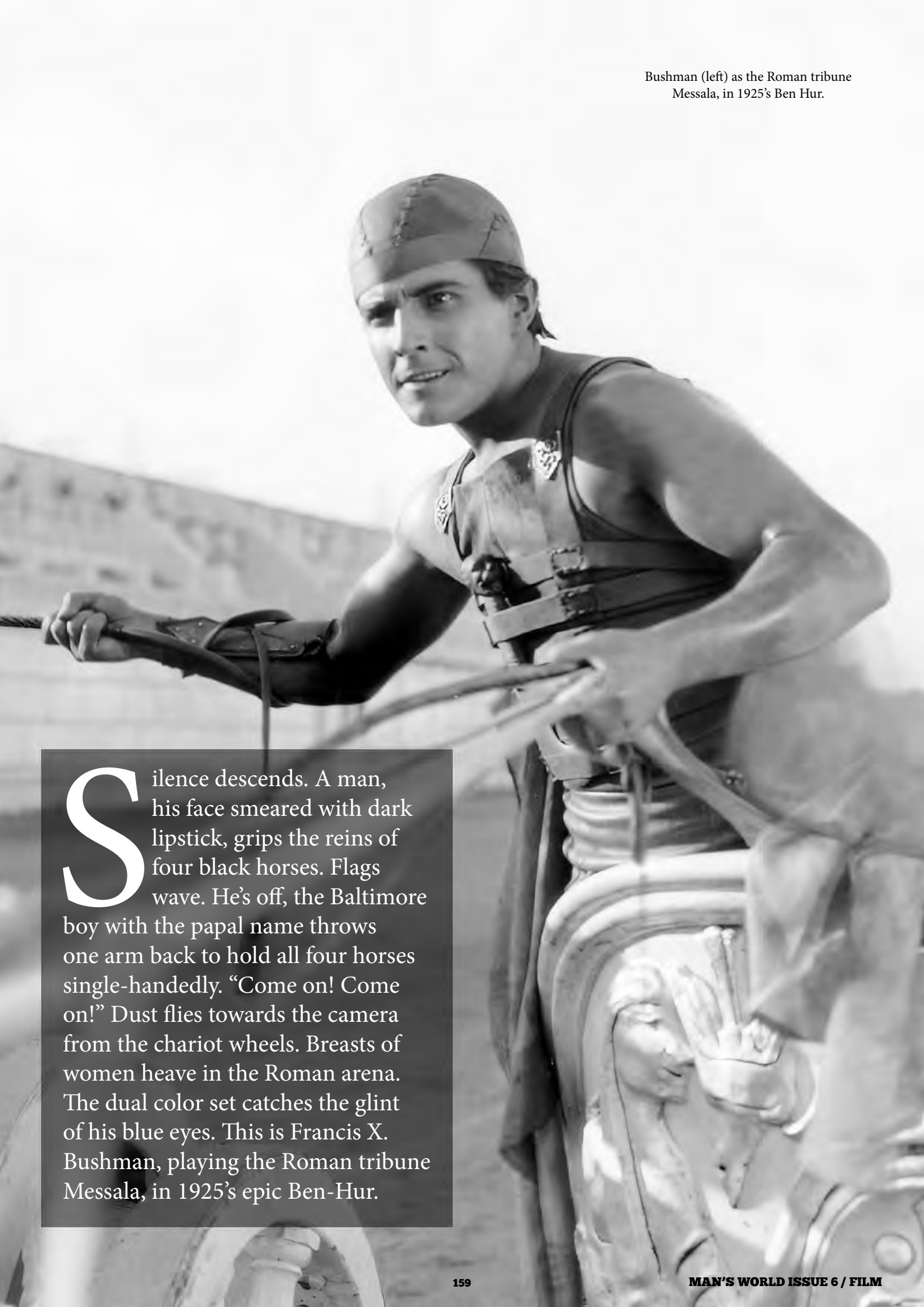


KONRAD BOROWSKI

SILENCE DESCENDS

THE AMAZING STORY OF FRANCIS BUSHMAN, THE HE-MAN OF SILENT FILM

Sara Sass, author of *There Are Some Secrets*



Bushman (left) as the Roman tribune Messala, in 1925's Ben Hur.

Silence descends. A man, his face smeared with dark lipstick, grips the reins of four black horses. Flags wave. He's off, the Baltimore boy with the papal name throws one arm back to hold all four horses single-handedly. "Come on! Come on!" Dust flies towards the camera from the chariot wheels. Breasts of women heave in the Roman arena. The dual color set catches the glint of his blue eyes. This is Francis X. Bushman, playing the Roman tribune Messala, in 1925's epic Ben-Hur.

Silent film is part of the American birthright, and its story tells us much about the development of the nation at the beginning of the twentieth century. Small studios in the California desert under the tutelage of southern storytellers such as D.W. Griffith (Intolerance, Birth of a Nation) established the action sequences and sweeping landscape shots common in today's Marvel universe. Theatres in 1920s America were mostly independently owned, and could choose to show western epics, comedies, vaudeville or a mix. This freedom of capitalistic choice led to a wide array of successful dramatic plots (see Clara Bow's tragic 1927 Children of Divorce versus Griffith's violent 1919 Broken Blossoms). The struggle of a star like Buster Keaton – his journey from vaudeville child actor to silent film actor, stuntman to director and producer to peaceful family man – perfectly symbolizes the American fight through social class (see Man's World Issue Five).

The magic and power of American silent film fell to big banks funding firms such as Louis B. Mayer's MGM Studio merger in the late 1920s. The 1929 stock market crash led to New York institutions eying the profit margins of actor-created firms such as United Artists, looking for safe bets. Gradually, making epic movies became too expensive and the towering sets of Griffith's Intolerance were seen as wasteful by the money men on Wall Street. When Griffith, "the man who invented Hollywood" and "the father of film technique", died in his hotel room in 1948, he was in dire straits. This is the backdrop against which Bushman would struggle and thrive.

Bushman's portfolio is making a recent comeback with the Niles Essanay Silent Film Museum's release of never-before-seen footage in This is Francis X. Bushman (2021). Chicago based Essanay Studios signed Bushman in 1911 as an actor, and his career in silent film accelerated to achieve multimillionaire, debonair strongman status by 1918. But who was Bushman before fame?

Born in Norfolk, Virginia in 1883 (some articles shave a year off and put 1884), the ninth child in a family of twelve children, Francis Xavier Bushman was an active bicyclist racer, wrestler and boxer in his youth. Young Francis loved animals (reptiles, insects and birds) and collected them. He funded the feeding of his menagerie by running errands for neighbors and scavenging for food scraps from Baltimore's Lafayette Market merchants. Always interested in film, Bushman starred in the silent film Lady of Lyon as a nine-year-old. He memorized Shakespearean speeches in his father's library. Decades later, Bushman credited the "beauty of the theatre" and "the beauty of the people" as his inspiration.

Bushman's physical beauty was frequently commented on by his mother, who let his curls grow long.

Bushman in Ashes of Hope (1914); right, as Massala in Ben Hur (1925), bottomw right, in strongman garb; inset, a poster for the 1915 film Graustark

As a result, he frequently scuffled with neighborhood children who called him a girl. At an early age, Bushman adopted Bernarr Macfadden's steps to building "a powerful physique", which included walking five miles daily. He began to attend classes at the Charcoal Club of Baltimore as a model. The Charcoal Club has been an arts club intermittently since 1883. Its avant-garde annual parties attracted artists from New York City, who Bushman probably met.

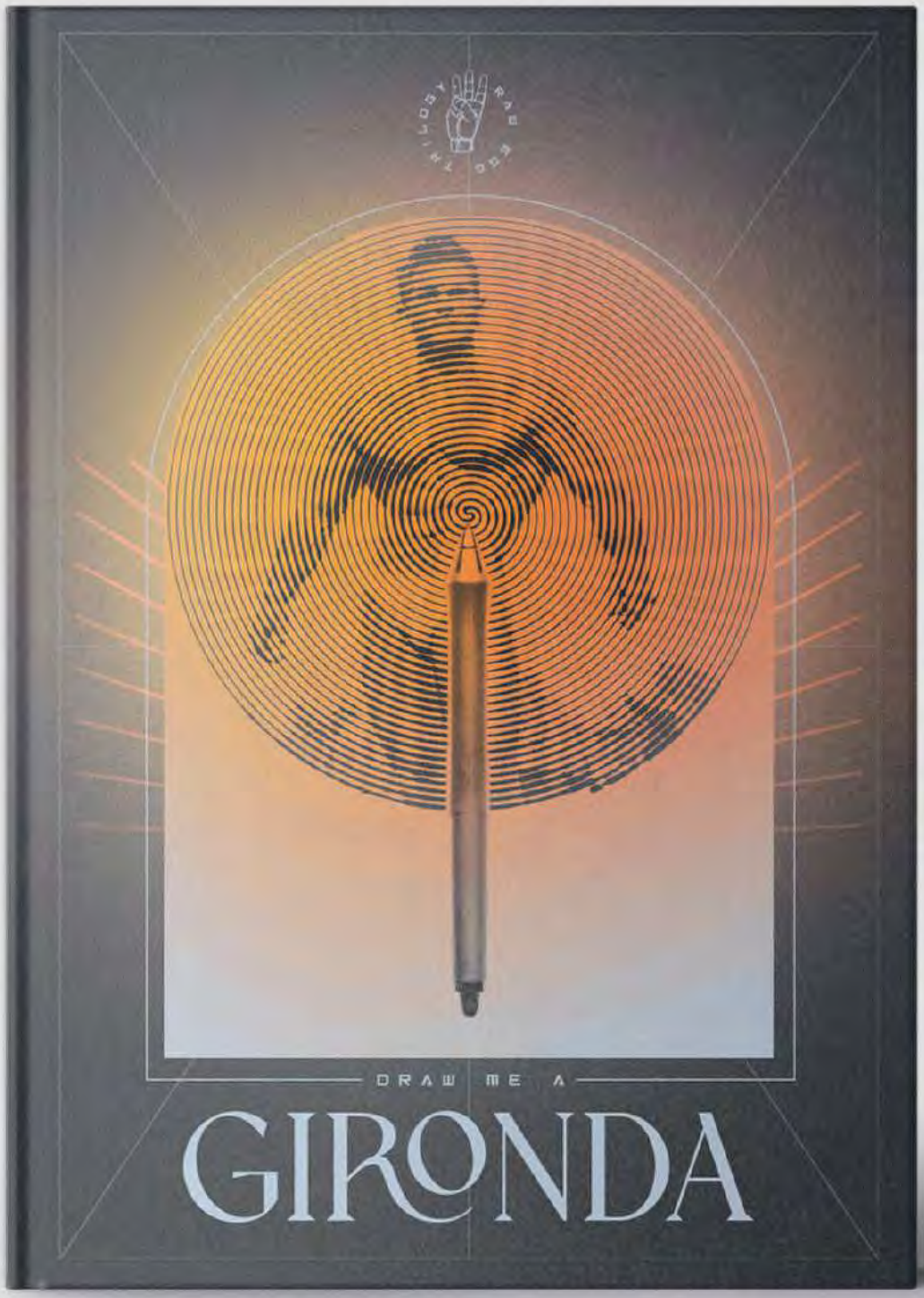
Bushman also attended the Maryland Athletic Club of Baltimore, infamous as a gambling den for Philly gangs and "Gentleman Gambler" Jimmy Lafontaine. Protected by Lafontaine's men, the Maryland Athletic Club was also known as "Jimmy's Place", where men could place bets on boxers and wrestlers. Lafontaine club's rules were strict however: no booze, no weapons and absolutely no women. Lafontaine gave refunds for gambling losses in heartstring cases, and established charities around the eastern seaboard with his profits. The IRS was a short distance across the river from The Maryland Athletic Club, and J. Edgar Hoover's G-men had no problem entering the joint in the 1920s to check in (without their guns, of course). Philly's Boo Boo Hoff Gang staged a hostile takeover of the Maryland Athletic Club in 1939, but kept the place running and with Lafontaine still in place. This environment is where Bushman became a man.

Bushman's physical beauty was frequently commented on by his mother, who let his curls grow long.

Bushman, aware of his staggering 6'0" physique (some reports indicate he was actually 5'11"), traveled to New York City to be a sculptor's model and study sculpture after graduating from Maryland's Annandale College. He also received a small dramatic role in New York City after graduating from college. A follower of Eugene Sandow, Bushman posed in the nude for various sculptors and illustrators while in the Big Apple.

In 1902, at the age of 21, Bushman married a seamstress, Josephine Fladine Duval, and together the couple had five children. Duval's skill with the needle can be seen in Bushman's costuming at the beginning of his film career and in his Sandow-inspired lionskin. Bushman always looks impeccable in well-tailored suits at this time, starched Arrow collars intact. He built an estate for his large family in Green Spring Valley, Maryland and called it Bushmanor. The sprawling 280-acre estate boasted eight house servants and

EGGS



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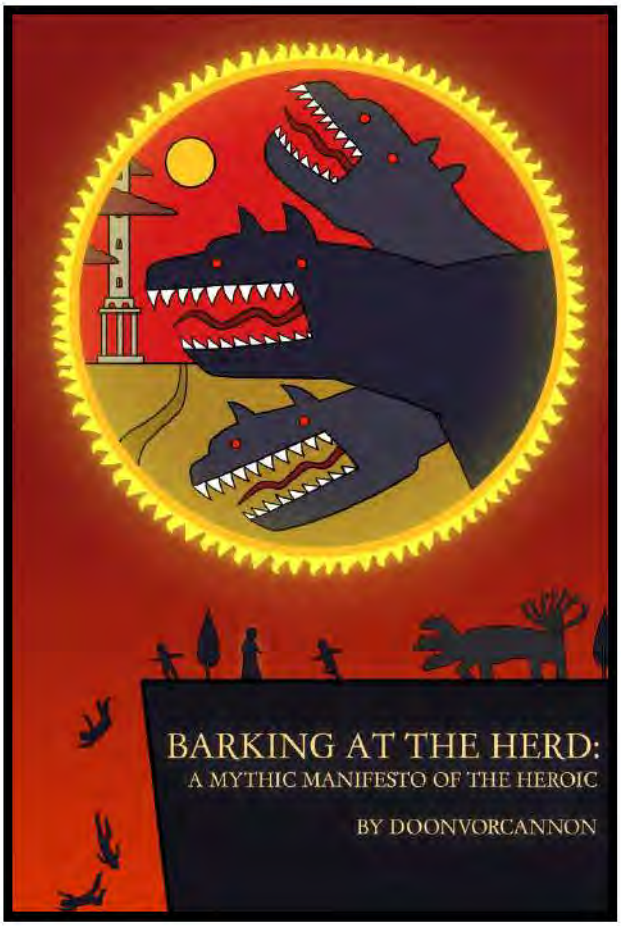
twenty groundskeepers.

Between 1905 and 1908, Bushman posed for noted sculptors like Augustus Saint Gaudens and Ulric H. Ellerhusen. He was also a favorite with Daniel Chester French. French sculpted the Abraham Lincoln statue for the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. and was actually a pupil of Little Women author Louisa May Alcott's sister, May Alcott. Bushman provided the torso of George Washington on Wall Street and stands proudly as Nathan Hale on the campus of Harvard University. He posed for the massive work "Conception" unveiled in the rotunda of the Palace of Fine Arts at the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. He is all six figures outside the Columbus, Ohio Cuyahoga courthouse. He appeared in the Confederate Soldiers and Sailors monument of Baltimore, before the mainstream media and harridan-influenced mobs tore it down in 2018. Bushman also appears at various sites as Lord Baltimore, Simon Bolivar, a king, a pope and an Indian chief carved into a mountaintop in Appalachia.



After appearing in New York theatres and posing for New York sculptors, Bushman signed with the newcomer Essanay Studios in 1911. Various short silent films could be shot by amateurs on rooftops or in back-alleys, then broadcast by local theatres for a substantial profit. For example, Essanay's first film, An Awful Skate, or The Hobo on Rollers (1907), starred the studio janitor Ben Turpin. It was produced for only a couple hundred dollars but grossed several thousand dollars in release. Essanay Studios decided to cast Bushman in the leading romantic role of over a hundred films, many of which are unfortunately lost today due to the highly flammable, delicate nature of the old cellulose-nitrate film reels.

One seminal film of Bushman's is not lost. Pennington's Choice (1915) starred Bushman and his preferred leading lady, Beverly Bayne. Bushman discussed the commercial success of this film well into the 1960s. Part of its success was due to Metro's distribution, which enabled a Chicago-based film studio national access to audiences. Bayne, as leading lady, made $350 per week (several thousands of dollars today) at Essanay. Bushman preferred her as his romantic counterpart, and they made over twenty films together, including Romeo and Juliet. In 1918, Bushman divorced his wife for her. This scandalized his audiences: many Bushman fans did not know he was married with five children already. Some critics say Bushman's career never fully recovered from his first divorce.

Bushman took advantage of the Pennington's Choice connection to Metro and signed with the distributor from 1916-1918. This catapulted Bushman to a salary of a million dollars a year by 1918.

While under Metro, Bushman and his wife clashed with Louis B. Mayer, the head of the company at that time. Even at this early stage, before his reign at MGM, Mayer was a notoriously slippery character. Fancying himself a father figure of his actors and actresses, Mayer had no qualms necessitating abortions for actresses, nor showing up uninvited at weddings of actors if their choice of wife was not juicy enough for the press. Mayer was a small shark, for now, but a shark nonetheless.

The story goes that a valet of Bushman's second wife snubbed Mayer and Mayer never got over it. Bushman also made it clear to Mayer that he (Bushman) was a gentleman. His need to say this to Mayer's face reveals a lot about Mayer's reputation at the time; it would only get worse. Mayer would famously establish a brothel on MGM's lot, where lookalike actors and actresses were available for his financial buddies and stars such as Humphrey Bogart and Clark Gable to choose.

Bushman also starred in vaudeville plays, which were still popular with American audiences. He felt lush enough to take a trip to Lake Cuomo in 1918 and on his return to Bushmanor decided to model a sunken garden on the lake. He rode a 23-foot-long purple Marmon automobile with his name painted in gold on the door and his initials on the grille. He smoked eight-inch-long mauve cigarettes from a cigarette holder. Purple was Bushman's color. By 1919, however, his fortunes were changing, and he had to sell his beloved Bushmanor. Work with Metro was drying up, despite attempts to curry goodwill with the company. In 1922, Bushman was only given two Metro films. The following year he and his wife decided to do the lion's share of work on the film Modern Marriage, which they themselves produced and released. Bushman also dipped his toes into radio. He voiced parts of Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe mystery series. Bushman's strong, excitable

voice was a hit with audiences and carried him through Metro/MGM's blacklisting.

In 1925, Bushman decided to act alongside star Ramon Navarro in the biblical epic Ben-Hur. Bushman was taking a gamble: mighty epics were on their way out. Filming took place in Rome and California, and the cost skyrocketed, driven by huge sets, physical accidents, and hundreds of horses killed. Ben-Hur is the most expensive film of the silent film era. But Bushman knew he had the physique of a Roman tribune, and the charioteer scene between Bushman's Messala and Ramon Navarro's slim Jew prince Ben-Hur remains enthralling. MGM publicized Ben-Hur madly, claiming every Christian should see it. Ben-Hur was a sensation, and its foreign box office earnings remained a record for 25 years. Bushman had a hit. Decades later, in the 1959 remake, Bushman was known as the only actor around who could handle a four-horse chariot and serious discussions took place about whether he should reprise his role. He was in his seventies at the time.

MGM bigwig Louis B. Mayer; below, Bushman in Sabrina (1954)

Ben-Hur was not the solution to Bushman's problems, though. Metro now decided to stop giving him movie parts at all. In 1925, Bushman's second wife divorced him. Bushman decided to sell his Los Angeles mansion to the syndicate that would become Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Bushman moved to Whitely Heights, and then with the stock market crash of 1929, to two houses in the Pacific Palisades. Bushman's Pacific Palisades property included a 125-acre ranch called All Hallows Farm.

Bushman did not give up on Hollywood despite his conflicts with mogul Mayer, and the uncomfortable transition from silent film to talkies. While his contemporaries found celebrity in Germany (Louise Brooks in Pandora's Box) and England (John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore), Bushman remained in the United States.

Bushman pursued roles at Universal studios in 1926. He was given a small part as director in Hollywood Boulevard (1936), which focuses on gossip magazines that Bushman may have known all too well during his first divorce. Although Bushman did not forget Mayer's treatment of him and may have heard about Mayer's abusive treatment of Judy Garland after he left the Metro lot, he managed to sneak back into MGM for a small part as a horse groom in the Judy Garland musical Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (1937). Bushman's love and skill with horses continued throughout his life.

Wunderkind and silent film fan Orson Welles recognized Bushman's talent. In the 1930s, Welles was working in radio and gave Bushman parts. Bushman played the father in the multi-million-dollar movie hit Sabrina (1954), starring Audrey Hepburn. In the 1950s and 1960s, Bushman moved into television, gaining roles on 1966's Batman. Bushman attended the Academy Awards regularly with his wife, and photos of them together, her in furs and jewels, him in a bespoke suit, seem to speak to another era. In 1966, he died from a heart attack while at home with his fourth wife, Iva Millicent Richardson. His third wife, Norma Emily Atkin, died in 1956. His six-million-dollar fortune, amassed during his silent film and early Metro days, had dwindled but his Pacific Palisades property remained for his family to enjoy.

Bushman collected silent film and advocated for this art form throughout his life. His family remains active in film. His son, Ralph Everly Bushman, appeared in over fifty films and remained married to his wife for over fifty years. Bushman's grandson, an Academy Award–winning film technician, narrated This is Francis X. Bushman (2021). One of his female descendants still wears his amethyst pinky ring. Silence descends, and with it Bushman's blue eyes, flickering in the dark.

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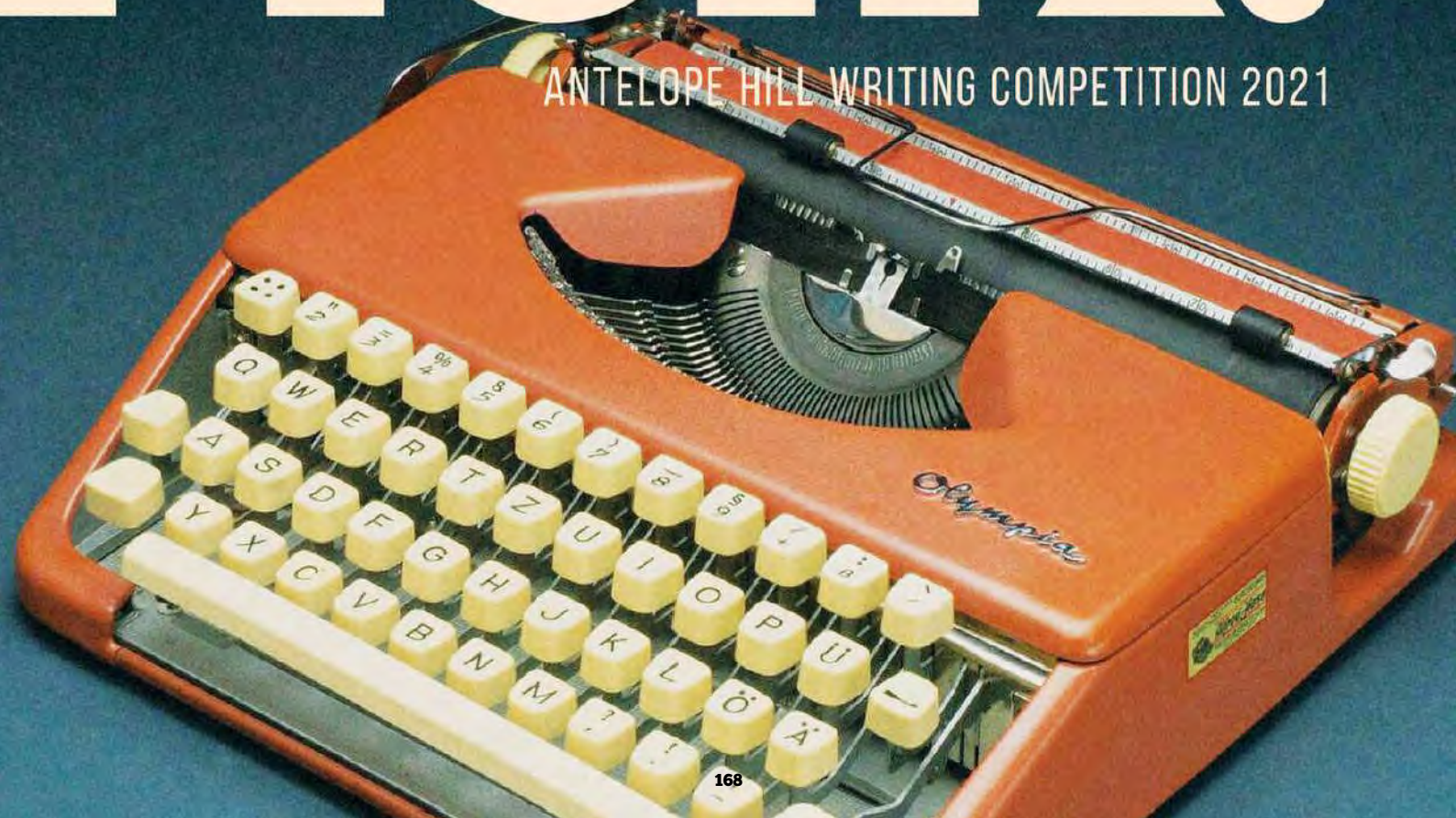

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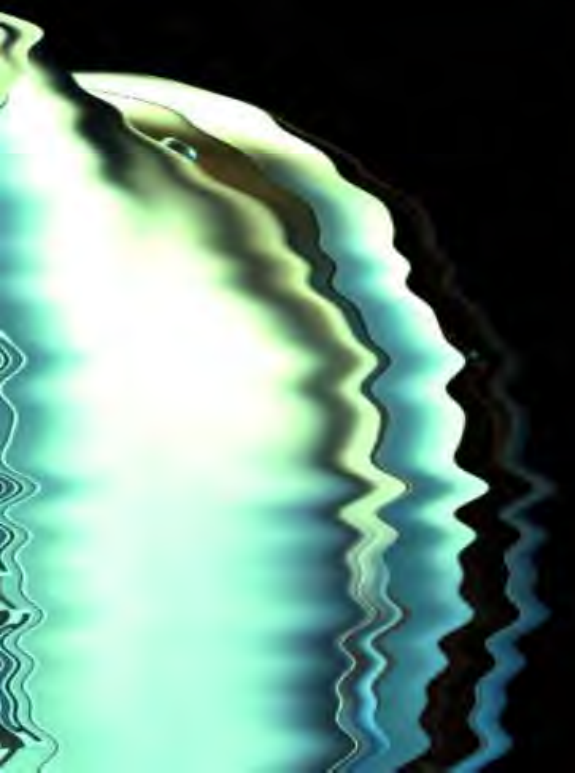
AUTO

MATON

BY T.R. HUDSON



They repainted the MRAP again. The armored vehicle had once been green, then tan, then black, and was now a light blue, complete with stenciled writing on the side like General Patton's ice cream truck.

"Protection at Home for Protection Abroad".

In his seat, Michael thought about the moving target that he rode in, wondering if the many layers of paint added any extra protection and the nonsense phrase that the marketing department came up with for them. The self-driving truck was a hodgepodge of replacement parts, welded sheets of scrap metals, a somewhat functional engine, and a guidance system based on maps that were ten years out of date. That Michael put a good chunk of his pay into the truck, along with all the gear he carried, was typical of his team and throughout all the recruitment teams of Deluge, Inc.

Michael thought about the briefing they got earlier. "Don't kill if you don't have to. If you need to shoot, try to wound them. Getting shot at does not permit you to shoot back." Same shit, different day. All these different ways of saying that he was expendable should have angered him, but he'd accepted the cold reality of his work much the same way one accepts bumper-to-bumper traffic or walking through rain without an umbrella. "It is what it is" was his mantra and he often repeated the tired cliche like it was his trigger phrase.

"Doesn't make a whole lot of sense, does it, Mike?" Gomez asked.

Michael gave a slight nod, hoping to stop the loudmouthed Gomez before another tirade. The dozens of stories he told couldn't all be bullshit and if even three or four were true, then he was lucky to still be alive and out there, luck counted more than anything else.

"I mean," Gomez complained, "who are we protecting when we knock in some old woman's door and snatch her grandson to go fight the rest of the fucking country. And since when is fucking California abroad? I lived in California when I was a kid. Seemed like anywhere else to me."

"Well it ain't no more, Slowmez," replied Chief, slapping him on the back of the head. "If you'd have paid attention, you'd know that sixty-two percent of the population supports our mission when framed in terms of protection from internal and external threats."

Chief Axel was all Michael knew him as. No first name. No family. Not even sure if Axel was his real name. SEALs of his era took on call signs, something about security. Michael suspected this was a parlor trick divined from pure ego. They were arrogant like that. It was said that when Navy SEALs run into battle, not far behind were their publicists and ghostwriters. Fake names probably sold a lot of books and movie deals.

"Meaning, if we tell the public that the fugitives they are harboring are dangerous and the enemy outside our borders are dangerous, too, then they are more likely to comply and help us get troops on the front lines. Which means a heavier purse for us," Chief explained, settling the matter.

The engines started up and the MRAP rolled out of the basement garage of their headquarters, followed by a large tractor-trailer. Michael got up from the bench seats that lined the walls of the truck and looked out the small porthole window behind him, noticing the streets were empty that day and finding the quiet alarming.

Gomez started a story about one of the many women he'd been with. Chief paid him no mind, instead escaping into his book. They were always Romance novels, with the bare-chested Fabio's on the cover and a lustful woman hanging off his arm. No one said anything about it. Everyone has their preferences. Newbie listened to the story with great interest. Michael hadn't yet learned his name, Newbie didn't rate that yet. He'd been with them for eight months but he still acted like Bambi in the forest. But where Bambi ran away from gunfire, Newbie seemed drawn to it and he'd shown himself dependable when it counted. He'd earn a name soon enough.

As Gomez went on, Caroline rolled her eyes. There were only a few women in their sector, soldiering not the first choice most girls put down on Career day. She didn't say much and didn't react when the others would poke and prod her, hoping to get a rise out of her. She waited them out with quiet dignity, like those marble statues in the museums that Michael was forced to visit as a child. She was not attractive by most men's standards, but that stopped very few from trying to get in her pants. Gomez ended with a raunchy punchline, which got a laugh from everyone, even Chief. Donahue laughed the loudest. He always laughed loudest and first, even if what was said wasn't funny. He laughed even louder at things that weren't funny. He was imposing, though average in height, he cast a long shadow and a steely gaze that kept most everyone on his good side. Donahue was the type that tortured small animals as a kid and saw most everything as his plaything until he grew tired of them and that complicated the team dynamic they all strove to create out of professional necessity.

The convoy passed Chestnut street, where Michael's friends Bobby and Brandon lived when they were kids. They went to college on baseball scholarships when Michael enlisted. Bobby played a season for Cleveland before May Day. Later, they were drafted and Bobby died in the Appalachia Campaign. Brandon's body was never found, but they figured he was at the Siege of Fort Benning. The timeline fit, but there was never any way to confirm it. Rumor was, the retreat was so swift that even the wounded were left behind.

They reached the edge of Jersey City and were about to pass Checkpoint X, the last safe spot they'd see for some time. Michael got up from his seat and climbed up into the turret, manning the fifty-caliber machine gun that provided security for the convoy. The autonomous vehicle got from point A to point B well enough, but lack of proper maintenance, a pitiful budget for equipment, and a low value for human life meant that Michael's watchful eye was often the difference between life and death. As they passed the checkpoint, the guard on the ground gave him a friendly wave and a smile, which Michael did not return, let alone acknowledge.

A couple of hours passed and the truck crossed over an old metal girder bridge and a loud crunch

was heard and the whole vehicle jumped. Michael tried to see what they'd hit, but the truck didn't slow and there were more important things to look out for. All he saw was a fog hanging over the river and a blown-up toll booth, whose E-Z pass sign seemed to flash on and off, though that was impossible.

"I'm going to do a weapons test", Michael called over the radio.

"Okay", Chief grumbled. It seemed Michael interrupted another joke, the word buzz-kill was thrown around him more than once. He didn't like jokes. There was nothing funny about what was going on and even in the days that he could laugh, he doubted there was much to laugh about. He fired twenty-one rounds in three round bursts into the sides of buildings, knocking away the brick, steel, and concrete that were once homes and businesses. He put three rounds in an old car, hitting the gas tank and causing an explosion.

It was another hour before they got to their sector. The neighborhood used to be a few cul-de-sacs with large houses on wide stretches of property, covered in grass and trees and tacky lawn ornaments. Michael's father used to call these McMansions, assembled off the line, piece by piece with inferior materials, without craft or care. Many winters sagged the roofs of a few and almost all the windows were broken in every house. The once pristine, manicured lawns were replaced with cardboard shantytowns.

Any open space was converted to gardens, even if they never grew anything. The land wasn't barren, as wildflowers and weeds bloomed most everywhere else, but since the fall, the green thumbs either headed West, died, or faded away. Michael was used to this kind of thing by now. The people lucky enough to live in the houses fit three to four families in a room. Latrine pits were set up at the mouth of the neighborhood and the smell of burning excrement spread carcinogens to people who wouldn't live long enough to die of cancer but would have to live every moment with a nose full of burnt shit. Their truck and the Semi crawled up to the center-of-circle and Michael and the others unloaded.

"What the hell did we roll into?" Newbie asked.

"Refugee camp of sorts," Michael replied. "Just keep your eyes open and the radio channel clear."

"Okay, Mike. If you say so."

"Relax. Turn on if you have to. These people can smell fear. A whiff of that and you're fucked."

"I'm good. I don't use that stuff unless I need it."

Lucky bastard, Michael thought.

Chief grabbed his megaphone, climbed up next to the turret, and spoke aloud.

"Good Afternoon, my name is Chief Axel. We are from the Bureau of Military Affairs, Recruitment and Acquisitions, a subsidiary of Deluge World Wide. Today, we are here to clear your neighborhood and find the dangerous individuals who are making life unsafe for all of us. Your cooperation in this matter will be greatly appreciated and allow us to get out of your way quicker."

Chief, standing on top of the truck, covered head to toe in body armor and brandishing a complement of weapons, looked like an executioner but sounded like a Walmart greeter.

"Donahue, Connors", Chief called into the channel, "Go to the head shed and talk to the HOH. Remember, be diplomatic in there. We don't have enough bodies or ammo. Newbie, take Mike's place in the Crow's nest."

The Main house had a two car garage and the only window that wasn't boarded up was the basement window on the side closest to the cul-de-sac's neck. It was the only house with a lawn, yellow and brown in most spots, but freshly mowed. A goat tied to a post was chewing on grass. On one each of the boards, in spray paint, read the neighborhood's laws.

1. No stealing from Arlo.
2. No touching Arlo's women.
3. Arlo's word is law.

After circling the property, feeling the eyes inside on him, Michael went to the front door and knocked, Donahue, covering him from the sidewalk. An emaciated child answered the door.

"My name is Connors. I'm looking for a few people who skipped their draft day. Can I speak to whoever's in charge?"

The small child looked like he could have been anywhere from eight to fifteen. It was tough to pin considering how horrid and dirty he was. Michael wasn't even entirely sure he was a boy or one of "Arlo's women".

"Arlo is this way, Rep," the child said. Michael entered the house, checking for any surprises, booby traps, or kill holes from the second floor. After clearing the front room, he popped back outside to signal that it was okay to enter. Donahue came in, did his own check and then the pair followed the boy up the stairs to meet whoever Arlo was. Outside the master bedroom, stood a short, stocky man with a deep scar on one cheek and a spear made from an old, wooden coat rack and a kitchen knife duct-taped at the end. Michael thought it looked ridiculous, but if he wasn't armed, hadn't eaten much in a while, and lived like an animal the way these people were living, he was sure that the spear would give him pause. The child didn't notice the spear and spoke to the guard as one would to a co-worker. The guard looked Michael and Donahue up and down, then opened the door, announcing their presence to Arlo.

"Arlo, these Reps are here for our people."

Arlo, who was laying in a California King Bed, naked as the day he was born, and surrounded by ten

equally naked women on the bed, sat up to receive the two recruiters. He took no action to cover himself, instead forcing everyone to see his naked body. He had the remnants of a more muscular frame, hairless and a few shades shy of midnight black. His manhood on display was not the spectacle that would usually warrant a crowd, but Arlo stood proud, projecting aloof confidence as if he was daring someone to call him out. Michael guessed that those who did were given swift retribution and chose to make no mention of it.

"Gentlemen, welcome to my home. My name is Arlo and these are my friends," he said, motioning to the women laying on the bed, who met them with shy looks and giggles. "You've already met Rodney, the head of home security, as well as Anthony, the ward of the estate. Megan, could you please bring a couple glasses of water for our guests."

One of the women, a short blonde, who looked well fed compared to most of the other people in the neighborhood, got up and walked into the master bathroom. Her long lochs covered her reduced bosom and though it was clear she'd lost weight, she maintained her curves and childbearing hips. She returned a few moments later with two full glasses. Michael took the glass out of politeness. Donahue drank the whole glass in front of everyone as if he'd just finished a marathon, letting several drops hit the ground. Michael noticed the boy, Anthony, looked at every spilled drop with anger and wanting as the three wet spots slowly dried into the carpet.

"Refreshing, thanks", Donahue humored, " Now, are you the homeowner?"

"I am indeed. Are you surprised? Is it shocking to see a black man own a home in this day and age?"

"No, it's just that," Donahue started.

"We saw the windows. Figured that whoever owned the signs wouldn't be so… articulate," Michael stepped in.

"Smooth, Rep. Very smooth. Some people around here are as sharp as snowballs, so I keep the rules quite simple. I'm sure even you could follow them".

Donahue motioned towards his rifle, but Michael cut in before anything happened that couldn't be taken back.

"Now, we have a list of names we'd like you to go through and see if you can identify any of them. Any name you give us can be exchanged for credits. D-Coins. Worth more than gold, at least that's what the tickers say."

"Look around, Rep. Do you see any open D-Marts nearby? Is there a new aid station that I'm not aware of? Flip a switch anywhere in the house, there's no power. If you haven't noticed, Crypto is useless here and I need my people. I need guards to keep my water safe from thieves. My neighbors are always looking for weaknesses to exploit. I need my women to warm my bed at night. I get cold and lonely so easily. My people aren't going with you."

Arlo stood firm, hints of laughter coming from the guards and the women. Donahue looked annoyed Michael stone faced.

"Okay, fine, for every body you identify, I'll trade you a quarter box of FedRats. Think of it this way. More food for your household and less mouths to feed," Donahue replied.

Arlo got up from the bed and put on his robe, a pink bathrobe with purple polka dots, then walked towards the two recruiters. He towered over both of them and stared them down. Neither man blinked and a genial smile came over Arlo's face. He stretched out a hand towards them.

"Half box," he replied and Donahue accepted, shaking Arlo's hand in regal fashion. "Though, I doubt anyone of my people are lawbreakers. My people are good and honest citizens. My neighbors across the main road, however, are a different story. You'll have more luck over there."

It was the same everywhere. Roll into one village to go fuck another. As soon as Arlo said that, Michael knew they'd be going home with a full load.

"You might be right," Donahue replied with a smirk, "but in that case, we're going to need your help rounding them up."

"Naturally. What kind of citizen would I be if I ignored my duty to my country?" Arlo replied, with more laughs coming from the gallery. Donahue put a map on the bed, and Arlo began explaining the defenses the neighborhood across the street had. Arlo explained that his men would feint a frontal assault, when another guard burst into the room, frenzied with excitement.

"Arlo!" the man yelled, "We've got him!."

Arlo pulled his attention off of the war plans.

"Where is he?"

"We've got him in the backyard, ready for you."

Arlo turned his attention back to Michael and Donahue.

"Excuse me, Gentlemen. I have more pressing business."

"Hey!", Donahue yelled, "We didn't have to be as cordial as we have been. We can do this another way real fucking quick." Donahue then moved his hand to the rifle slung across his body.

The two guards pointed their spears at Donahue's neck, while Michael drew down on Arlo with cold indifference.

"Trevor, Deandre, lower your weapons. Donahue, please understand, someone has been siphoning water from my aqueduct and that's been causing me all kinds of headaches. I can be much more useful to you if you allow me to first take care of this small business."

BE PROUD TO SAY...

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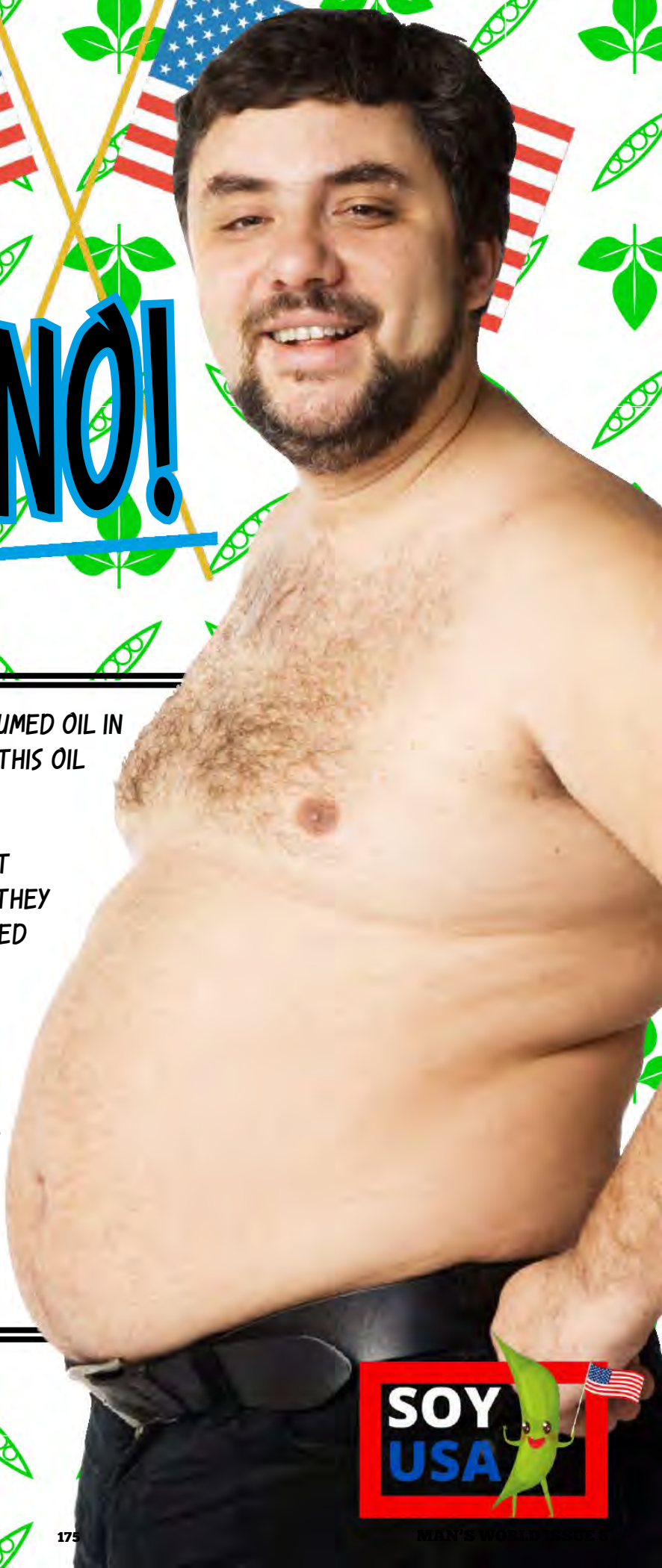

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Donahue took his hand off the rifle and Michael lowered his.

"You're the boss, Arlo. But, don't jerk me around."

"Thank you. And after, I'll shower you in derelicts."

Arlo led his guards, the two recruiters, plus a few of the women downstairs and out the back door. All through the house were other guards, other women who were noticeably malnourished, as well as a handful of children running around. The backyard was mostly converted into garden planters, surrounded by a six foot wooden fence, reinforced with a variety of different kinds of scrap metals like street signs, old refrigerators, and other appliances, and anything else that could keep Arlo's neighbors out of his property.

Two burly guards, carrying similar makeshift spears flanked a skinny, shirtless man, whose unkempt beard and showing ribs made it look like he'd be stranded on some desert island. His skin was burned by the sun's harsh rays on several parts of his body and his swollen brown eyes strained from too much crying. Bruises lined his sides and arms, which he wrapped around his body, shaking himself forward and back, muttering 'I'm sorry' over and over again.

Arlo walked over the beaten man and raised his head to see his face.

"Who sent you to steal my water? Was it Tom Andrews? Roger? Annette down the street?"

"No one. I was just thirsty."

Arlo slapped the man across the face. He wore a few rings that tore into the man's already bloodied skin, cutting deep gashes into him as the blood that had built up in welts burst like water balloons onto the ground below.

"I hate liars. Do you see those tomato plants in the corner there? The shriveled up ones that look like they could really use a drink?" He grabbed the man's head and turned it towards the garden.

"They wouldn't be that way if someone had only taken a few drinks of my water. You've stolen at least ten gallons over the last week, I figure. Who did you steal them for?"

"No one, I swear!"

Just short of licking his lips, Donahue looked like he was going to need a few moments alone as Arlo continued to beat the man. Like a shark in frenzy, Donahue cultivated an aura around himself whenever blood was spilled that could best be described as primitive lust. Writhing on the ground, the man could barely get any words out. He tried to scream, but only a whisper could come out and the bizarre sight of a man whispering for his life made Arlo laugh.

"There exists about one and a half gallons of blood in a human being, thief. Tell me who sent you so I can get another eight and a half back from them!"

"Roger," he whispered. "Roger sent me. Please, don't kill me. Please, I want to live. I'm sorry. Please."

Arlo, satisfied, put his hand out as one of the guards brandished a hunting knife and placed the handle in Arlo's open palm. Arlo walked over and grabbed the man by his matted hair, manipulating him so that his chin was up as he placed the blade across the thief's neck.

"Before May Day, I worked in finance," Arlo declared. "I used to commute to the city every day and I made money hand over fist. But it never gave me any satisfaction. Not any real satisfaction, anyway."

Arlo danced the knife around the thief's neck, as small bits of his beard fell to the ground into the pool of blood below, looking like rowboats in a crowded pond.

"But now, I have a small kingdom. I'm responsible for every action that occurs on my land. I took a political science course in college, we talked about the state's monopoly on violence. It was the cornerstone of law and order. Today, I am that law. And the monopoly is mine. And I take immense satisfaction from that."

Donahue was sweating, speechless, watching with an intensity usually reserved for hyenas, vultures, and other scavenging animals. Michael watched on with no emotion one way or the other. It was what it was in his mind. But, then, a thought occurred to him, causing him to shout out.

"Wait. What is his name?"

Arlo looked over, annoyed. Donahue was visibly frustrated, blue balled.

"What does that matter?", Arlo asked.

"If he's on my list, then he's worth more to both of us alive."

Arlo thought it over for a moment, then removed the knife from the thief's neck, wearing a devilish smile.

"Very well, he's yours if he's on there."

The man, who could barely whisper, tried with all his might to speak, but couldn't. Michael decided a different approach.

"Nod if you hear your name. Abu Nasir Ali."

The man, who most certainly was not Abu Nasir Ali, with all his might, shook his head as if he wasn't at all injured. Satisfied, Michael looked at Arlo to gauge his reaction. He had a stern look on his face for a moment before smiling wide.

"Wonderful! Now that that is taken care of, let's see what other trash I can have taken out."

Arlo formed up his men, about twenty, into a neat formation. Arlo himself took out a pistol that looked as if it had never been fired. It was a nickel plated, forty-five caliber M1911 with custom grips and an imposing shine. On the side, engraved over the slide, were the words "Ultima Ratio Regum". Michael was spying it and Arlo approached him before they set off on the short march across the desolate street that divided the two miniature kingdoms.

"You know any Latin, Connors?"

"No."

"In France, King Louis XIV built a massive palace as a testament to his greatness. Versailles, ever heard of it?"

Michael nodded.

"He lined the outer walls with cannons and inscribed on them were the words 'Ultima Ratio Regum'. The last argument of Kings."

They caught Roger and his neighborhood by surprise. There was little resistance. The men and women selected went in willingly, most looked half-starved and probably wouldn't survive training, but that was of no concern. The recruiters were paid by the body. The new recruits got used to their new names quickly but were then told their service numbers would prove to be more important. Deluge had a new unit of soldiers destined to bring the country back together again. Arlo, getting his justice, executed Roger and several others. Donahue was pleased. Michael saw a few women segregated away from the rest. Arlo would have a few more bed warmers for the cold nights ahead.

Chief gathered the team around before heading back, a wide smile on his face, matched by most of the others, save for Michael.

"Good work today, people," Chief declared. "Sixty-Three Americans for the cause. Drinks are on them tonight."

"Gracie Pub?" Gomez asked.

"Where else?" Caroline asked.

Finally, Abu Nasir was loaded into the truck, laying on a makeshift stretcher. With the little strength he could muster, he called out to Michael, beckoning him over before the doors were shut.

"Thank you for saving my life," he struggled to get out.

"All I did was delay the inevitable, Abu."

Michael was about to close the door to the Semi when one of Arlo's guards came towards him.

"I'd like to go, too. I'm on the list."

"What's your name?"

"Whatever name you haven't called yet."

"Trust me, you're better off here. You have food, shelter, and from what I saw, more than enough incentive to stick around. You don't want to go."

"As soon as you leave, shits gonna hit the fan. There's gonna be a war. Arlo pissed off a lot of his neighbors and doesn't have enough strength to fight them all himself. Is it really worse there than it'll get here? I doubt it. At least with the army, I'll have a gun. Here, I've got a fucking stick and a knife."

Michael looked him up and down, waiting for him to waver, but no such weakness came. His mind was made up. Michael stared at the list, looking for an unclaimed name, "Paul Reed. Service Number 328078996."

"Paul Reed," the man replied as he climbed into the back of the truck. Michael closed the door behind him.

The trucks left the cul-de-sac, having enough bodies for the day to be considered a good haul. Michael, taking his spot in the turret watched as the night sky was obscured by rising black smoke from back the way they came. He wondered if Paul Reed was correct. Arlo acted untouchable, but there was always a bigger fish. If they'd rolled into Roger's territory, it would have been Arlo's head instead. But that didn't matter. There had been a hundred Arlos and hundreds more to come. Each of them content with their small kingdoms and each of them would be toppled in an afternoon if the price was right. "It is what it is", Michael murmured as they reached the highway towards home.

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HIS BODY HIS CHOICE

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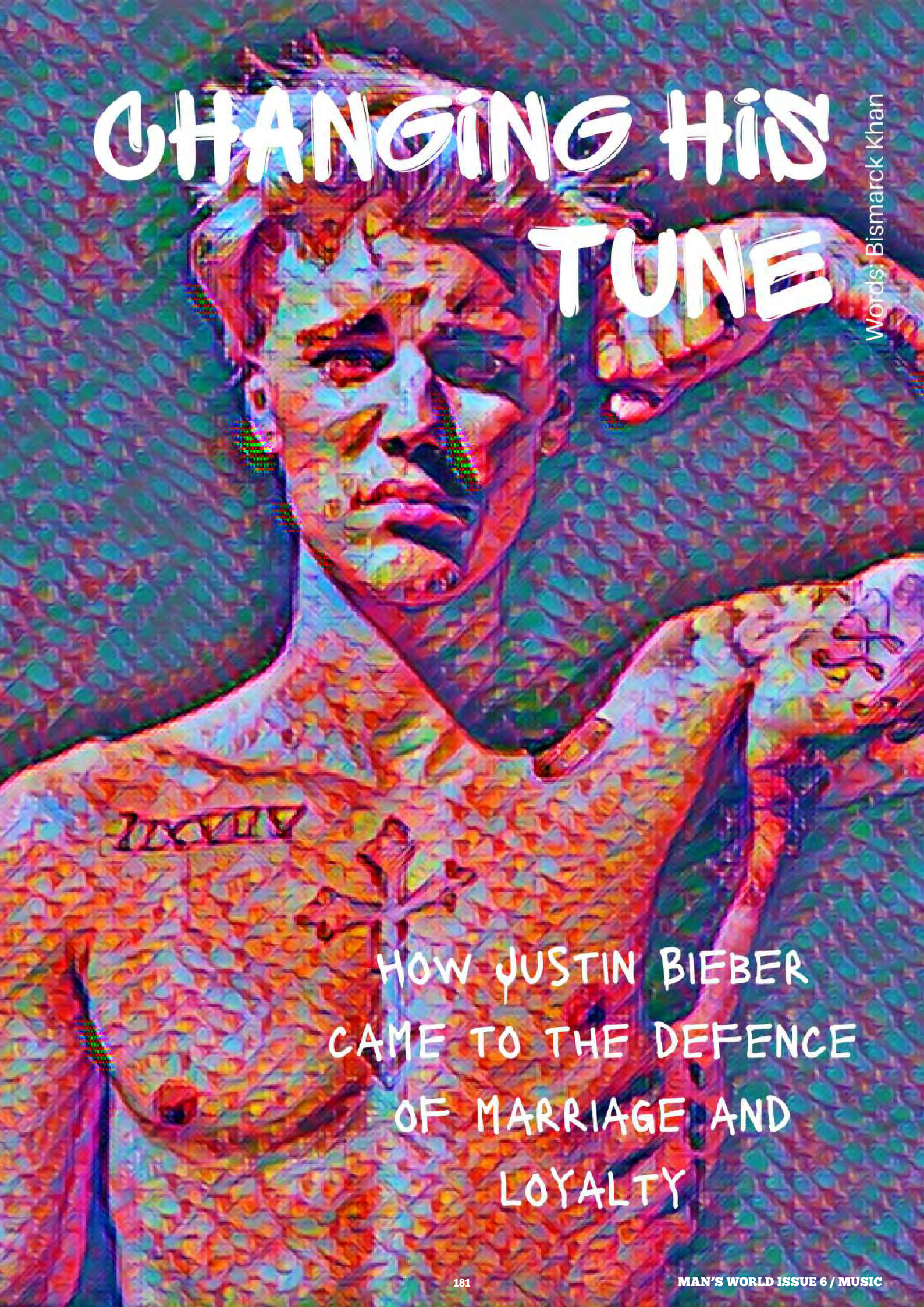
John "Borzoi" Chapman

Cultured Grubs

Dispatches From America in Collapse

CHANGING HIS TUNE

Words: Bismarck Khan



HOW JUSTIN BIEBER CAME TO THE DEFENCE OF MARRIAGE AND LOYALTY

There comes a moment in every recording artist's career when they have an opportunity to transcend our expectations, break the zeitgeist and make the record that goes on to be remembered in perpetuity as their most important work. It's no wonder that this is often their most human and honest composition – the record most openly inspired by their personal circumstances at the time of its production.

Even the most apparently vapid and popular artists can do this. We see them then for the first time as merely human, naked and without the bluff and bluster of the big machine, with honest words spoken from their own lips, or scribbled or screamed as if in release: "Listen, it's only you and me now. I"ve been to the edge and come back and now I just have to tell you about it."

At one such moment in 1998, stair-tumbling attention-seeker Madonna transcended her previous work to give us the ambient Kabbalah trip-pop masterpiece Ray of Light. She wrote the album to help her come to terms with her divorce from the actor Sean Penn and the birth of her daughter. It didn"t take long, though, for her to disappear back up her own ass with the spiritless shark-jumper that was American Life in 2003. More recently in 2019, transatlantic super-producer Mark Ronson emerged as a butterfly from the human centipede of Uptown Special with Late Night Feelings, which lamented his own divorce from Parisian socialite Josephine de la Baume, who left him to become a full-time lesbian at parties when all he wanted was to settle down.

While these golden moments were both emphatic and memorable, perhaps the most shocking of them all came in 2020 when another artist from the lamestream happened to transcend in a similar way after another personal moment of similar significance. This time it was Canadian brat Justin Bieber, with the release of his seminal album Changes. Changes came not after a divorce like Madonna's or Ronson's records, but after Bieber's widely celebrated marriage to American model Hailey Baldwin. And it came like a light in the darkness, pointing the way to the promised land for a generation of teenage listeners reared solely on vice.

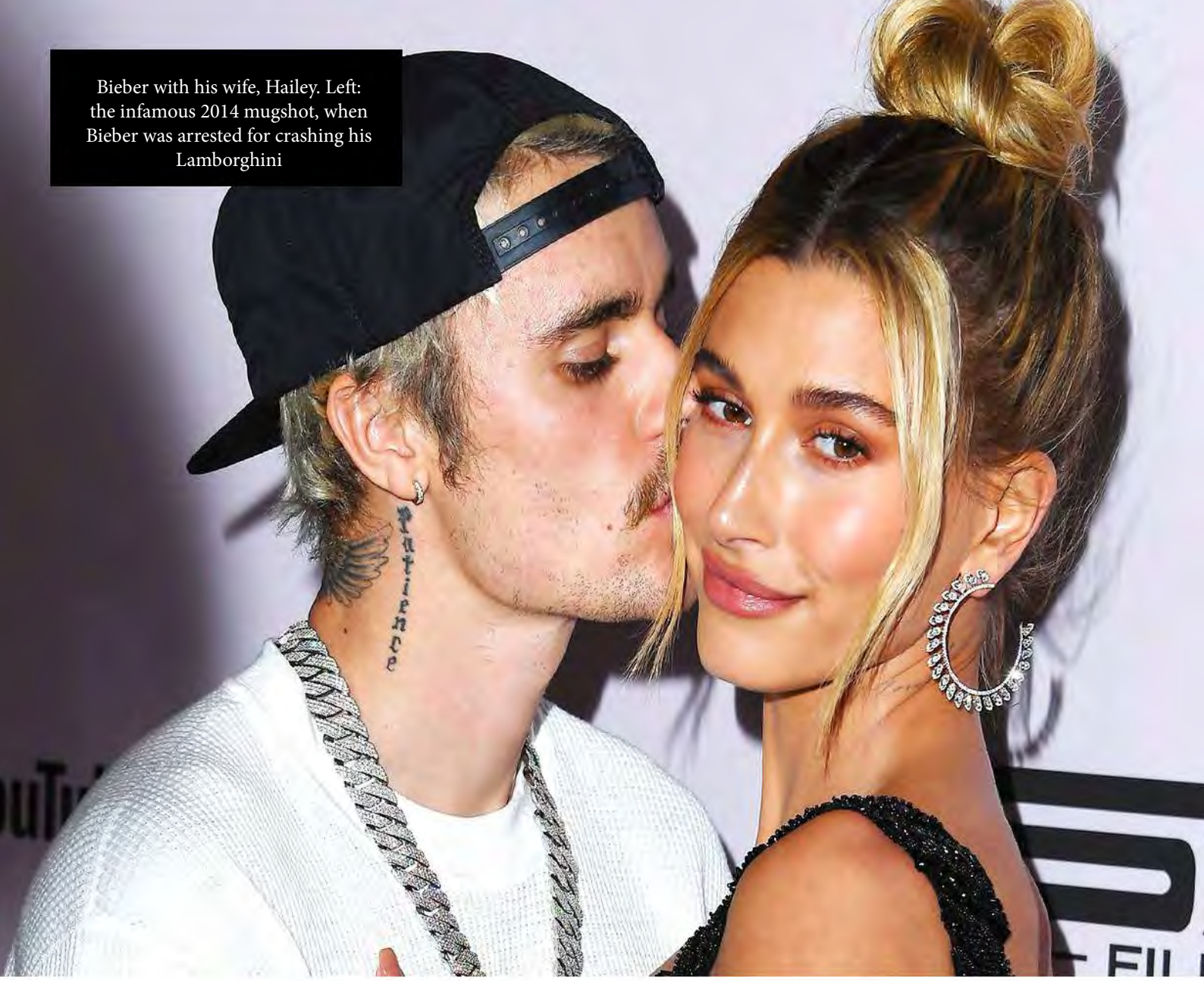
Bieber came to public attention in 2009 with his first release My World. He was only 15 years old at the time and his output then was standard major record label fare: sugary pop songs about puppy-love with an R&B bent. It wasn"t until his third studio album Believe in 2012 that he departed from his teen pop sound and took a more "adult" direction, meaning that the music had a darker sense of intensity in its beats and a sexual maturity in its lyrics: "If you spread your wings [legs], you can fly away with me." It has become almost a rite of passage for child stars to undergo this kind of transformation. Christina Aguilera did something similar for her Stripped album in 2002, Miley Cyrus for Bangerz in 2013, Ariana Grande for Dangerous Woman in 2016 – and so on.

It was around this same time that Biebs started causing a scene away from his music too: getting into fights in public, driving into a paparazzo, adopting and abandoning a monkey in Germany, having his bodyguards carry him across the Great Wall of China so he wouldn"t have to walk, spitting on his fans from his hotel balcony. All of this was compounded in a single image after he posed poutingly for a mugshot as if it were an i-D photoshoot, having been arrested for driving his

"All of this was compounded in a single image after he posed poutingly for a mugshot as if it were an i-D photoshoot..."

Lambo while under the influence. This is how most of us recognise and remember Bieber. But in January 2014, while he was working on the follow-up proper to Believe, something changed. The boy was baptised at Hillsong Church in New York after a born-again experience.

The 2015 album that followed Bieber's conversion, Purpose, is full of songs that all together describe a regretful look back and a fresh start for the singer, with many songs directly requesting pardon from Selena Gomez for his bad behaviour in the past. When discussing Purpose, many journalists focused on the relationship between Bieber and Gomez, but Biebs actually spends most the album talking about God. The title track starts by talking about him being at the end of his rope, and



Bieber with his wife, Hailey. Left: the infamous 2014 mugshot, when Bieber was arrested for crashing his Lamborghini

then ends with a long spoken-word section about his conversion after God blessed him with "purpose". "All In It" has a similar section in which Bieber declares that, "God is perfect and he never disappoints, so I just get my recognition from Him and give Him my recognition." There is indeed a contemporary Christian album here.

If we compare what else was going on in chart music at the time, we can see how radical some of these declarations from Bieber actually were. Narcoleptic narcissist The Weeknd's fuckboi anthem "The Hills" sat alongside Bieber's 'sorry" in the Billboard 100 when it first came out. The Hills is the story of a man-child still in the throes of a hedonistic, hallucinogenic lifestyle which he described with lyrics like, "I just fucked two bitches "fore I saw you / And you gon" have to do it at my tempo" and, "drugs started feelin" like it's decaf / I"m just tryna live life for the moment." Then we have softboi Drake with "Hotline Bling", a song in which he pines for a late-night hookup who has moved on to someone else. Make no mistake, the subject of this song hasn"t left Champagne Papi for their soulmate: they"re "Never alone," "Touching road," and, "Gettin" nasty for someone else." This is hardly food for the soul.

Fast forward to 2020 and the cultural landscape for newly wholesome Biebs had only grown more fetid. Take number one hit "The Box" from rapper Roddy Ricch, for instance, in which he sings about putting his "Stick in a box, mm," along with "Wood in her mouth," in between taking drugs and flying in private jets. But if Biebs wasn"t living it up like Ricch, where was he?

He was getting married. In the months leading up to the release of Changes, Bieber's follow up to Purpose, he made no secret of his love for his new wife Hailey Bieber. It was almost his marketing campaign for the record. He published several instagram posts in dedication to her and their marriage with captions to photos of the two of them pronouncing her, "My whole other half" and telling her that he is "so committed to spending my life getting to know every single part of you loving you patiently and kindly," and all this, of course, "with honour and integrity letting Jesus through his Holy Spirit guide us in everything

thegoldenone.se

we do and every decision we make."

And if Changes was the singer breaking the mould by becoming acquainted with God, Purpose was him doubling down. The album is all about marriage, that dimension of life that good Christians see as part of a pattern that was established by God when he created humanity, recognising that it was better for Adam if he could have Eve (despite everything that would happen). In the book of Matthew, Jesus says, "Man will leave his father and mother and be united to his wife, and the two will become one flesh." Christians also believe that the binding partnership of marriage is a powerful symbol of the relationship between Christ and the Church. In Revelation, the Church is described as being dressed for Christ like a bride for her groom, in other words, when at its best, marriage can show us a glimpse of the enduring love which God has towards mankind.

Bieber opens the album with "All Around Me" and he gets straight to the point: "Nothin like having someone for you / Someone besides you when it's time to lay down / Fully committed, you"re here for the stay down." He's a husband now, a man with responsibility for someone other than himself: "I"ll make sure you"re comfortable," he says, a far cry from his earlier work or that of his contemporaries who speak more towards a culture of selfishness and narcissism. Track two is "Habitual", in which Bieber pits himself against the mainstream with lines that note how he and his wife have found "A whole new perspective for life." And then again with the punchline, "Call it unconventional / Our love is habitual." This is a guy who knows he no longer fits in.

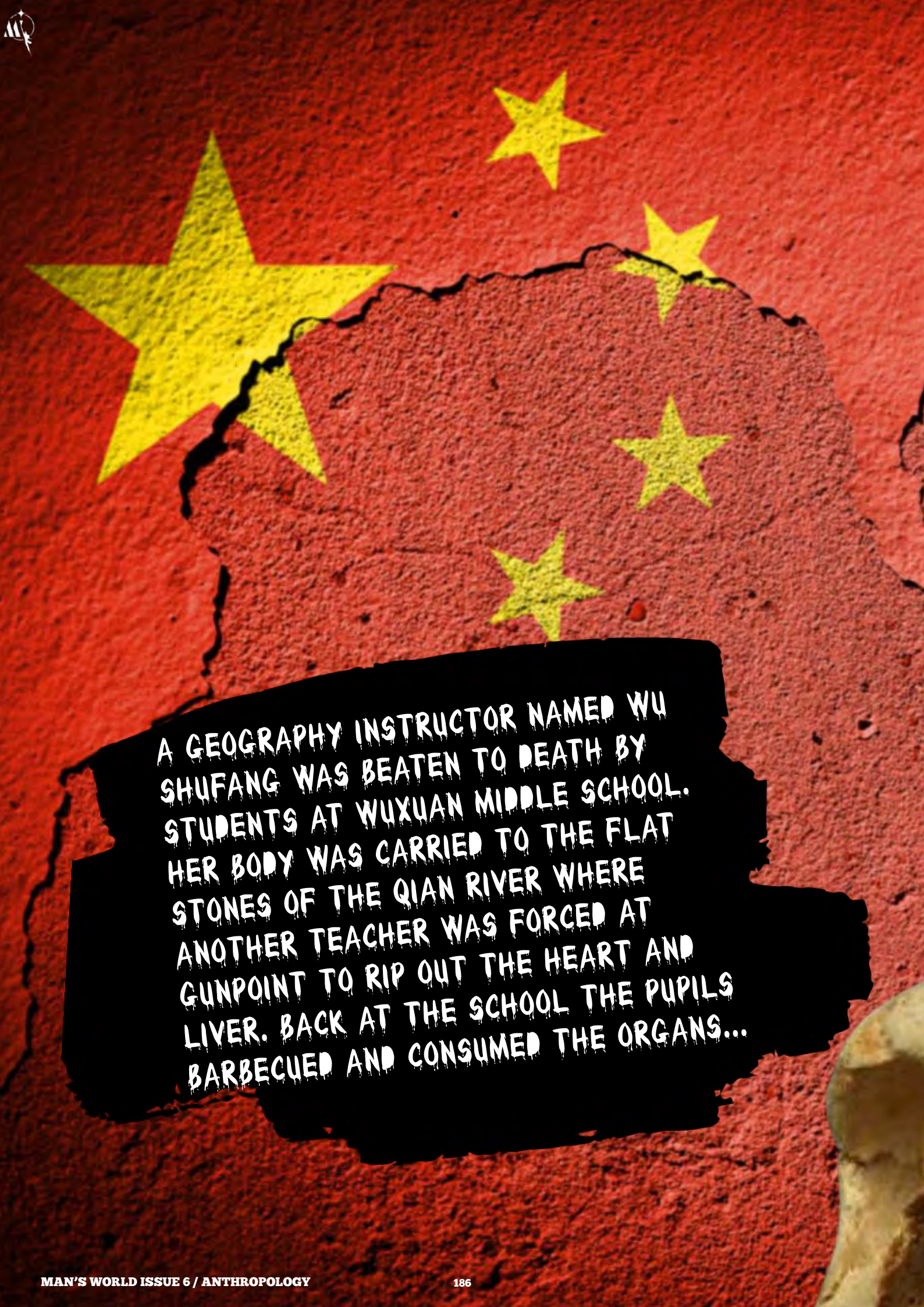
I know what you might be thinking, but no, this record doesn"t just describe a stale Christian relationship as the typically conditioned millennial atheist might assume a marriage should be. Biebs shows us that being married is sexy, and sexier than a hookup or fling. The hit single from the album, "Yummy," is about him and his wife giving each other head, since she's got that "yummy-yum, that yummy-yummy." But Biebs intends this to be a song about mutual respect, since wifey "Ain"t on the side, [she's] number one," and they split everything "Fifty-fifty." Indeed, Christians believe that marriage as a partnership of love is made deeper through sex, and Bieber and Baldwin are there for it together, all the time, as naughty boy Biebs lets her know in track six, "Available": "Are you available? / Cause for you I am."

It's in the second half of the album that Bieber really wears his heart on his sleeve. If you listen to any song, listen to "Confirmation", which is a highlight and characteristic of the work as a whole. Bieber says, "We got the rest of our lives / All you ever want, all you ever need is at home," in a hymn to having patience. Then, "That's What Love Is" is where Bieber explicitly champions love over lust, saying, "I can feel you / Even though I haven"t touched you / Yeah, that's what love is," and, "Never understood what it meant to submit to love / So beyond what lust is." Overall, the album is quiet, patient, simple, and honest, which is a lot like the best parts of being married, and it's refreshing to hear such an influential figure create work that frames marriage as something aspirational, sexy, and exciting.

Of course, Bieber's every turn in this album went, and still goes, against the grain of what the regressive-left mainstream wants, and that was reflected in the reviews for the record when it dropped. The Independent newspaper wrote that Bieber's lyrics about his wife Hailey "are so uninspired that [he] may as well be declaring his love for a household appliance," and The Slant said that he "often veers into cliché." But it was Pitchfork, that most increasingly irrelevant and re-iterative digi-rag, which most obviously showed their hand and the true source of the mainstream blanket of disdain for the record. "There is a creepy patriarchal blankness" to Bieber's devotion for his wife in its songs, Pitchfork claimed.

With Changes, Bieber not only gave his fans an alternative worldview to that of mainstream music culture, but by calling it Changes he also charted a course to its fulfilment for a generation in desperate need of a better example to follow. Indeed, he gave his young and impressionable fans the blueprint for how it might be possible, even for those who have misbehaved in the past, to find meaning in a more traditional approach. The fact that the album made its debut at the top of the US Billboard chart - making Bieber, 25 at the time, the youngest solo artist to achieve seven number one albums since Elvis Presley - shows not only how much cultural clout the singer has, but might also show how starved young people have been in recent times for a message like his.

Has the album changed anything? Maybe. At the time of writing, the Hot 100 has a song from a Mexican Disney movie at number one. At least it's not WAP. Adele and Ed Sheeran are there, harmless, and Bieber too with a tender-hearted number called "Ghost" about missing Hailey. Even Lil Nas X is singing the praises of monogamy. Press about Bieber himself in the gossip mags is now all about his marriage to Hailey and for the most part asking those perennial questions that newly married folks get asked, like when they're going to start a family. In any case, we should thank Bieber for having been brave enough to express how happy selflessness can make us and, especially given how far he has come in his own maturation, for having charted a path for young people to follow that is more valuable and meaningful than anything else being said in the popular zeitgeist. Praise the Lord! I, for one, at least, am a Belieber.


A GEOGRAPHY INSTRUCTOR NAMED WU SHUFANG WAS BEATEN TO DEATH BY STUDENTS AT WUXUAN MIDDLE SCHOOL. HER BODY WAS CARRIED TO THE FLAT STONES OF THE QIAN RIVER WHERE ANOTHER TEACHER WAS FORCED AT GUNPOINT TO RIP OUT THE HEART AND LIVER. BACK AT THE SCHOOL THE PUPILS BARBECUED AND CONSUMED THE ORGANS...

CANNIBALISM WITH CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS

AN ESSAY BY STONE AGE HERBALIST

"The flesh was consumed not simply out of 'class hatred' or 'revolutionary revenge.' Livers and hearts were taken for other reasons: to 'embolden the eater' or to cure the eater's ailments… Some old men took the brain of a dead victim while an old woman suffering from an eye ailment sought the eyeballs. Filial piety and parental duty motivated some young individuals, who took pieces of flesh home for their parents, and some mothers brought their sick children to the site of the butchery for a piece of liver. Various culinary procedures adopted seem to suggest the presence of 'gourmet cannibalism' as well… This does not cohere with any 'system' of classification."

This disturbing paragraph, taken from Gang Yue's book 'The Mouth That Begs: Hunger, Cannibalism and the Politics of Eating in Modern China', manages to capture exactly why the Chinese experience with cannibalism is so odd, so unusual and so unique. The context is the so-called 'Guangxi Massacre' of 1966-76. We see encapsulated here all the reasons why academics and researchers struggle to explain the Chinese anomaly in this area of the human experience. I want to try and break down this description and look at what sources and works we have to make sense of the following: Do episodes of Chinese cannibalism follow an older historical script? Why do we see medical, nutritional and revenge cannibalism occurring in the same time and place, and why does China seem to be almost alone in practising 'filial' and 'gourmet' cannibalism? This combination is what I will dub 'Cannibalism with Chinese Characteristics'.

The Nuances of Eating People

Cannibalism seems a straightforward topic to describe: the act of eating a human body. But as soon as we start to look more closely, we find that cannibalism, far from a blind act performed by unthinking creatures, is typically a socially taboo subject with specific rules and episodes determining where it takes place. The most basic distinction, credited to Dutch ethnographer Rudolf Steinmetz, is between endocannibalism and exocannibalism.

Endocannibalism is where only the bodies of those related to you as part of your kin network or larger social tribe are eaten. Exocannibalism is the opposite - only the bodies of those unrelated and far distant from your group are consumed. The standard definitions of these come from anthropological and archaeological work studying groups such as the Maori, who eat the bodies of their enemies, or the Amazonian Amahuaca, who eat the pulverised bones of their relatives to banish malevolent spirits.

Other classification schemes have explored medical cannibalism, consuming body parts for health reasons; mortuary cannibalism, related to endocannibalism, where consumption takes place during funeral rites; dietary cannibalism, eating human flesh for sustenance or to fend off starvation; and non-normative or deviant cannibalism, involving modern serial killers or internet cannibals who do not reflect their social norms.

Chinese Medicine

In the 1919 short story 'Medicine', written by Chinese author Lu Xun, an old man and his wife go out to purchase a folk remedy to help cure their son from tuberculosis. They invest their savings in this medicine, but it fails to work and their little boy dies. The remedy in question turns out to be a warm bread roll soaked in the blood of an executed revolutionary. After the sick boy dies and is buried, the mothers of them both - revolutionary and citizen meet at the graveside and Xun draws our attention to the metaphor of the old literally feeding off the blood of the young and dynamic.

China is not alone in having a history and medical tradition which called for the use of human body parts and substances. The consumption of blood, ground up bone and all sorts of grisly products has a long pedigree, likely stretching back into the archaic past. The European penchant for eating dried and powdered mummified corpses was well documented, right into the 18th century. Recipes for human blood marmalade, skull bones in alcohol, moss grown on the heads of executed men - these all fill the excitable columns of journalists quick to point out that Europeans had gruesome tastes at exactly the time they were demonising Native Americans and others for cannibalism. This may be a fair point, but China presents its own unique set of historical phenomena surrounding the medico-religious use of the human body.

Chinese civilisation is often touted as the world's oldest and most continuous, particularly by the modern Chinese state, which emphasises the extended lineage of writing, education and even human evolution through time from at least the Neolithic onwards. This is a debatable claim, but at the very least it has more merit than attempting to derive European civilisation from an equally early time period, so let us withhold scepticism and engage on their terms. With the religious traditions

of Taoism drawing on the Neolithic Hongshun Wuist cultures of shamanism and Confucianism tapping into ideas dating back to the Xia Dynasty (2070-1600 BC), we can therefore argue that the medical traditions and prohibitions of both belong to the deepest wellsprings of what it means to be Chinese.

The oldest written medical text in China is the Wushi'er Bingfang - Recipes for 52 Ailments dating to 168 BC in the Han Dynasty. Among magical incantations and snake bite cures is the mention of several human body parts: hair, fingernails and menstrual cloth, to be used as remedies. In 1597, Li Shizhen published the Bengcao Gangmu, his most important work and the best preserved source of Chinese medicine. In it, Shizhen details the extensive and meticulous use of human body parts for a wide range of conditions. These can be as crude as a whole human head, or as particular as the white sediment from a child's urine, the first faeces of a newborn baby, placental fluid, the earth from underneath a hanged man, ground gallstones, human tears and saliva, or the 'bregma' - the point at which the sutures on the skull meet. Detailed instructions exist for processing human urine or the collection of copious quantities of semen, and even female vaginal secretions. (Shizhen warns against using such secretions, saying "They consider this a treasured drug and indulge in sex excessively, eating such a foul thing. This practice will shorten their lifespans greatly. What a stupid thing!").

What is crucial here is that this use of the human body for medicine is deeply rooted, forms part of a continuous tradition and has yet to be properly stamped out. Claims and cases of herbal folk healers using body parts continue to be reported in modern China; as late as 2005 a Chinese cosmetics company was investigated by the UK House of Commons select committee on health for apparently using human skin, harvested from executed prisoners, in their beauty products. The company's agents defended the practice as "traditional".

Liu An has nothing to serve Liu Bei, which is embarrassing and degrading, so he kills his own wife and serves her flesh up to the warlord. Despite Liu Bei discovering this the next day, Liu An is rewarded later by the Emperor as a faithful servant.

Warlords and Warriors - Cases of Cannibalism

One of the oldest literary references to cannibalism in the Chinese canon is during the War of the Three Kingdoms, set between AD 169-280. The warlord Liu Bei, who founded the state of Shu Han, is recorded as engaging in and permitting cannibalism as his men went hungry. Surrounded by the forces of Yuan Shu, he and his troops ate dead bodies to stay alive. More interestingly, the tale of the criminal hunter Liu An reveals what will be a theme in this essay - the uniquely Chinese concept of filial cannibalism. Liu An has nothing to serve Liu Bei, which is embarrassing and degrading, so he kills his own wife and serves her flesh up to the warlord. Despite Liu Bei discovering this the next day, Liu An is rewarded later by the Emperor as a faithful servant.

In a similar story, the Tang general Zhang Xun and his men experience severe hunger during the Battle of Suiyang. Zhang repels attack after attack from Yin Ziqi, and the city is at first well stocked with supplies. Eventually the men resort to eating their horses, then birds and rodents. Finally Zhang kills his favourite concubine and divides her among his men. This prompts an explosion of cannibalism as first the servants, then all the women of the city, then all the non military men are killed and eaten. A point worth mentioning is that none of the victims are recorded as putting up any resistance to their fate. The death and consumption of the concubine has been a source of literary creativity ever since - Yao Maoliang's southern drama Shuangzhong ji provides agency to the concubine so that she willingly volunteers her body for the greater cause. In doing so the author leans on the Confucian line of thinking that links the macrocosm of the state with the microcosm of the family, her sacrifice and total absorption into the political unity of the body politic. In other words, the state is a natural organic entity which rests on the filial love of its subjects.

The historian Key Rey Chong documents a number of similar sieges and moments of military peril where opposing sides agree to swap children as food. He provides evidence for 177 instances of cannibalism, either from starvation or some other cultural imperative. The numbers between dynasties stay roughly the same. In a paper by Harry F Lee, published in 2019, a meta-analysis of Chinese literature, archaeology and history revealed a huge number of incidents of cannibalism over the period 1470-1911. Lee reports that 1194 cases

of cannibalism can be positively identified, and that the majority of them match the time periods for both drought and war. This is unsurprising, given that the majority of cannibalism cases stem from the need to eat. But the number is high and certainly Lee could not have captured every episode.

Confucianism and Filial Cannibalism

By now it might be clear that Chinese cannibalism does have certain characteristics which set it apart. Central to these unique elements is the Confucian notion of filial piety.

"Among the various forms of virtuous conduct, xiao comes first (baixing xiao weixian !"),," declares a well known Chinese proverb. In the Shuoyuan , Confucius is quoted as saying, "Among human practices, none is greater than xiao." Xiao is commonly rendered as "filial piety… Some scholars contend that the character xiao appears in the oracle bones; most agree that it occurs in Western Zhou (1045–771 BCE) sources, frequently as a verb in texts about the performance of sacrifices… probably at the very earliest stages in their history, the Chinese gave filial piety an extremely exalted position – treated it as something one might almost call an absolute, a metaphysical entity… According to Holzman, the centrality of the homage children rendered to their parents and ancestor worship in Chinese culture, which create a strong tie binding succeeding generations one to another, explain both its enduring character and the difficulty of adapting it to the modern world"

The concept of filial cannibalism comes from the zoological study of cannibalism. A wide range of animals, fish and insects engage in the practice of eating all or part of their offspring. In fish it is particularly associated with paternal care species, and in insects it serves to limit parasites, to fend off starvation and improve reproductive fitness for the survivors. In general there is no consensus as to how and why the practice emerged in evolutionary history.

Why this is important for our subject is that China has been noted by various historians as essentially the only place where filial cannibalism became a standard human practice. At its deepest most spiritual level, the filial act of a child offering up their own body to their parents is a reversal of the natural order of biology, for the next generation to feed the old with their very flesh. In a story by the early Qing philologist Mao Qiling, a young man called Yang engages in both gegu, the act of slicing off a body part (usually a portion of thigh, upper arm or finger) to feed to a parent, and coprophagy. He tastes his ill father's faeces, and is upset that their sweetness indicates his coming death; he then slices off a portion of his arm to feed and cure his mother. Tina Lu describes this incident:

"Parenthood's essence is to create new bodies; when Yang chooses coprophagy and cannibalism to express devotion to his parents, he seems to suggest that filiality's point is to defy—or at least undo — the heart of parenthood. If biology makes three where there were two, this filial son, through both eating and feeding, attempts to make one of three."

Gegu has a long documented history as an accepted social practice. Noted in the tenth century, by the sixteenth it was a staple feature of stories, dramas and debates. The physician Li Shizhen, who we met earlier, railed against gegu: "How could any parent, even if seriously ill, possibly desire their offspring to harm their bodies and limbs, and consume their own flesh and bones? Such [practices] stem from the views of the foolish". His criticism falls flat, though, as he begins listing all the medical uses of human body parts. His disgust is in line with a basic reading of Confucian ethics, that children should not harm their own bodies, but this prescription has never stopped serious acts of filial devotion where children look to feed starving parents. Religious scholar Jimmy Yu

notes that filial cannibalism perhaps has a political parallel wherein earlier Chinese rulers would eat the body of a previous claimant. The Yellow Emperor claimed victory over the monstrous Chi You and had him quartered, simmered and served to his soldiers. Dynastic succession, from the Xia to the Shang

Top: a scene from the cultural revolution; right: human cannibalism in the Americas, an engraving by Thedor de Bry, 1593; left: a Tang (7th century) depiction of Liu Bei. Over the page: Chairman Mao

and then to the Zhou often involved stories of one leader being fed to another, such as the Zhou inheritors eating King Zhou of Shang's body raw, or drinking his blood. Yu tentatively makes the case that gegu fits into a Chinese concern with regeneration and renewal through sacrifice.

The Emotions of Eating

A number of Chinese writers and thinkers, such as Lu Xun, Zheng Yi and Mo Yan, have discussed the interesting theme of hunger and of eating which runs through much of Chinese literature and thought. Two ancient idioms exemplify the primal emotion to not only kill your enemy, but to fully abolish them through ingestion - shirou qinpi (eating your flesh and sleeping on your hide) and henbude bani chile (I really want to eat you - said as an expression of rage).

The first comes from the Zuozhuan, the oldest work of narrative history detailing the period 722 - 468 BC. The warrior Zhou Chuo resents that his Duke praises two adversaries which he had just beaten, and declares to him that he will eat them and sleep on their hides. While this isn't a formal declaration of intent, it underscores the

emotional resonance of eating one's enemies, just as the second popular saying also reinforces. Historian Edward Schafer describes this kind of impulse writ large during the Tang Dynasty:

"A very special kind of ritual food was human flesh. It was by no means an uncommon occurrence for outraged Tang citizenry to chop up the body of a corrupt or tyrannical official and eat him .... In 739 an officer of the court, who enjoyed the monarch's favor, accepted a bribe to cover up the crime of a colleague; the affair came to light, and the ruler had the offender beaten severely, after which the official supervising the punishment cut out the culprit's heart and ate a piece of his flesh. Again, in 767 a man murdered his rival, who had accused him of misdeeds, and having sliced his body into gobbets, he partook of them. In 803 a military officer led a mutiny against his commander, killed him, and devoured him, presumably with the help of his associates"

This kind of cannibalism has been described as 'revenge cannibalism', springing not from the pangs of starvation and hunger, nor from the filial excesses of Confucian piety, but rather from the primal urge to absorb and obliterate an offender, a criminal, a heretic or a rival.

China's long agrarian history has fostered a near obsession with eating as a central metaphor for existence. Adages such as 'people revere food as if it were Heaven' or the more recent 'anything with two legs is edible except your parents; so is anything with four legs, except the bed' exemplify the importance of food and eating almost without cultural constraint. The Maoist Revolution and the language of Revolution pitched itself intentionally against an old-world order of human flesh and feasting, focusing on the belt tightening and iron bowl sacrifices the people would need to make to renew the world. We saw earlier in Lu Xun's parable of traditional medicine how the revolutionary impulse was itself cannibalistic, but the luxury and decadence of the former epoch was often described through the notion of 'gourmet cannibalism'.

The idea of gourmet cannibalism is a disturbing one, that people would consume human flesh not out of necessity or even ritual proscription, but for its taste and properties as a form of food, like any other high value victual. It is hard to evaluate any serious claim that China at any point institutionalised the practice of making feasting foods from human bodies, but hints do exist. In the fictional story The Republic of Wine by Mo Yan, gourmet cannibalism becomes a major theme; in the apocryphal story of Yi Yan, a chef to the Duke Huan, he cooks up his own son's head to serve to his superior, not only out of filial loyalty, but because the Duke enjoys the taste and flavour. Most sensationally, in his potted history of cannibalism, the writer Bill Schutt claimed to have seen Yuan Dynasty era documents detailing numerous ways to cook and eat children, including recipes and complex cooking and roasting methods. Again, such stories are almost impossible to corroborate, but it appears that at the very least, whispered rumours of such practices pepper Chinese history, to be drawn upon by writers and thinkers in later generations. To quote Yun-Chu Tsai, author of a dissertation on Chinese cannibalism in literature and reality: "Chinese gourmandism and gourmet cannibalism share the same discourse in which the existence of "the other" is meaningful only for the desire and satisfaction of the self. Both Chinese gourmandism and gourmet cannibalism share the logic of eating animals or human beings for one's own immoderate physical need and pleasure"

A Spasm of Violence - The Cultural Revolution

Turning to one of the most disturbing outbreaks of cannibalism in the modern world - the Cultural Revolution - we see all the major themes discussed so far appear in the same place at the same time. The quote at the beginning of the article can now finally be put into context: the emphasis on a widespread, shared belief in the medicinal powers of human flesh, the author's insistence that not only was revenge cannibalism at play, but also undertones of gourmet and filial cannibalism, and finally the simple reality that unrelated people engaged in a spasm of violence, culminating in shamelessly carving up corpses to take home for their relatives. So what exactly happened in the Guangxi Massacre?

For a full and truly devastating account of the massacre one must turn to Zheng Yi's Scarlet

Memorial: Tales of Cannibalism in Modern China. Here the darkest episodes of the

Revolution played out and the mildest descriptions contain off-handed remarks such as: "Strolling down the street, the director of the local Bureau of Commerce carried a human leg on his shoulder, which he was taking home to boil and consume".

Guangxi is an autonomous region in the south of China. During the Cultural Revolution two factions of communists emerged, allied to different powerful leaders. This turned into a violent struggle during which the 'reactionary' faction lost ground and was defeated. The scale is tragic, anywhere between 100 and 150,000 people were killed, and in the most savage fashion. Researchers list: beaten to death, stoning, drowning, electrocution, buried alive, boiling, be-

Eating "eggs" made from plants is really really retarded.

(Seriously. Only eat eggs.)

heading, disembowelment, lynching (hanging) and gang rape to the point of death. At least one person had dynamite strapped to their back and was blown up for amusement. On top of this came the even more shocking revelation that over 400 of these people were eaten. "A geography instructor named Wu Shufang was beaten to death by students at Wuxuan Middle School. Her body was carried to the flat stones of the Qian River where another teacher was forced at gunpoint to rip out the heart and liver. Back at the school the pupils barbecued and consumed the organs."

Everything we have talked about so far came to the fore. Revenge was in the air and in the stomach. According to the Chinese historian Song Yongyi:

"There were reports of cannibalism across 27 counties in Guangxi; that's two-thirds of all the counties in Guangxi. There was one man who was beaten to death where he stood. He had two kids, one of 11 and one of 14. The local officials and armed militia said that it was important to eradicate such people, and so they not only killed those two children: they ate them too. This took place in Pubei county, Guangxi, where 35 people were killed and eaten in total. Most of them were rich landowners and their families. There was one landowner called Liu Zhengjian whose entire family was wiped out. He had a 17-year-old daughter, Liu Xiulan, who was gang-raped by nine people [for 19 times] who then ripped open her belly, and ate her liver and breasts. There were so many incidents like this."

The Scarlet Memorial and other works on the massacre are truly gruesome reading, in part for the outrageously normalised attitude that militia and faction leaders had towards killing people for crimes such as crying over a dead relative or collecting a loved one's mutilated body for burial, but also for the passivity of the victims and the quiet toleration and harvesting of bodies by the local populace. In the forward to the book, historian Ross Terrill laments the total acceptance of death by the accused: "as the sticks and knives were wielded, the innocent just knelt down silently, no begging, no cursing, no arguing, and not the slightest show of a willingness to resist…. Not one act of direct physical heroism is recorded by Zheng Yi… no-one died in a physical attack on a murderer". The most heartbreaking reading was of children made to lie on top of their parents as they were buried alive, and yet, there was no protest. This is a motif we have seen before, in the Battle of Suiyang - one wonders whether Confucian piety and deference had been so inculcated into the civilisation that people simply could not halt what was happening.

The tales of cannibalism in Guangxi between 1966-76 are too numerous to cover, but they range from emboldened thugs who kept tallies of the number of livers they ate, to students who cooked their teacher in a bout of revolutionary fervour; a militia woman who enjoyed severing male genitalia, storing them in alcohol to drink for their power; a killing committee, held at Pingshan Square, in Shangsi County, ended with 10 people being beaten to death and a committee member (Li Hao) removing their hearts and frying them for the remaining members. The mind boggles and protests that surely this must be exaggeration and slander: someone must have known this was happening further up the Communist Party hierarchy? The massacre ended in 1976, the first official investigation began in 1981, and more followed. Historians know of at least one petition to Beijing, from a former veteran and rightist, Wang Zujian, imploring that the central authorities step in and halt the bloodshed and cannibalism across Guangxi. The consensus is that, even if Mao himself was not aware, some close to him certainly were.

Concluding Thoughts

This has been a long essay, so my conclusions shall be brief. We've traced a narrative across the entirety of Chinese civilisation, from the earliest sieges and battles, to popular literature, medicinal textbooks, religious duties and well documented modern events. We can say with some confidence that China has had a unique relationship with this taboo. The longevity of agriculture has exposed the historical population to lengthy periods of starvation and famine, and the early codification of religious morality, in particular Confucianism, created a distinctly Chinese approach to the relationship between ancestor worship, the family and the state. One's filial duties go so far as to serve up yourself, both for your parents, and for your emperor. The cultural focus on food, on eating, combined with the vampiric ancestor cult and vision of the human body as mere meat created a potent brew, topped off with traditional medicine. The psychology of bureaucracy, as a petty and spiteful motivator of revenge, deserves further examination.

So while cannibalism is part of the human story in general, there can be no doubt that the Chinese have done their very best to make this darkest of customs their own.

Stone Age Herbalist tweets @ paracelsus1092. Visit linktr.ee/ stoneageherbalist for links to all his content, includng his Substack page.

MW EXPLORE!

The Wedded Rocks, Ise Bay, Japan.

Meoto Iwa, or the Wedded Rocks, are two rock stacks in the sea off Ise Bay, Japan. They are joined together by a *shimenawa* (a thick rope made of rice straw) and are sacred to worshippers at the nearby Futami Okitama Shrine, which is famous for its frog sculptures.

The larger of the two rocks is the husband, the smaller one the wife. The rope joining them represents the division between the spiritual and the earthly realm. The rope is replaced three times a year in a special ceremony.

On a clear summer's day, Mt. Fuji, the most sacred mountain in Japan, can be seen between the two rocks. If you are particularly blessed, you can see the sun rising at high tide between the rocks and behind the silhouette of Mt. Fuji.

He's racist on the internet...

Why Yellowstone Is Archetypal Drama

Only drama that is in touch with mythical structures can truly satisfy us, says Western Brahmin (@westernbrahmin)

These days, I know I'm not the only one who's turning off the streaming service and returning to their worn-out DVD collection. After the 2016 election, Hollywood well and truly jumped the shark, and more and more people are simply tuning out. The soft-core socialism hiding under the fabric of America that the "don't dig too deep" mindset of the boomers ignored for so many years has finally begun to lift its skirt and show its Weimar bulge.

Recently, the premiere of "Everything's Going To Be All White", a leftist propaganda film, only received 2,000 views in the first 24 hours and a 2% on Rotten Tomatoes.

Personally, I think most people are tired of it. The other day I did a questionnaire asking friends from a wide range of political and apolitical backgrounds what their favorite movies are. To my astonishment, ALL of them were films made prior to 2010, with most being classic films like Gone With The Wind and Blazing Saddles.

Many of the new shows that are coming out are not appealing to the average person; something just doesn't strike a chord with them. It's not just the overwhelming political messages, or the transgender sex scenes. Deep inside these new shows don't connect to the fundamental built-in parts of human nature. For as long as he has walked the earth, man has been honing his skills not only as a warrior and hunter, but also as a storyteller. And the stories that humans tell have common themes, regardless of who is telling them or where. Thinkers like Carl Jung and Joseph Campbell have gathered together and analysed these archetypal themes in great detail.

Nearly all the greatest movies ever made, the ones that strike the heart, follow the hero's journey or play on the ancient myths of our ancestors. Great art is an expression of nature, and the absence of these ancestral themes has left writers using mere shock and awe to entertain the masses. Shows like Game of Thrones only offer the viewer further stimulation of their base pleasures, reminiscent of a Roman gladiator slaughtering animals. The stories and shows that hint at our inner workings seem to be getting fewer and farther between, but every now and then a show comes along that offers

a glimpse of the real ancient art of storytelling.

One of the most popular shows to come out in the last 6 years has been Yellowstone. Writer Taylor Sheridan grew up in a humble Texas home and has stated in interviews that he is a fan of Ancient Greek myth. I imagine many who are reading this have a fairly good grasp on ancient mythology and Indo-European culture, but if you don't, check out my YouTube channel. There's plenty of evidence that Sheridan uses Indo-European myth and Jungian archetypes throughout the show.

Episode 1 begins in such fashion with a crashed semi—truck, indicating the beginning on the decline of a golden age and possibly a symbolic sacrifice of a horse to the Deyus Pater (The Sky Father), whom Kevin Costner's character John Dutton represents. John is the solar eternal force of good throughout the show, the king archetype in Jungian terms, who regardless of circumstances acts in the interests of the ranch. The ranch is the kingdom and tribe.

John's sons Jamie and Kayce represent the divine twins found in most Indo-European myths, examples being the English Hengist and Horsa and Romulus and Remus. Kayce, who chooses to face his demons by becoming initiated into a sacred rite and overcoming fear is representative of the "Self" in Jungian terms whereas Jamie, the "Ego" lives life in service to the self, never facing his darkness head on.

Beth, John's daughter, is probably the most misunderstood character. On the surface she seems to be the "boss bitch" type that is so often touted by feminists due to a strongly cultivated masculine side. One of the major issues facing Hollywood (and the world for that matter), is achieving a proper balance and respect for the true beauty of the masculine and feminine archetypes. Feminism has attempted to force woman to be as man, taking away at once both the true beauty of feminine essence and masculine strength. Though on the surface Beth seems to be the pride and joy of feminism, her feminine spirit shows balance through her submission and overwhelming affection for her husband, Rip.

Rip, the fully actualized warrior is the Thor/Hercules/Indra figure in the show who slays the serpent of his past and displays his dedication and loyalty to John. His ability to master Beth and other men is a sign of strength over both masculine and feminine. One of the most telling symbols of ancient myth in the show is Rip's use of a branding iron as a weapon like the scepter of Indra, hammer of Thor, or the club of Hercules.

The ex-addict Jimmy is the wandering sage like Buddha or Jesus. Weakness to feminine energy causes him to face several trials and he is sent to rodeo school. Like a priest in a monastery, Jimmy learns the esoteric knowledge handed down by the order of cowboys. He returns from this "monastery" wearing a red coat, the color of the sacred realm and the robes that Buddhist monks wear.

The bunkhouse is the warrior's guild and mead hall where men fraternize and newcomers are tested. Though the editors couldn't help but throw in a little feminism here with the girl "cowboys", an important scene happens when Chaos emerges among the cowboys and John kicks the girls, who mythologically align with the Sirens of Greek Myth, out of the bunkhouse. This chaos arises when Lloyd, the Sage who failed to fulfil his life's purpose, refuses to align with the rules of the Sky Father (John Dutton) when tested by The joker/trickster/bard figure, Walker. Walker tests Kayce later in the show and as a result Kayce chooses to break the rules of the ranch, literally and symbolically departing from under the wing of his father.

Ultimately, as I suggested at the beginning of my analysis, the events of the show represent a descent from a golden age, which in ancient Vedic religion is known as the Kali Yuga, This is hinted at explicitly in the last episode of Season 4 when John sleeps with the social justice protester, a figure reminiscent of the chaotic feminine Hindu deity Kali. When John speaks to a judge in the same episode, he even says "the dark age could last 100 years or more". Sheridan alludes throughout to an idea that tradition and the kingdom are being threatened by technology, bureaucracy, and equity with the building of an airport and the symbol of the plane (technology) reaching into the realm of the Sky Father. This dying of the old to give way for new, I believe, will be a major theme in the next season.

There is now a prequel to the show, 1883, which incorporates an aspect that was missing from the original, in my mind: the divine feminine and the wild spirit of the Native Americans. It's hard to say if Sheridan has read Camille Paglia, but this show seems to reflect a lot of the ideas present in her book "Sexual Personae". If Sheridan is trying to build a Tolkien-like world, 1883 would be the Golden Age of myth and legend.

Film is one of the most powerful tools the modern world possesses for shaping the consciousness of the population. There are many young men who are exploring the ancient Indo-European myths and the philosophers like Nietzsche who drew from them. Although we are still being forced to deal with the distortion of human nature perpetrated by thinkers like Rousseau and Marx, it's entirely likely that eventually a parallel film culture will begin to emerge that has the ambiance and psychological stimulation of Mulholland Drive and the heroic story arcs of the Eddas. Society may decay but art and the innate nature of humanity hide in the shadows of the subconscious, waiting to regain their rightful place as the engines of a glorious culture.

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BUT... IS IT METAL?

By INTUITIONIST @TROPICALSTUFFS)

It's a sad state of affairs for those of us who enjoy a good TV show. Sure you have your odd outliers like True Detective and Succession, but most of what's out there is just so many different shades of crap. Still, with all the money being pumped into original content one would think that there'd at least be a few more diamonds in the rough, and yet, no such luck: quality TV has only become increasingly scarce.

And it´s not hard to figure out why is it? As I'm sure all of you have noticed, Globohomo's stranglehold on pop culture is only getting stronger. This has rendered new shows mostly unwatchable: yet another reminder of the never-ending psyop that is modern life—and made worse by the fact that most can't even see how transparent and unoriginal it all is. Oh, what's this? Yet another storyline whose entire substance is oppressor/oppressed melodrama? HARD PASS. And even when it's a decent enough story they still get their idols in there: the new Netflix Viking series switched out Jarl Haakon, the last pagan ruler of Norway, with a black woman – there's a surprise! – while Amazon is gearing up to parade the flayed corpse of Tolkien's most beautiful creation in what is being hyped as the most expensive series ever made.

In my dissatisfaction with all this, I began to suspect the past might be a better place to look, and boy was I right. In fact, you don't even have to go that far back to find TV that's actually worth watching. Take the mid-2000's Adult Swim animation Metalocalypse, for instance; although it's one of those shows you'll either love or hate.The GF certainly went with the latter, affirming once again my belief that women simply don't get it.

Anyways, I liked it so much that I began to wonder why this was and eventually got here: not only is the show funny as hell, it's very very based. In Metalocalypse, we follow the exploits of the larger than life death metal band: Dethklok—the world's most potent cultural force. But don't picture the Beatles, Dethklok´s fanbase is more along the lines of a globe-spanning army of schizoid, metalhead, cultists. We quickly learn the band is so mighty that the world economy booms and crashes in conjunction with their record releases and the international community is wholly dependent on them to prevent societal collapse. Dethklok can thus use their trillions to do whatever the hell they want—like live shows that regularly end in massive destruction or kidnapping music-piraters into the bowels of Mordhaus, the band´s evil lair-ish compound.

Yes, the premise is quite hyperbolic in this sense but it completely works for two reasons: the show

doesn't take itself too seriously — it´s all very tongue in cheek— and the absurdity is justified by the state of society and the relation between elites and the masses.

Through a shady, illuminati-like organization that follows the band's every move —the Tribunal— we learn how the world's power brokers deal with Dethklok, but, more importantly, we also see what these elites truly are. Sporting a collection of just absolutely reprehensible physiognomies and sounding like a bunch of hammed-up cartoon villains, the members of the Tribunal are self-evidently evil characters. Even if they weren't constantly plotting to degrade the world´s imbecilic masses so that they´re easier to control, only an idiot would mistake them for anything less than wretched; truly a case of a corrupted ruling class.

The Tribunal might be a little too on the nose but Metalocalypse has an outstanding ability to round out the punchier social commentary with more absurdist yet grounded elements. For instance, most episodes will have a segment in which some new "expert" gets called up to give The Tribunal some shpeel related to whatever Dethklok is doing. This revolving wheel of specialists works to perfectly undercut The Tribunal´s over-stylized seriousness. The incessant mockery directed at the expert class is a breath of fresh air and even a bit prescient when you consider the current obsession with The Science™.

The Tribunal fears Dethklok's power and influence, but they won't move to destroy them because the band is what props up the consumption apparatus of the world economy. And here is where the other part of the equation comes in: the masses. In the world depicted by Metalocalypse, it's clear that the average joe is not a well-adjusted, purposeful individual. On the contrary, they are presented as brainless automatons, soulless husks, discombobulated wind-up toys, and —of course— mindless consumers. We see them do shit like sign their lives away before shows (massive loss of life is common) and riot in the streets when the band decides not to release an album. Personally, it reminds me of the fetid waves of biomass that BAP has warned us about; something akin to a swarm of locusts. It's almost like these "people" are the inevitable result of an elite class like the one represented in the Tribunal, but the fact that the elites are bad guys doesn't excuse the masses, who ooze out the same worthlessness and please-just-put-me-down energy of the average normie soyjak. In the debased world of Metalocalypse, everyone is guilty and no one is redeemable.

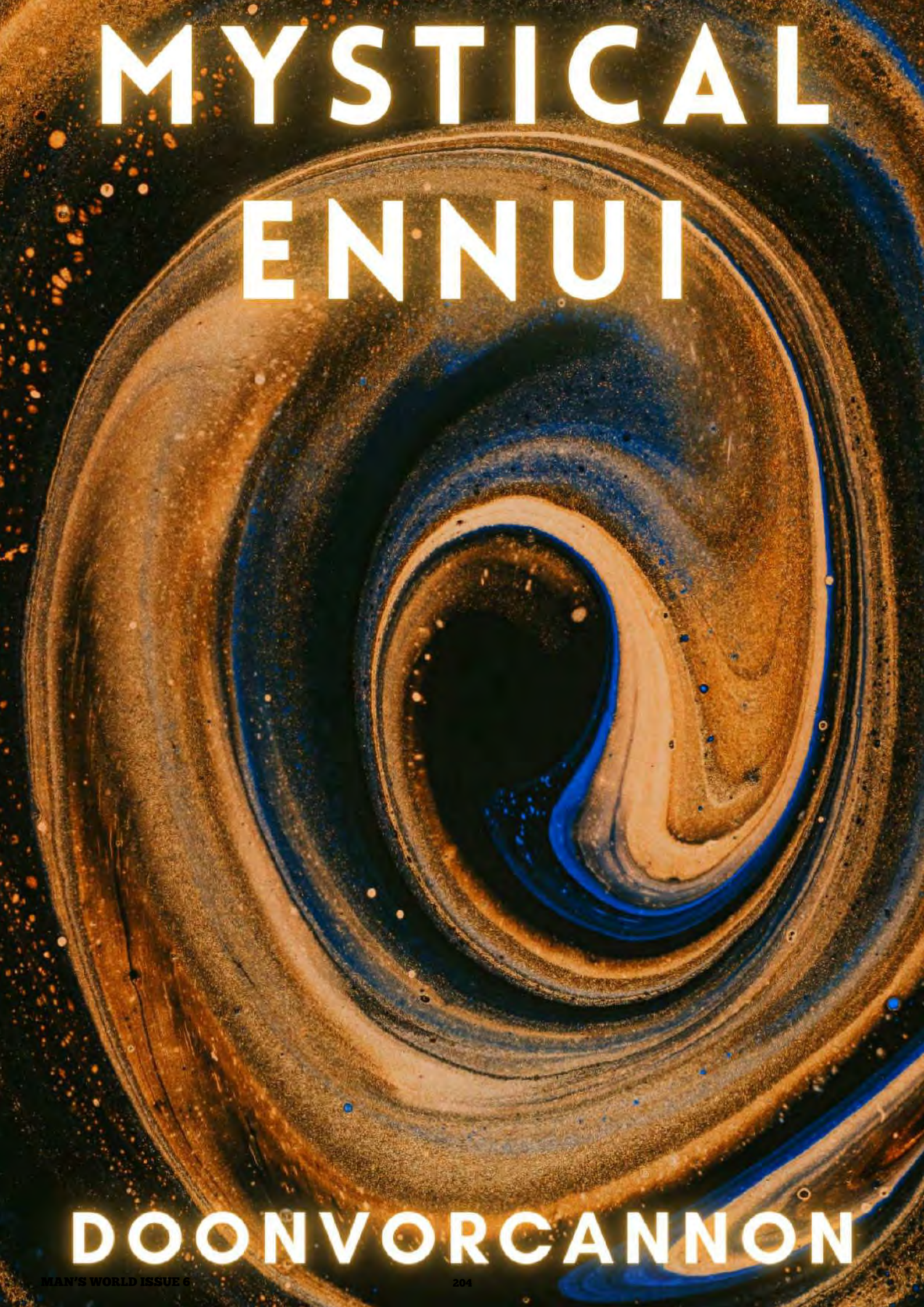
As I'm sure all of you have noticed, Globohomo's stranglehold on pop culture is only getting stronger.

You also get the sense that Dethklok's insane levels of popularity have much to do with the ghastly state of the people. When all the meaning and beauty is sucked out of life then the human-animal is primed to revert back to atavistic ways, becoming a slave to the baser elements of existence like power and violence. In this sense, the brutality of Dethklok's metal becomes the ultimate act of sublimation for all those sorry souls and it seems to be the only thing capable of waking them from their commodified hibernation. However, the masses are no longer capable to be what they once were and what they're responding to appears to be something more primordial. Metal is an inherently based genre and with their music Dethklok channels forth the spirit of the world-cleansing fire. In response, their fans become legion and seem poised to strike the killing blow against a world that deserves to be wiped out. The Tribunal knows this and desperately searches for a way to prevent the METALOCALYPSE.

When I finished the series I got to feeling a little nostalgic because even though the show premiered relatively recently (2006), it's something I suspect would never get made today. As I was watching I couldn't shake the feeling that, in terms of spirit, Metalocalypse was created in an entirely different era.

In the modern world, westerners have become numb to the fact that all forms of cultural production are encased in multiple layers of irony; you could even go so far as to say that, beneath each layer of irony lies yet another, and another, and so on - a kind of infinite regress of irony. The things we're supposed to care about are constantly undercut by the blinding speed of cultural development and the result is that after a couple of decades almost everyone has been reduced to ironic man-children, completely unable to be moved or inspired by the singular force of a clear-cut ideal.

The power of Metalocalypse is that it effectively destroys lib sensitivity after lib sensitivity by disguising itself under a mantle of irony. The show isn't coded as conservative or RW and can thus speak truths that would otherwise—certainly now—set off alarm bells in the shitlib brain. Because the show displays such expert-level handling of irony —one of the pillars of the 21st-century condition— its greatest feat is how masterfully it can walk the line between absurdism and painful truth.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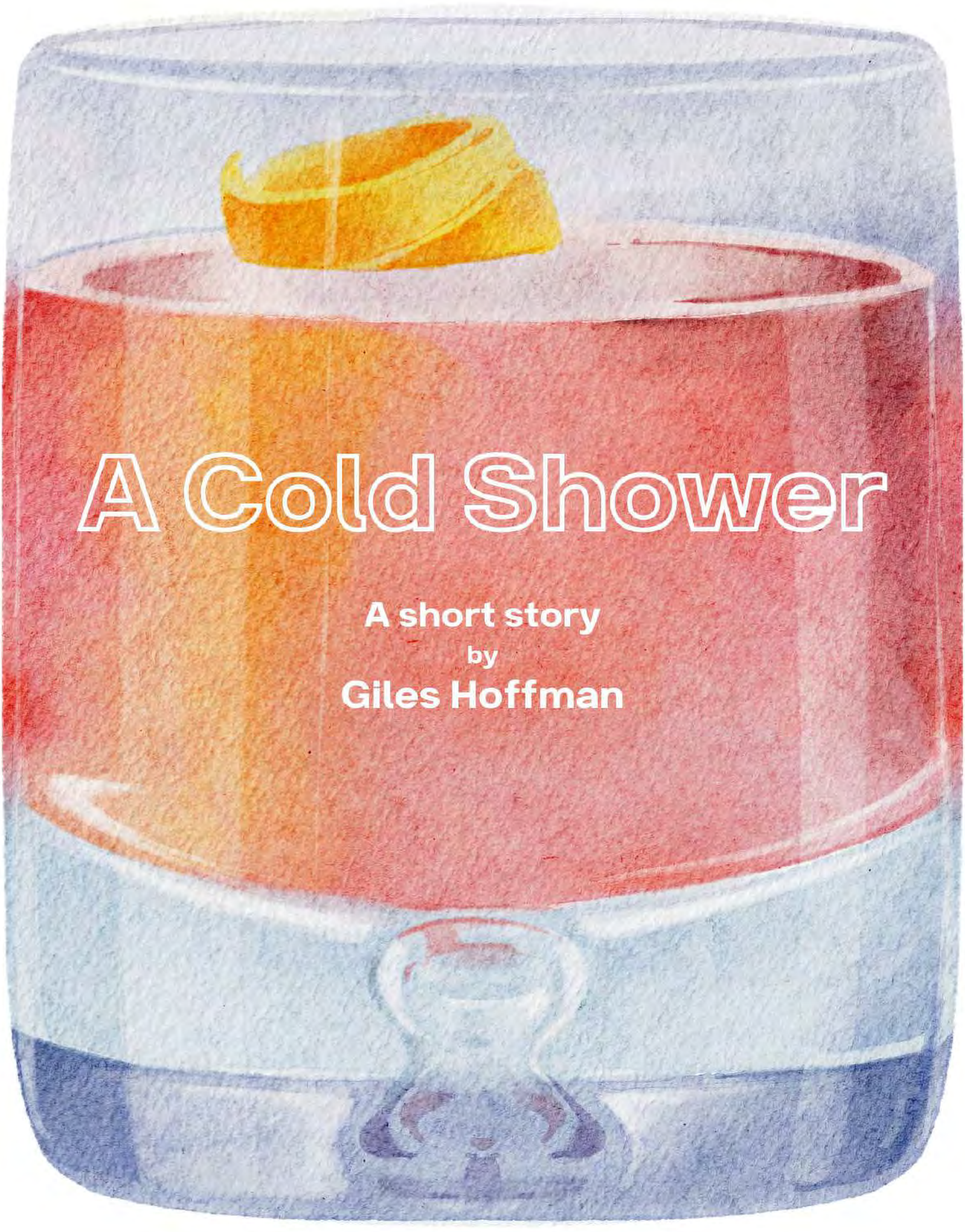


A Cold Shower

A short story

by

Giles Hoffman

It was nearly 4:30 in the afternoon and Clive was still hungover. He got into the shower in preparation for his date with a moderate-looking girl he had matched with twenty minutes before. As the steam rose from the hot water, the smell of booze released from his pores and infused with the scent of vomit exhaled from his mouth. The sickening smell lingered in the air until he applied some soap. Clive always applied body wash to his chest first, since the very dense hair that grew there both lathered the soap and held onto it like a sponge. He was still too nauseous to put effort into properly cleaning himself, and so he went through the gestures of good hygiene, giving himself a perfunctory scrub. After the soap had washed away, he turned the faucet handle to the far-right, towards the thickest bar of blue.

Clive found that he was most content like this. Once his diaphragm had stopped contracting wildly, as if in some futile attempt to expel what remained of the previous night's poison – in any case, his stomach was quite empty – Clive was then ready to play chemistry with his brain.

He swallowed three painkillers - a paracetamol, an ibuprofen, and a naproxen - with large remedial gulps of black cold-brew coffee. The ice-cold shower had given him an adrenaline jolt. Now he felt awake but dreamlike, almost floating like a carefree spectre; the perfect balance of mental alertness and physical lethargy. He moved his limbs in a weak but deliberate manner, without stumbling, in a way that made him feel poised. His head felt light and unburdened by thoughts. The long night of drinking seemed to have drowned or at least sedated all the internal voices, the clamouring cerebral anxieties, which normally competed for attention. Of course the alcohol poisoning came with strained nerves, but he calmed them with analgesics and many anxiolytic supplements. He may have not attained enlightenment but it didn't matter. It felt like paradise. He had artificially induced the sense of "longing for infinity", a sense which had pained and inspired Baudelaire his whole life, a spiritual disposition he had expressed so elegantly in a mere five sentences:

There are days when man awakes with a young and vigorous genius. Though his eyelids be scarcely realized from the slumber which sealed him, the exterior world shows itself to him with a powerful relief, a clearness of contour, and a richness of colour which are admirable. The moral world opens out its vast perspective full of new clarities. A man grafted by this happiness, unfortunately rare and transient, feels himself at once more an artist and more a just man; to say all in a word, a nobler being. But this most singular thing in this exceptional condition of the spirit and of the sense — which I may without exaggeration call heavenly, if I compare it with the heavy shadows of common and daily existence — is the it has not been created by any visible or easily definable cause?

Clive felt that he had found the definable cause — or rather the causes, if each chemical input was just one instrument of noise in a symphony of music. He looked at himself in the mirror. The backs of his eyes were heavy. This allowed him to move his gaze less frantically – less curiously – than he would have normally, and it gave him a stoic gravity. But importantly his eyes didn't appear tired. Nor did they contain dark swelling below the eyelids, like two soggy black teabags, because he had applied two cold teaspoons, which he always kept in the freezer for this purpose. Clive was also very satisfied with his voice. It sounded raspy but not sick; gentle and deep; masculine but not aggressive; a lovely sincere sound, not contrived in the least, rather the evidence of abuse from too many cigarettes.

He dressed himself in the usual nonsensical but somehow harmonious combination of carpentry pants, Florentine leather boots, a fresh white starched collar button-up, and most importantly – though unseen to the average observer – cleanly ironed boxer briefs. Over the top he slipped a merino wool sweater, the sleeves of which revealed bits of shirt through the burn holes of ash droppings, from countless nights of careless smoking. At last he wore a gold ring with a turquoise stone on his left-pinky, giving his gestures an effete air – even a gay quality – which contrasted very surprisingly against his unsubtle joshing homophobia.

Clive went through the profile of the girl more thoroughly and decided against meeting her. "Courtney Small". She came from a rural town. Pronouns in her bio. A link to support some movement of racial grievance. He knew her type only too well.

She listed all the moral enemies that gave her meaning: climate-change, white supremacy, capitalism, the list went on. The pictures below the sanctimonious biography were even more predictable. Almost nude in a lurid pose before a cheap sliding-door mirror in her bedroom. She didn't even try to hide the mess in her room, which also could be seen in the mirror's reflection. Only one picture showed her fully clothed and even then, she was sticking her tongue out in a provocative way. She was the archetype of the modern girl who is too cowardly to do porn, but not smart enough to realize that her dad was already beyond shame. He also knew that she was the type, in high school, to call all her friends "faggots" and "trannies", gag and sneer at the smell of the Korean boy's kimchi (the only minority in the entire school), and laugh hysterically at bad imitations of accents from the Subcontinent.

But now she's a university student, so things have changed. He imagined her path to progress: a few "listicles" had broken down her defences; and then maybe "a discomforting but necessary dialogue" about the plight of African Americans with an oversized female classmate from Nigeria whose voice had boomed

like a goatskin drum (effortlessly, of course, this agent of enlightenment had omitted the fact that her own ancestors had been slave-merchants to the Europeans crossing the Atlantic). He knew he wouldn't be able to raise such a point despite having spent parts of elementary schooling in Abuja - his parents were diplomats - and instead would evince all sorts of squeaks and scoffs and condescending snorts from a girl who still only ate mac-n-cheese, chicken-fingers, and canned noodles.

Against his better judgement, however, he decided to meet with her, since she had recommended a bar that was only two minutes down the road, a place well-known for selling very cheap drinks. He also had nothing to do between now and a party he intended to go to later.

When Courtney arrived and opened her mouth, Clive took no pleasure in having assumed her character. There is nothing prescient in announcing the end of a movie watched for the hundredth time. It further annoyed him that Courtney put her Coach purse on the table and not the floor, as if it were a luxury item, not realizing that in this city, Coach was what the nannies wore.

His annoyance subsided for a few moments while they discussed her courses (English Lit – he could have guessed) and her professors; but then, just before the server took her order, Courtney casually mentioned how all the students who defended the university's biology professor – the physiologist currently embroiled in a scandal for labelling anatomical genitalia as "female" and "male" – were obviously of low IQ. No less than five minutes in and she had already invoked IQ. Clive was ready to pounce on this opportunity to inveigh against the ideological hesitancy to realize the differences in intelligence between the races; the reluctance to acknowledge the pre-scientific brilliance of the ancient Greek practice of selective breeding; and the downright suppression of the Enlightenment and scientific formulation of eugenics made by Francis Galton in his Hereditary Genius. But he stopped himself. He didn't want to talk with her. It would be futile and charmless conversation that would leave him vexed. And what provoked him most of all was not merely her opinion. It was that she had not the slightest indication or hint to assume that he would be in agreement with her inane views – and yet he knew she thought he was, as if no alternative perspective were possible. This would be like so many other dates, an utter waste of time.

The bartender walked away. Clive felt a smirk creeping across his face. He could never maintain his poker-face before a sadistic act.

"You know what 'Negroni' means?" he said, resuming their soon-to-be-over conversation and referring to the cocktail she had just ordered.

"No," she said.

Her reply was made in such a soft voice, accompanied by a gentle raising her eyebrows, and with the subtle tilt of her head, like the bitch canine that she was. Her gestures revealed, once again, unsurprisingly, a kind little girl who lived in innocent ignorance, whose eyes had never seen true cruelty, and who wore the fashionable political stances, unaware of the bitter draught they had been fermenting.

Clive had a moment of pause, even hesitation, and nearly reset his sharp tongue. But it was too late. He had already begun his question, a rhetorical inquiry set as a trap, and whatever delicate femininity she had betrayed through that single expression, he still felt that for her arrogance alone she deserved a thrashing. Anyway, why should he show noblesse oblige to a whore?

"Well 'nay-grow,'" he spoke using the Latin phonetics, "means 'black' in Italian."

Courtney was still oblivious to what was coming. She looked at him with the eyes of a squirrel, the same stupid eyes that stared at the oncoming car driven by a heartless man who will not break for wildlife.

"'Nay-grow' for black, just like how we say 'nee-grow' for black."

There, the first jab landed, right on the chin, registered by the body but not yet by the mind.

"In second part of the word, the suffix '-ni' is a diminutive." Clive continued, now tapping his foot with a little excitement. "So that ruby potation you just ordered, the wonderful cocktail invented within Caffe Casoni" – he exclaimed ostentatiously, adding that little historical fact to give some flair to his dispatching blow – "it translates into…'LITTLE NIGGER!'"

She was up and headed towards the door before he could revel in the pain of her grimace. As she turned her back to him, Clive noticed a little tattoo on the back of her elbow. It was a skull with the quote "A fellow of Infinite Jest." He recognized it immediately: it was the skull of Yorick. So she was a fan of ol' Bill? he thought.

"Hey slut!" he shouted, in a voice that was louder than he had intended. Courtney, surprised by this insulting outburst, turned around briefly, but long enough to give Clive a sufficient amount of time to ring off his final quip: "Get thee to a nunnery!"

She was gone. The drinks came and Clive paid for them both. In triumph, filled with bravado, he slammed both Negronis in two swigs and was now extremely buzzed. He then started fondling his breast pocket for a loose cigarette, most of which broke apart but would still grace him with two drags of hedonic smoke.

Clive left the bar, the door bells jingling as it swung open and closed. He looked around at the bright lights of the big city – a polis that refused to go to bed – his playground. He inhaled through his cigarette deeply. His night had just begun.

Giles Hoffman is the founder of the Asylum magazine. Issue Three is due for release shortly. Visit asylummagazine.ca. He tweets @spring_pierian.

THE MAN WHO LOOKED AT STARS

DAVID THOMPSON: THE MAN WHO WALKED 66,000 MILES AND MAPPED AN ENTIRE WILDERNESS

WORDS: DAN SIMONS (@MERCIANSTRENGTH)

The first Act of David Thompson's remarkable life commenced half a world away from the unrelenting peaks he came to master. On April 30, 1770, he was born to Welsh émigré parents in Westminster, London. His father died less than two years later, and the family was sprung into difficult circumstances – something of a recurring pattern in Thompson's life.

Through his mother's tenacity he won a place at a charity school whose mission was to "educate poor boys in the principles of piety and virtue and thereby lay a foundation for a sober and Christian life." It worked. Throughout the many trials of his life, his faith was constant. The first and most severe of these trials came when he and another boy were "volunteered" by the school to head to Hudson Bay for a seven-year apprenticeship with The Company of Adventurers Tradeing out of Hudson's Bay; more properly known as the Hudson's Bay Co. The other boy absconded into anonymity, but Thompson's sense of duty, even at fourteen, prevented such behaviour and in May 1784 he set forth for the new world aboard the Prince Rupert. Although bright, eager, and schooled in the burgeoning literature of exploration like Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels, teenage Thompson was understandably overawed by events. The ship arrived in September and loitered for a week, unloading and then loading again. When it left, a profound sense of isolation struck the young David:

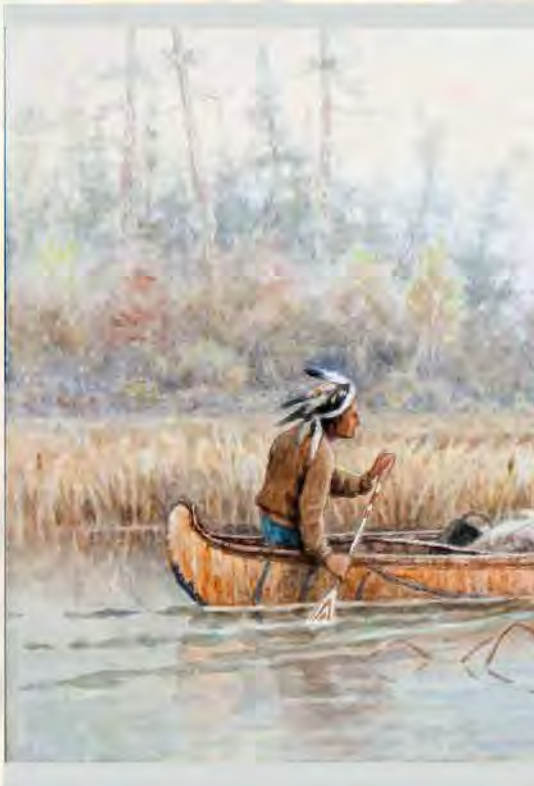
"While the ship remained at anchor, from my parent and friends it appeared only a few weeks' distance, but when the ship sailed and from the top of the rocks I lost sight of her, the distance became immeasurable and I bid a long and sad farewell to my country, an exile forever."

David Thompson, fourteen years old, never saw his mother or his homeland again. Alone in a vast, empty continent whose true size was unknown (and many argued unknowable), for at least the next seven years, he had no time for self-pity or nostalgia. Now a reluctant resident of Churchill, he had the fur trade to learn, and the standards of harsh masters to which he must adhere. He spent the first winter with the noted Samuel Hearne and whilst the two did not get on, Thompson was directly inspired by Hearne's own adventures.

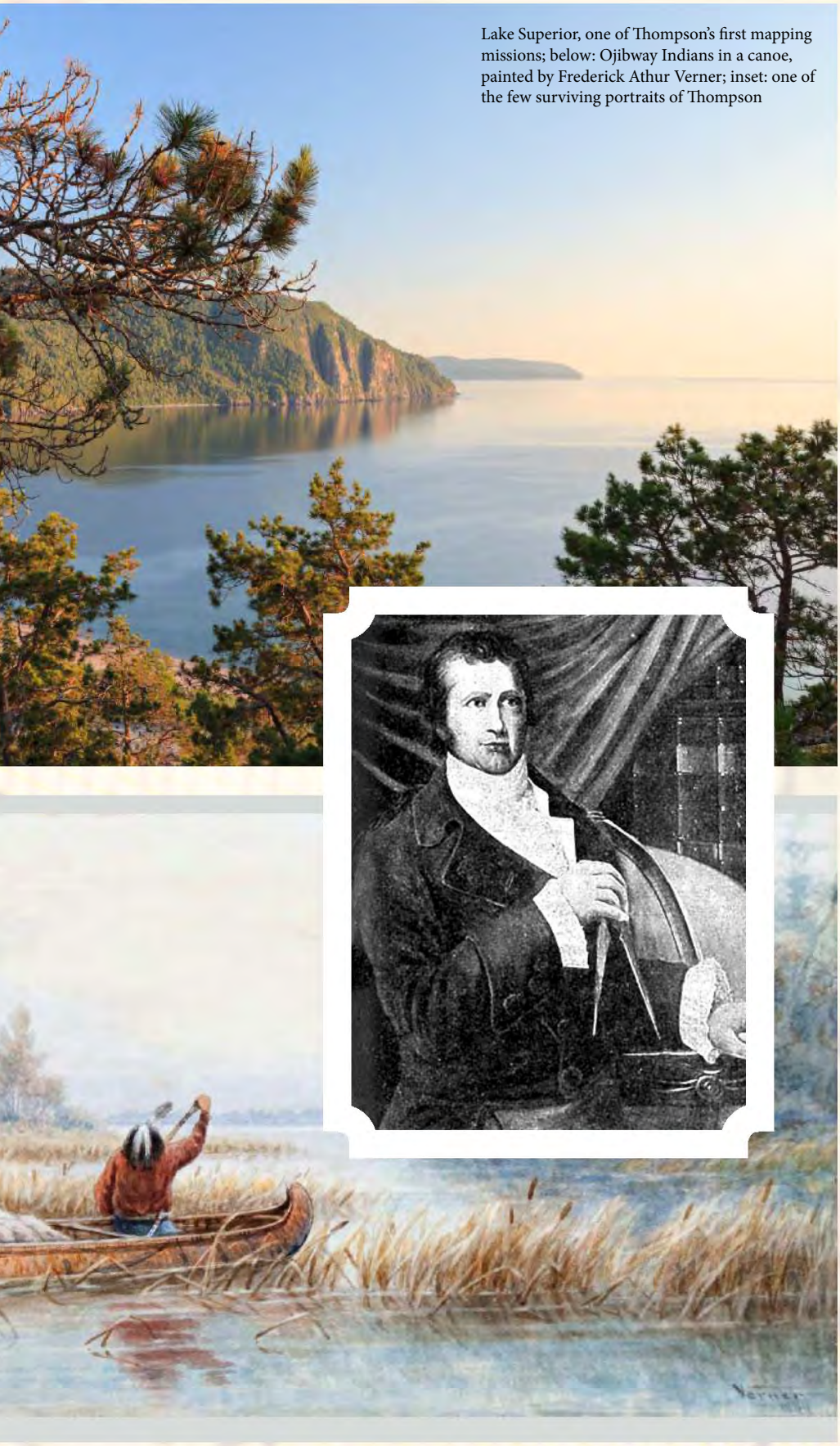
The first European to walk to the Arctic Ocean, in search of both a mythical Indian copper mine and the northwest passage, Hearne became something of a posthumous celebrity when the account of his journeys were published in 1795. In life, he was David Thompson's superior and the two disagreed over matters moral and religious. Hearne had orders from the board of the HBC to keep Thompson engaged and active in the learning of the trade and so his first year was a busy one. Even though Hearne generally abrogated responsibility over Thompson's apprenticeship to three subordinates, when work became scarce he had the young Thompson transcribe the manuscripts of his adventures. Enthralled, he read tales of twenty-four hour sunlight and blizzards in July; of the noble Coppermine Indians and the blood feud with their hated rivals the Eskimo. David Thompson realised that he was standing in the gateway of a land of intriguing possibility, his longing to see the unknown interior was now piqued and began to overpower thoughts of returning home. He was apprenticed to the Company of Adventurers; he intended to live up to the name.

The Young Adventurer

David Thompson's first taste of adventure came in September of 1785, when directed by Samuel Hearne to travel the 150 miles to York Factory from Churchill. The two Indians charged with his safe passage began drinking the grog they had been advanced as soon as they were out of sight and in no-time were paralytic. Until they sobered up, he was on his own. The country was hostile, unforgiving but he was not overwhelmed. He filled the hours pottering about but never straying too far from his inebriated guardians.



When they revived and the trek continued, Thompson observed how these men were perfectly adapted to wilderness life. They seemed to carry nothing but a gun, a knife, and a blanket; all else was extraneous baggage. Desperate to learn, he studied his guides on this journey carefully: their manners,



Lake Superior, one of Thompson's first mapping missions; below: Ojibway Indians in a canoe, painted by Frederick Athur Verner; inset: one of the few surviving portraits of Thompson

their attitudes, and their application of knowledge. Unlike many contemporary Europeans, Thompson had overwhelming respect for the Indian, and established cordial relations with most of the natives that he met throughout his travels. Only on one occasion did he fail to ingratiate himself, falling foul of the stern Piegan Indians on the approaches to the indomitable western mountains—with momentous consequences.

The unlikely trio marched on through the brown monotony of the bay. For a teenager still not fully extricated from the gentility of Westminster, the arresting sight of polar bears caused some alarm, but his guides showed him how to march past without drawing their ire. One angry bear guarding a half-eaten beluga proved that their homespun wisdom was not always as infallible as they asserted, but the party eventually arrived at York Factory in one piece. Thompson's role as an apprentice was to write, to keep ledgers and to do some simple accounting. Not to gallivant. His formative experiences on the bay had lit a spark but for the moment it must stay covered. He was taught to hunt and other essential skills but as far as his masters at the HBC were concerned, his primary job was to be useful to them in whatever capacity would develop him as a trader. The company always came first. This conflict: the duties of trade versus the call to exploration would recur throughout the first half of David Thompson's life.

Aged sixteen he was sent into the interior and learned for the first time the way of the canoe. He also learnt to make nets, to identify the best furs but most importantly of all he learned to speak Cree. The ease in which he picked this up marked him out as a special talent in the company and his masters decided that Thompson should spend the winter of 1787 with the Piegan Indians. The HBC wished to open up trade with the tribe and someone who could converse with this potential new market would be worth their weight in Beaver pelts, a commodity far more treasured than gold. David Thompson could not actually speak their dialect, but as far as his employers were concerned if he could learn one Indian language, he could learn any.

He travelled for a month from his base at Cumberland House, covering roughly 15 miles per day before crossing the Bow River and entering the camp. Thompson had never seen anything to compare to the vista of the cloud-like Rockies that rose majestically in increments

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Athabasca Falls, Canada; inset: a commemorative stamp

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from the plains and the impression lasted his whole life. He loved the Athabasca country, as the area was then known. It would come to define him, to challenge him and to give him purpose.

At this point in his life, youthful Thompson was keen and energetic. It was with some irony then that in the camp he gravitated directly towards his antithesis; an ancient and venerated warrior whom Thompson suspected was close to eighty. David Thompson a fatherless urchin from the Welsh valleys, met the great Saukamappee.

The two became inseparable. Saukamappee was instantly taken with the curious young white trader who listened twice as much as he spoke and could commune in a very passable Cree. Saukamappee relished the opportunity to speak his old language once more, and David Thompson was enthralled by his aged guide, eagerly absorbing all that he could impart. Every evening, after attending to the day's affairs and dining on rich stews, Saukamappee and Thompson would retire to the fireside or the tent and talk for hours. Saukamappee held sway on wars and tribal politics; he told a delighted Thompson of strange Indian customs and lore. He enquired about the world Thompson came from. All winter long, for four months, the exchange of information flowed – mainly in one direction - and the stories that Saukamappee shared shaped David Thompson's character and outlook for the rest of his life. His long, rich narratives stayed with him, and Thompson's children later recalled their own father's yarns, highly detailed and full of adventure. Saukamappee gave him the gift of story.

Spring thaw arrived, and Thompson re-emerged from his winter in stasis and bid a mournful goodbye to Saukamappee, returning to the HBC's employ at Manchester House on the North Saskatchewan River. So soon after a momentous event in the life of a boy so young, another, even more portentous one was to occur. Whereas the meeting with Saukamappee ignited a desire to explore further and encounter the assorted tribes for himself, what happened next very nearly ended his life, let alone his career: he broke his leg. His right femur, to be precise.

It would be a painful and devastating injury at any time but being isolated at a log-built warehouse in rural Saskatchewan during the latter part of the eighteenth century, weeks away from even the most rudimentary medical care made it very serious indeed. After the initial fever which he survived by the skin of his teeth, he began a brutally slow convalescence. The accident occurred just before Christmas and yet at the start of the following summer he still had not been able to get out of bed. Having somehow made his way in a canoe to Cumberland House, by the end of August he was up and about on crutches. Still immobile, the young Thompson was settling in for a slow and tedious winter.

Saukamappee held sway on wars and tribal politics; he told a delighted Thompson of strange Indian customs and lore. He enquired about the world Thompson came from.

Since his school days, David Thompson had a profound and unshakeable belief in God. He regularly ended his journal entries with calls to providence and trusted himself to the Lord entirely. Whether providence or coincidence, the hopelessness of David Thompson's leg break transformed itself into his greatest opportunity. Had he not broken his leg, it is likely he would have been out trading in the interior on October 7th, 1779. Instead, he was at Cumberland House, where he met Phillip Turnor.

The story of Thompson so far is defined by his orbit of great men. The dashing Hearne and the sagacious Saukamappee both unarguably played their part in his development, but none can be said to have had more of an impact on the life and posterity of David Thompson than Phillip Turnor, the first inland surveyor employed by the Company of Adventurers. Though the doer of many notable deeds himself, Turnor is assured of his place in history through his influence on the juvenile Thompson.

A surveyor and mapmaker, fur-trader, and himself founder of several trading posts, he lived a life of adventure. He was also a man for a crisis and the HBC's very livelihood was at stake when they sent Turnor back to Canada after a short respite in England – their sworn enemies the Canadian pedlars (later to organise and become the Northwest Co.) showed no respect for the company's royal charter and traded wherever, whenever and with whoever they pleased. Most recently they had tapped into the mythical Athabasca country and its rich supply of highest quality pelts. The HBC was slow to action, but act they did, and sent Turnor to provide them with the key to unlocking this territory: a map.

The tools of his trade became Thompson's tools. His methods Thompson's methods. The brass sextant. A compass. A telescope and a thermometer. With these, and an astronomical almanac, Turnor could tell exactly where he was in the world with almost super-

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natural precision. Thompson was transfixed. Turnor showed a paternal interest in David Thompson's development. He decided to train him up because the Company had want of surveyors, but it seems clear that just like with Saukamappee, Thompson's eagerness to learn and obvious vulnerabilities endeared him to the veteran surveyor. An apprentice had no business talking to an officer as frequently or informally as Thompson did, but the two became steadfast companions. Thompson carried out his administrative duties by day, but at night he and Turnor would stand outside, peering at the heavens with his telescope. He set him tasks of determining latitude and longitude and recording astrological observations. The younger man thrived and enjoyed the stimulation which his regular accounting and stocktaking could not provide. The time for Turnor's map-making expedition into the Athabasca country drew nearer. Thompson hoped that he had done enough to be considered. Privately, he was sure that he had.

Turnor, however, harboured lingering doubts over Thompson's still-recovering leg and overlooked him for the place on the expedition. Perhaps Thompson had misread the situation, or perhaps Turnor was too sympathetic to the young waif's plight and couldn't bear to temper his enthusiasm. Either way, the outcome was anger and dejection. Thompson acrimoniously departed for York Factory a few days after Turnor's chosen crewmate arrived.

Despite the rejection leading to such acrimony, Phillip Turnor had one last part to play. He sent his journal of the season back to HBC headquarters in London. Also included was a letter recommending "unfortunate apprentice" David Thompson's skills as a land surveyor and astronomer. This endorsement had the desired effect; Thompson had written to the Board in the same mail shipment, requesting his own sextant, telescopes, and almanacs. A year later, along with a letter of glowing approval from the Board, they arrived. David Thompson was now a surveyor.

The Stargazer

It was once said of David Thompson that he could read the stars better than most men could read a book. He was absolutely fastidious in his calculating and recording of astronomical data and never seemed happier than when alone at night, under the cosmos with his telescope and almanac for company.

Days spent traversing pristine lands turned into years spent up-country. He and his men moved rhythmically, frantic all summer and then lodging all winter, charting and mapping every step

Now rising in the ranks, Thompson was entrusted with his own expedition into the Athabasca country, and despite nearly drowning and then nearly starving to death it was a success. He had successfully charted the position of Lake Athabasca, an invaluable discovery for his masters in London. He was the first to determine the exact distance from the lake to Churchill Factory and had answered in the affirmative the question about whether a direct route between the two existed.

Whilst working for the HBC he had grown tired of pretending to be interested in trade. He had far higher ideals; his passion was for exploration and mapping. So, when his contract was up with the Company of Adventurers, he decided to cross over to their bitter rivals the Northwest Co. The bureaucracy of the ancient company stultified him. The Nor'westers, also obsessed with trade, pragmatically realised that to trade efficiently they needed maps, and to make maps they would need David Thompson. The upstarts valued his abilities in a way his previous employers never would.

Whether viewed as an act of betrayal to the company that invested so much in him, or the inevitable break for liberty of an unconfinable soul, what is unarguable is that Thompson's commencement with the NWC was his rejuvenation. He spoke with traders who had been places hitherto unknown to the HBC and mingled with men of action like the great Alexander Mackenzie. David Thompson was made Chief Astronomer and Surveyor. The NWC was hungry for information, they needed trade routes mapping and mountains charted. To beat their rivals they must move more nimbly and trade more effectively. Thompson's first objective was to find the source of the Mississippi and to work out the location of the border between British North America and the republic to the south.

Days spent traversing pristine lands turned into years spent up-country. He and his men moved rhythmically, frantic all summer and then lodging all winter, charting and mapping every step of the way. He came to know many native tribes and established trade with all. He wintered with the Mandan and the Ojibway, who mistook him for a god due to his celestial observations. He saw the ravages of smallpox and tribal warfare wherever he went. Undeterred, he and his men pushed on.

Despite his travels he took a

wife, Charlotte Small, a mixed blood to whom he was fanatically loyal. She would stay by his side for the rest of his life and share in many of his adventures along with their swelling retinue of children. Arduous wilderness crossings are not the ideal foundation for a family life, but the growing Thompson clan were happy. Poor, exhausted but truly alive.

In the Autumn of 1800, David Thompson finally got the order to cross the Rockies to establish trade with the Indians of the western slopes. In doing so, he unwittingly exposed himself to a feud between the primitive Kootenay Indians and the fierce Piegan with whom he had wintered so many years ago. The Piegan were reluctant to let the British trade with their enemies who as yet had no firearms and were easy to control. They harassed Thompson's party, stole his horses, and shot at those who came to trade. To further the indignity, the guide he had been assigned, a scoundrel and blackguard known as The Rook, led them to a series of stony dead ends. Dejected and beaten, the party returned to Rocky Mountain House on 30th June to lick their wounds. There would be no crossing this time.

The Great Western River

In the years that followed Thompson, now a full partner in the company, charted and surveyed more of the great rivers of North America than perhaps anyone in history. The Hayes, the Churchill, the Saskatchewan and the Bow to name but a handful. There was however a bigger, more elusive one that taunted the NWC, and Thompson himself.

The existence of the Columbia River was not in doubt—its mouth had been located and some formative expeditions had gone some way up it. What was not known was where it began and how navigable it was. If the Nor'westers could glean this information, they might have a quick route to the Pacific and then onward to the lucrative markets of China. A decisive advantage over the Bay men.

The Columbia River and its tributaries

Others had tried. The great Mackenzie, now Thompson's colleague, tried twice. Once ending up in the Arctic and once reaching the mighty Pacific but the route was so hazardous and inhospitable that it was completely unfit for trading purposes. Anyone who had spent time in that country became convinced of the Columbia's existence as a trade highway, yet no-one had yet been able to prove it. David Thompson was dispatched at the same time as the other famed explorer Simon Fraser. Thompson was to travel up the North Saskatchewan and Fraser was to follow the Peace River. Both were to cross the mountains at uncharted points, at great personal risk, with no guarantee of safety or return.

Thompson, family in tow, set off with his party to cross the continental divide. The going was interminable, and eventually their native guides deserted. The ragtag assortment of men, women and children suffered starvation. He unwittingly found the object of his search very quickly but had no way of knowing this was the mighty western river, so dubbed it Kootenay River instead.

He established a trading post, Kootenay House, and spent the late summer building and preparing for the winter. Once more the Piegan blighted his ventures, loitering and bullying any Kootenay who came to trade, stealing from the fledgling post and causing havoc. Eventually they ran out of provisions and left. New Indians moved towards the post, who Thompson dubbed 'Lake Indians'. One of these, Ugly Head, showed Thompson a route towards a navigable river. He was too late in the year to follow it but had an intuition of where to head next.

The winter at Kootenay house once more reinforced the Thompsonian dichotomy of business and passion. As founder of the post and partner of the company, had a duty to his employers and employees to be assiduous in trade. As a man of action, he longed for adventure and to finish what he had begun. When

the next year Ugly Head informed him that just beyond his camping ground a river existed which matched exactly Thompson's expectations of the Columbia, Thompson was caught in a bind between his passion for exploration and his job shifting furs. He chose the latter, and Kootenay House became a thriving trading post. Although frustrating, Thompson was nothing if not measured, and realised this was necessary for his greater objective. Without a functioning post, it would be hard to justify to the partners back in Montreal. With the furs flowing into Kootenay House, Thompson bought himself time for his project.

Thompson learned that Fraser's expedition had ended in failure. He had found his way to the Pacific alright, but the raging rapids and breakneck canyons meant that, like Mackenzie's River, this too was not a viable trade route. There was still a chance for David Thompson to be the man to deliver the great river of the west.

Legacy

Thompson found the Columbia again and over time travelled its length, from the source to the sea. In doing so, he cemented his reputation as the greatest surveyor of the age. Fraser and Mackenzie got to the Pacific first, the Americans crossed the Rockies before him, but no European had tracked down the elusive river.

He had also travelled much, much further than any of his rivals. It is estimated that David Thompson's journeys in the west total 66,000 miles. He opened trading posts regularly along the way through what was then the unclaimed Oregon Country, but we now understand to be the states of Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho and Utah.

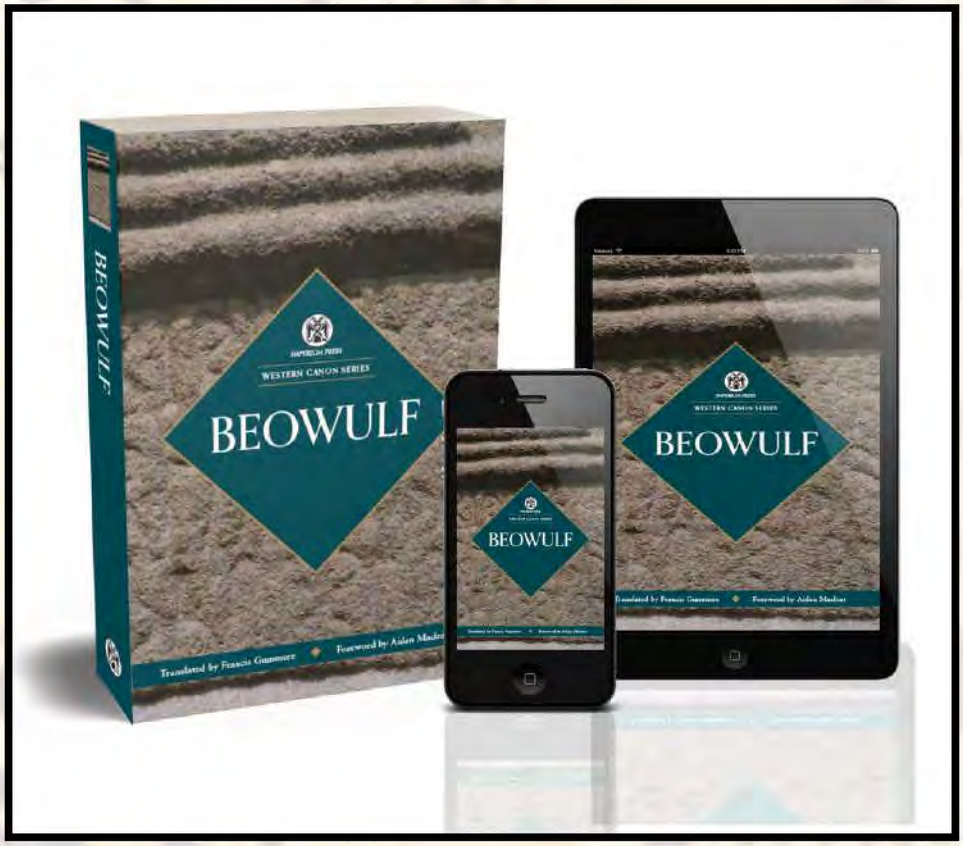
He had more issues with the hostile Piegan who were out for his blood, forcing him to follow a disused Indian path somehow known to his guide Thomas. This led to another first; David Thompson and his party of grumpy, ill-fed voyageurs crossing the mountains at the hostile Athabasca Pass, the first white men to do so, establishing another trade route which remained until the railways.

At forty-one years of age, David Thompson headed back to Montreal, his adventures behind him. He did some work for the governments of both Britain and the USA in discerning the 49th parallel and put himself to work making his map.

In the final twist of a life as tumultuous as the rapids of his beloved western rivers, after some comfortable years of civilian life, David Thompson went bankrupt. Needing quick cash, he hoped he could sell his maps, but no buyer was forthcoming, so he pawned his sextant, telescope, and almanacs. The Thompsons moved in with one of their adult children. Now in his seventies, bereft of ideas, and with nothing else to sell, Thompson came upon the idea of writing down the adventures he had all those years before based on the meticulous journals that he kept.

David Thompson's Narrative was written but forgotten. No one wanted that, either. It was rediscovered by chance after a Geologist in the early 1900s noted the peculiar accuracy of the old map that was being used to guide him around the mountains. He was shocked by the reliability of such an ancient map and enquired after the maker, ensuring David Thompson's legacy survived by a hair's breadth.

Thompson died in crushing poverty aged eighty-seven. His lifetime of adventures providing sustenance and warmth when he could afford neither. For such a great man to die in such ignominy was a tragedy. His soul belonged to God, and his spirit to the mountains and rivers that he charted. Next time you are in the mountains, relying on GPS or a map and still feeling overawed by the vastness of the terrain, pause and think for a moment on David Thompson for whom there was no map. Only sextant, telescope, compass and stars. Exactly how he liked it.



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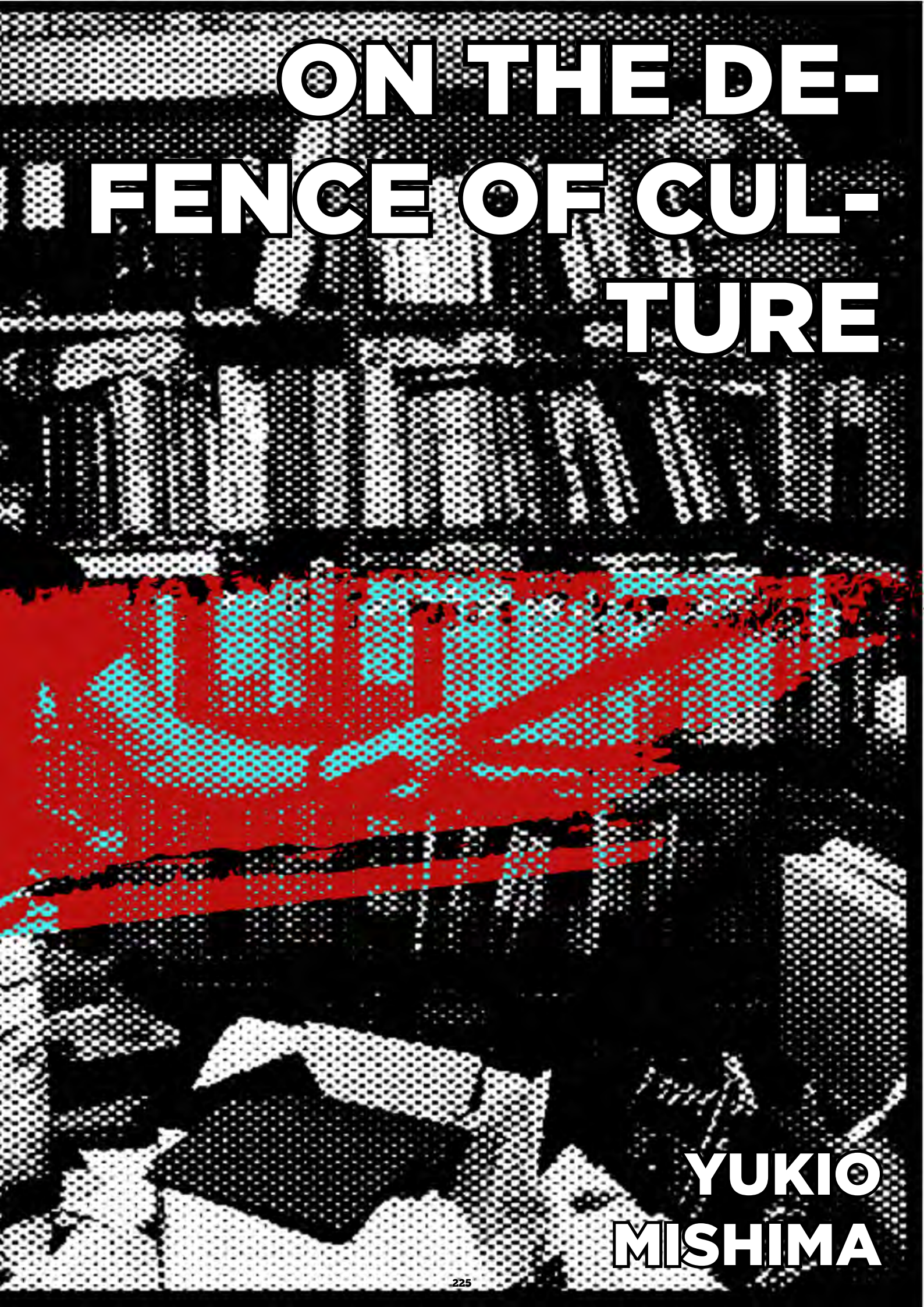
ON THE DEFENCE OF CULTURE



YUKIO MISHIMA

In this exclusive translation by Masaki for MAN'S WORLD, Mishima outlines his view of what a national culture is, and how - and by whom - it can be defended.

The Three Characteristics of National Culture

To summarize the foregoing, for the Japanese, Japanese culture possesses the following three characteristics, but one may surely think that for the French, French culture possesses the same sort of characteristics. That is, the reflexivity, the totality, and subjectivity of national culture.

The ruins remaining in Greece, in which there are no true Greeks, are for the Greeks complete aesthetic objects in which there is nothing that returns to their subject, and the ability to feel the continuity of the life of culture from the ruins of Greece has conversely become the privilege of Europeans. However, Japanese culture for the Japanese, just as the Tale of Genji has repeatedly been able to return to our contemporary subjects, affirm its continuity, and become the womb of new creations, transcends its aesthetic valuation as an object and stimulates its continuity and reflexivity. It is this that people call tradition, and in this sense, I hold serious doubts about the view of literary history that isolates modern literary history from the Meiji period onward from classical literary history. The reflexivity of culture is none other than the consciousness that culture is not just a thing "seen," but also a "seeing" thing that looks back.

Further, the wholesale acceptance of "the chrysanthemum and the sword," not to judge aesthetics ethically, but to judge ethics aesthetically and accept culture wholesale, is indispensable for a consciousness of the totality of culture, and this opposes all culturalism and the cultural policy ideology of all forms of government. Culture must be wholesale recognized and wholesale maintained. Improvement and progress are impossible in culture, and in the first place revision is impossible in culture. The delusion that these are possible obstinately ruled Japan for some time after the war.

Further, culture in its extreme forms manifests only in a subjectivity similar to the trinity of the three gods Brahman, Vishnu, and Shiva, who create, maintain, and destroy. Concerning this, there is much that should be thoroughly reconsidered contained within the seemingly extreme ideas of Hasuda Zenmei, who once criticized Niwa Fumio's Naval Engagement during the war by saying that, rather than continuing to write notes in the middle of a naval battle in order to record it, the attitude that the true man of letters should take would have been to help carry ammunition. As proof of that, Niwa, who immediately after the war wrote the novelistic exposé of the navy Bamboo Grass, at the time had the nature of an exquisite camera, because he himself demonstrated that he was reliant on a subjectless objectivity. Because the subjectivity of literature, on the extension line of the freedom of the cultural creative subject, should offer itself up to the greatest fruits at each moment resulting from works and of modes of action. And because Japanese culture has kept all cultural possibilities [that exist] for that purpose.

The foregoing definition of the concept of culture using reflexivity, totality, and subjectivity of itself surely encourages consideration of how one must be in order to defend culture and what the real enemy of culture is.

Against What Do We Defend Culture?

The concept of culture of the Japanese, in which through the body one learns a mode of action and there for the first time grasps one's original, or rather, the form of thought that unifies culture and action is, under all political forms, viewed as containing a certain degree of danger. An extreme example of control by a political system is wartime controls, but the thought of Confucians, who regarded Genji as a book that teaches licentiousness, persisted continuously from the Edo bakufu. That was always a policy of severing the totality and continuity of culture somewhere and fashioning it. However, if one thinks of culture itself as the corpus of the modes of action of the Japanese, then it would be a problem to sever it somewhere and say that one may go no further. On the contrary, one's efforts should continually be directed at the regeneration of culture through the total acceptance and restoration of its totality and continuity, but in our time, as a result of the severance of the "sword" in "the chrysanthemum and the sword," the endless emotional slovenliness that is one characteristic of Japanese culture has emerged,

whereas during the war, as a result of the severance of the "chrysanthemum," deceit and hypocrisy arose in a different direction. That the side of the oppressor habitually plays the role of hysterical hypocrisy has not changed between wartime and the present.

The preservation of culture as an object, excluding extreme examples like that of the Chinese Communist Great Cultural Revolution, can be entrusted without worry to the culturalism of any political form. Culturalism permits all hypocrisies, because Iwanami Library reissues Hagakure. However, in defending the freedom of the creative subject and the continuity of its life one must choose a system of government. Here begin the problems of action, that is, what to defend and how to defend it.

What is it to defend? Culture cannot defend culture, and attempts to defend speech with speech necessarily only either fail or merely have others overlook them. "To defend" is always the principle of the sword.

The act of defending is thus necessarily accompanied by danger, and self-renunciation is essential for even defending oneself. Defending peace always requires preparation for violence, and an eternal paradox exists between the object of defense and the act of defense. One may say that culturalism is something that evades this paradox and covers its own eyes.

That is, culturalism places emphasis on the object of defense, determines the act of defense in accordance with the characteristics of the object of defense, and there seeks a basis of legality. Because they find legality in stipulating that one can only defend peace peacefully, culture culturally, and speech with speech, it is a logical necessity that what one defends with violence comes to be none but violence, that they conceptually limit the effectiveness of violence, and that they ultimately come to assert the ineffectiveness of violence. That, when force is ethically rejected, one is carried away by the necessity of demonstrating the ineffectiveness of force itself is in fact none but a single chain of psychological processes that fear plays. That culturalism falls from the rejection of violence to the ultimate rejection of the state (Enzensberger in his Politics and Crime, defines state power as a monopoly on violence and views criminals as competitors who threaten that monopoly) is through this route, and there "culture" and "self-preservation" operate within the same psychological mechanism. That is, culture and humanistic welfare values become synonyms.

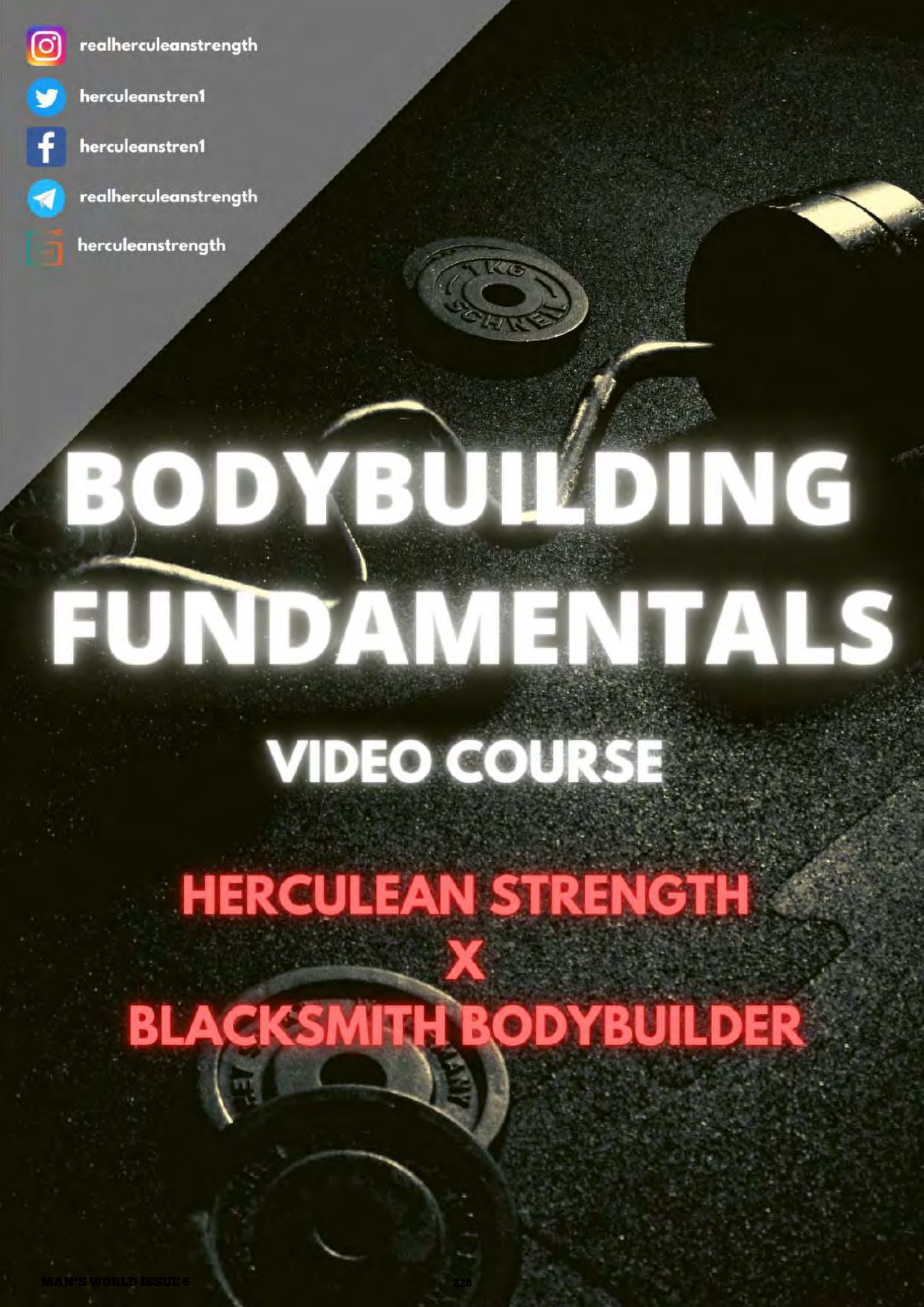
The cold reality is that, in defending culture force is required just as it is to defend all other things and that it is the creators and maintainers of culture themselves to whom that force must belong.

Thus, the fundamental psychological structure of fear and egoism that lurks beneath culturalism results in a hysterical fantasy that attempts to ignore the power of others in order to defend its own powerlessness.

The cold reality is that, in defending culture force is required just as it is to defend all other things and that it is the creators and maintainers of culture themselves to whom that force must belong. At the same time, the idea that the actions and methods of "defending peace" must all be peaceful is a general delusion of culturalism and one form of the feminine illogic that is dominating postwar Japan.

Nevertheless, the essence and present state of the object of defense are not necessarily in concord. As the posing of objects based on the ideal images of each respective worldview from both sides, like "defend the peace," "defend the parliamentary system," and "defend the people," mutually uses the same words, one cannot but relativize "defend culture" from the essence of the actions in which friends and enemies exist, and at the same time, the achievement of the absolutization of relative values through death is but the essence of action. Either way what they hold in common is that the value of the act of defense does not lie in the preservation of the status quo.

The values of the object to be defended are threatened, consequently it includes within it the spontaneity of the transformation of the status quo, and to exercise the act of defense in the direction of this transformation must be its general mode. If the present state of the object to be defended is perfect, if, like a diamond of several hundred carats in a museum, it is a passive being to be only defended, that is, if there exists in the object to be defended neither the possibility nor the subject of the development of its life, then the act of defending such a thing will surely, just like the surrender of Paris, ultimately end either in defeatism or the destruction of the thing to be defended. Consequently the act of "defending" must further, like culture, have reflexivity. That is, there must be an opportunity for the identification of the ideal image of the defender and the true form of the defended. Going one step further, there must be the possibility of the ultimate realization of the identification of the defender with respect to the defended. Between the diamond in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the museum and the guard this sort of identification is impossible, and I think that it is in just this sort of possibility that the basis of the glory of the act of defense lies. The basis of the glory that the state can granted is also based on this psychological structure. Thus, in the act of "defending culture," the identification of the freedom of the creative subject within the defender with the reflexivity, totality, and subjectivity of culture itself is expected, and here appears the essential character of culture. That is, culture by its essence demands "the act of defense" from the subject of culture (or rather the creative individual that draws on the original subject), and the object that we defend amounts to neither thought nor a political system, but ultimately "culture" in such a sense. By culture itself demanding self-renunciation, it is this site that becomes the transcendental moment of the self.

Consequently, culture necessarily hints at extrication from the egoism that it will defend its own safety. At present, the defense of the peace constitution on one hand becomes the banner of the class struggle, while the fact that it is broadly supported by a support base of self-preservationists, such as emotional pacifists, opportunists, the home and family oriented who dream of self-preservation through the renunciation of all battle, a stratum of women who insist on their visceral repugnance for war, and others who have no connection to the struggle, makes the contradiction that the ideological self-renunciationists are supported by emotional self-preservationists. And these sorts of self-preservationists at times applaud the actions of the Tri-Faction National Federation of Students' Self-Government Associations out of a kind of pang of conscience. The tendency of the middle stratum of the indifferent, which grows increasingly with urbanization, to direct their more or less faint political interest to dreams of a pleasant pacifism or social revolution in an attempt to preserve the balance of their conscience will surely become ever more clear.

The Unity of Creation and Defense

In contrast to this, the self-consciousness of life in culture, in accordance with the laws of life, spurs men toward the impulse of self-renunciation for the sake of protecting the continuity of life. From the isolation of ego analysis and embedding in the ego, when culture falls into sterility, only extrication from this is thought to achieve the revival of culture, and revival simultaneously demands the destruction of the self. The sterile self-sufficiency of a culture that does not contain such self-sacrificial moments was what was called "modernity." And if the fact that the basis of the glory of ego extinction lies not in the dead splendor of the defended, but must lie in the living original power (the power to look back at) is sought within the continuity of the life of culture, it is self-evidently clear what it is that we must defend. Thus, it is surely natural that the union of the subject and the object that are creation and defense be aimed at. The dual path of the pen and the sword is such an idea. Not approval and maintenance of the status quo, but to defend was itself to reform, and simultaneously to "birth" and "become."

Now, because defense is action, one must possess a certain physical ability by training. I have heard that many of the key figures of the Taiwanese government are versed in Shaolin kung fu, but the lack of physical training of Japan's modern literati and their tendency to take interest in the body solely through illness and medicine has impoverished Japanese literature and limited its themes and horizons. I feel it strange that in so-called belles-lettres since Meiji there appears not a single scene of creation. Innumerable protagonists with sallow and unhealthy bodies run rampant in modern literature as if it were a storybook of famished devils. Protagonists with tuberculosis have decreased, but it is, as before, a paradise swarming with insomniacs, neurotics, impotents, unsightly bodies sedimented with subcutaneous fat, cancer patients, dyspeptic constitutions, sentimentalists, and the half-mad. Men who can fight are extremely rare. The old fixed idea that endowed illness and bodily ill-health with transcendental significance from Romanticism to the fin de siècle is not only entirely uncured, but this Western European notion at times panders to the trend of the times and appears in folklorist disguise. This has even become the visceral reason of the weak causing them to unduly despise, regard as dangerous, or on the contrary overvalue action.

Read Masaki's other translations, including the rest of this essay, at masakijinzaburo.substack.com. He tweets @masakijinzaburo

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YOUR CHILD IS HOOKED ON ANIMAL FATS

Here's what their text messages really mean

lol: loads of linoleic
brb: buying raw butter
btw: beef tallow wings
smh: stop metabolizing hexane
rofl: rapeseed's originally for lubricant
tbh: the butter's healthy
stfu: seed oils taste frankly unappetizing
idc: incredibly detrimental for consumption
wtf: wrecking the fries
imho: I miss healthy oils

JUNGLE RULES
A STORY BY JULIUS ERZBRENNER

At dawn's first clearing of the eastern sky, the youth arose. Dew drops from a large leaf quenched his thirst; a raw egg satisfied his hunger. Then, picking up his knapsack and his father's gun, he vanished into the jungle's undergrowth.

In the greyish twilight of daybreak, white mists, thick and impenetrable, were still clinging to the hills, the ridges and the primal forest canopy. Soon these last remnants of the night would be driven off, along with the scores of stars which now still stood above, a twinkling phalanx in retreat before the dawn's advance. The youth sometimes imagined that this vast and uncountable field of lights was how the great metropoli of old must have looked – before their fall, before their final perdition.

The jungle was thick, but he was no stranger to it; his step was swift like a gazelle's and light like a jaguar's, and so he made good ground, only another fleeting shadow in a deep maze of tree, fern, leaf and liana. Soon the sun rose higher, the morning light glistened up above between the tree tops, and the sounds of pompous birds and labouring insects filled the air, a violent and inescapable buzzing and whistling, drowning out all subtle sound. The youth knew he was being watched, his every movement followed closely, his breath and scent alerting prey and predator alike. Though he had learned the jungle's ways since childhood, he also knew it was hostile ground – a field of merciless battle, a maelstrom of being in which the forms of vitality whirled ever round in deadly dance, manifested only to be devoured again; mating, birthing, killing, feeding, perishing, a ceaseless hurricane of life and death – and he, but a youth, did not think for a moment that he was out of reach of its devouring jaws.

Emerging from the forest onto a sun-lit cliff-top, the youth paused to survey his surroundings. Before him, an endless sea of emerald stretched far to the horizon. This was the vast, wild interior, a seemingly unbounded green hell. Few men knew what forgotten and elusive secrets, what remnants of past ages, toxic abominations or buried treasures it contained under its suffocating growth. Rumours went around of overgrown cities, long abandoned, or sealed underground labyrinths containing incomprehensible artifacts forged by the counternatural will of a bygone age. Out here was the realm of the bushmen, lonesome adventurers who sought the jungle's mysteries, but also of savage half-men and of beasts known and unknown. The boy knew he'd be well advised to tread carefully, and to have eyes in the back of his head.

He couldn't say what had driven him out here, away from his home on the windy coast. Some stirring in his blood, perhaps an instinct – or mere youthful eagerness? It didn't matter; he did not question himself. As he spotted a thin column of white smoke rising from between the trees some miles away, he knew which way to go.

Speeding off and onwards into the thicket, he took the long rifle from his shoulder and started working the lever. The weapon was old and required a significant charge of energy to unleash its destructive potential; the youth would have to work away on the lever for quite some time until it could be fired. Originally, it would have drawn its charge from a battery pack, but this had been lost without possibility of replacement, and so the youth's uncle had modified the gun to be hand-loaded instead. It was a powerful weapon, his father's most valued possession, and yesterday the youth had borrowed it – without asking first, that is – for his foray into the wilderness.

The boy was still building up the charge when he came close to where the smoke was rising. As he crept up a tall rock, working the lever but careful not to make a sound, he gained a good overview of the clearing ahead and the strange scene in its midst.

Three men were kneeling on the ground with their backs to him. They wore fur loincloths and crown-like hats adorned with flowers and feathers; their bodies were painted with crimson spiral patterns. Their heads bowed, they seemed lost in some repetitive prayer chant. Savages, the boy thought to himself.

Before them a large stone altar was heaped up, similarly adorned with flowers, feathers and bones, and framed by burning torches. Atop it lay a blocky orange helmet. Faded paint and some rust indicated that it had been here for some time. The visor was closed, but in the darkness behind it the boy could make out the uncanny grin of a skeletal face.

A strange thing to worship, he thought. Maybe the savages had slain the helmet's owner, or simply found it somewhere as it was? It was known that some tribes had taken to worshipping the Old World's remnant artifacts, hoping to share in their mysterious powers. But the boy thought he could put it to better use. His uncle, well versed in divining the workings of techno-relics, could probably extract some useful components. A good prize to take home. Still working his rifle's lever, the boy wondered how he should acquire it. He could simply shoot one of the men, but what of the other two?

Suddenly, as he was trying to think of a plan, he heard a voice from right behind him whisper in his ear: "That's a very nice rifle."

The boy spun around, only to find himself staring up the barrel of another gun. A man was holding it. He had long, wild hair and a bushy beard; six rings adorned his nine fingers, and several bags and ammunition belts were slung around his body. A bushman! "Mine's just an old bullet thrower. Primitive compared to yours. It bangs loud?" The youth nodded.

"Then best not fire it. The rest of

the tribe will be nearby, they'll gladly take our skin – let's keep quiet. Come with." The stranger led the youth away until they were out of earshot of the savage priests.

"Wanna tell me who you are?" the bushman asked, casually shouldering his weapon.

The boy defiantly puffed up his chest. "I'm the son of Peer Goodlord, who leads my village's war council! My mother's father was Jorn Tebbe, first of rank among its founders."

The stranger gave off a hearty belly laugh. "Ho! True nobility then, eh? So tell me, Goodlord's son, what's a green boy like you creeping 'round the jungle for?"

"Tell me who you are, first."

"Just a seeker o'fortune, as is plain." The bushman gestured toward his gun and bags. "But if you must know – my beautiful mother, rest her soul, was but a slave whore to a desert warband. And my father – well, could've been any old dog." He flashed a dirty grin behind his beard.

For a moment, boy and man stood silent, mustering each other warily. Then the stranger shrugged: "Ya know, boy, I was gonna take that helmet for myself. But – I like ye. So you'll help me get it; we'll share the spoils. Dealy-o?" He stuck out his hand. "You'd never bag it alone, anyway."

Relucantly, the boy admitted to himself that the bushman was right. He couldn't take those savages all by himself. And although he didn't show it, he also liked the man: His jovial demeanour reassured him; the lazy way he held his weapon made him appear trustworthy. And so the boy shook the stranger's hand: "Dealy-o."

Around noon, the two made their move. It fell to the boy to act as distraction, although he still took his rifle along, not willing to part with it. As he emerged from the brush, holding up his hands as if to parlay, and the three shamans arose, startled by his sudden appearance, the bushman struck from the shadows. With the cold precision and calculated force of a veteran, one by one the half-men were dispatched with quick, dispassionate thrusts of the stranger's knife. The youth had expected more of a fight – but after merely a moment of frantic action the clearing lay silent again, save for birdsong and the rustling of leaves.

"Good effort, boy," the bushman quipped, wiping his knife on a savage's loincloth. He picked up the helmet and shook it, unceremoniously ejecting the rotten head inside. It skipped across the ground, shedding shreds of black, leathery skin along the way.

This was an old combat helmet, the bushman explained, worn long ago by fighters who would leap into battle from great flying machines. Nothing special; the matching armour suit would've been a much better find. But it should fetch an alright price on the travelling bazaars.

The youth didn't care much about the bazaars. In his mind he saw images of great, forgotten wars, cataclysmic clashes between legions of elite men in mechanical armour, duelling it out in burning forests and among the clouds. He wanted to ask the stranger to tell him more about the Old World's wars, but a sudden rustling behind them caused boy and man to whirl around.

Yet the clearing lay empty, save for two bleeding corpses. Only two? There! – a trail of blood led off into the brush. Leaves and branches were still moving where the third man appeared to have just made his escape. The bushman raised his weapon, as if to fire after him – but then dropped it again, having no target. The shaman was gone. Boy and man turned to look at each other.

"Honest mistake." The stranger scratched his beard, looking embarrassed. "He'll raise a ruckus soon. No point going after him."

"What do we do?"

"Well, kid – I hope you're good on your feet."

As if in response, the sound of drums arose from deeper within the jungle, and wailing voices cried out in anger. The wounded man had alerted his tribe – now the war path lay open, and soon the whole savage lot would descend upon the clearing. The stranger grabbed the boy's shoulders, shoved him off into the bushes, and the two picked up the pace.

Soon they were barreling through the brush at full gallop, vaulting over fallen trees and clambering up mossy slopes while branches and thorns struck at their arms and faces. From behind them they could hear the half-men's wild war cries drawing closer – the entire tribe seemed to be out on the hunt for the two fugitive blasphemers. The boy knew well what fate awaited him should he fall into their hands – he was determined to, quite literally, save his skin, and thus

ran like the hounds of hell were on his heels. In front, the bushman was speeding ahead like a madman, forging a path through the jungle's twilight without looking back.

More than once, the youth's long rifle got caught on some low-hanging vine or hindered his way through narrow passages. Slowly the stranger increased his distance, and soon the boy lost sight of him in the shadows of the brush, only catching glimpses of him, following the trail the man left or just going by instinct, struggling to keep up. He could already feel the savage warriors' hot breath on his neck, his heart pounding desperately, as the bushman's cry bellowed from up ahead: "Kiddo! You comin'?!"

Suddenly the boy was out under the open sky, and there stood the stranger – on the far side of a gaping abyss. Down below, whitewater roared violently through a narrow creek of naked rock running straight through the forest. A small waterfall upriver was covering everything in a glistening mist. The youth wondered how the man had made the jump. It seemed an impossible distance. His unwieldy gun weighed heavy on his shoulder.

"Throw me the rifle, kid!" The stranger's words were almost drowned out by the water's roar. "Hurry!"

Impossible, the boy thought. He couldn't part with his father's weapon. But he couldn't make the jump with it either. And yet – if he died out here and the savages got it – what good would that do anyone? Thus, gritting his teeth, the boy hurled the long rifle across the crevasse like a spear. The bushman caught it with his left, grinning with satisfaction.

"I'm coming across!" the boy shouted. As he stepped back to get his run-up, a swarthy figure broke through the thicket only a stone's throw away. The savages had found them. Driven by sheer thirst for life, the youth, his body taut like a tiger's, sped off towards the abyss and jumped.

But the creek was wide, and the boy was still young. As he flew through the sprayfilled air, passing through all the rainbow's colours for a moment, he quickly realized he wouldn't make it. Chest first, he slammed into the creek's opposite edge, his knees crashing hard against the rocks. All breath knocked out of him, he struggled to hold on, but the ground was slippery and he slid backwards into the depths. At the last moment he caught hold of a sharp, protruding rock. As he held on for dear life, his fingers slowly sliding off the wet stone, the stranger appeared above him. The boy's rifle was slung over his shoulder. He looked at the youth with a strange, dispassionate expression.

"Help!" the boy pleaded. It was all he could say. But the bushman didn't move.

"You'll be alright, kid," he said – and, with a wink, added: "Nothing personal." Then he turned away; in a second, the stranger was gone. Betrayal!

The boy felt his heart sinking. His fingers lost their grip; everything seemed to be moving very slowly. Then the world vanished in a splash of white as he dropped like a stone into the raging torrent below. Even as he struggled against it, the water's force made him his plaything and he was swept along. Soon cool darkness enveloped him.

It was already dusk when he came to, washed ashore on a sandy river bank, feeling very weak, cold and alone. As his senses returned, he knew he needed a fire, but it would be unwise to start one out in the open. Best to find shelter first – maybe there were caves or overhangs in those mountains yonder. As he reached for his rifle, he remembered what had occurred…

Shame, indignation and anger rose from his heart, and he let them burn with grim determination as he swore revenge upon the two-faced stranger. He should have known better than to trust a bastard bushman so naively. How could he face his father now? No, he would have to get the weapon back – at any cost. Surely the man thought him dead. Tomorrow he would pick up his trail…

Steaming with righteous fury, the boy gathered his strength and made off towards the mountains. He needed to hurry – the jungle was already hungry for his soul. As the heights drew closer and the forest grew less dense, he suddenly spotted a faint light in the distance, some way up a mountainside…

It couldn't be, the youth thought, clenching his fists. Did the bushman have the same idea as him, holed up in a cave just there? This was his chance! They boy would wait out the night, and when the stranger left the cave in the morning, he could – but no. He'd never stoop to being a bushwhacking thief. He wouldn't be so ignoble. First, he would try to settle things honourably.

As he crept closer to the cave, it became clear a fire was burning inside. In its dancing shadows, the boy could make out human shapes strewn across the rocky ground, all motionless, in the mouth of the cave: Savages, and a good dozen of them. All were dead, their painted corpses riddled with ghastly bullet holes, their blood spattered across the stones. There was no doubt – the stranger had to be here.

The boy took cover at the entrance. Then, mustering all his courage, he shouted: "Bushman! Are you there? I've come for my father's gun!"

There was a moment of silence; only the youth's heart was pounding in the dark. Then a familiar voice rang out: "Boy! Is that you?" The stranger sounded weaker than the youth remembered. Still, it was him, no mistake. "I've underestimated you!"

"Give me the rifle," replied the boy. "Keep the helmet. But the weapon is my father's; it must return to him!"

Another moment passed in silence. Then pained coughing could be heard from the cave. The stranger's answer came as a low groaning: "Alright. Come get it, then."

The youth hesitated. "You've fooled me once already, fiend! Do you think me stupid? You'll simply shoot me!"

"Suit yourself, kiddo. Me, I'll stay right here."

Carefully crouching behind the rocks, his heart pounding to his chest,

the youth crept into the cave. As he peered out from cover, he saw the fire burning in the back of the cave – and there, seated against the wall, was the bushman, the long rifle in his lap. He seemed to be sleeping, his face hidden under a large hat. More dark corpses were strewn about at this feet, seemingly gunned down as they had charged.

"Come out, kid. Promise I won't shoot ye," he growled, as he put the rifle on the ground and pushed it away out of his reach.

Warily, the boy emerged from hiding. Flames of pride and vengeance were burning inside him. Maybe he would shoot the stranger instead…

"There's your daddy's gun. Didn't help me much, anyway." Again the stranger coughed, his whole body shaking. "But… You'll have to do me a favour." He raised his head and met the gaze of the boy, who, wary of more tricks, froze while reaching for the weapon.

"State your terms, thief."

"Well – ye'll have to shoot me."

It was only now that the youth saw the large crimson stain on the bushman's coat. His right hand, lying in his lap, was little more than a bloody pulp.

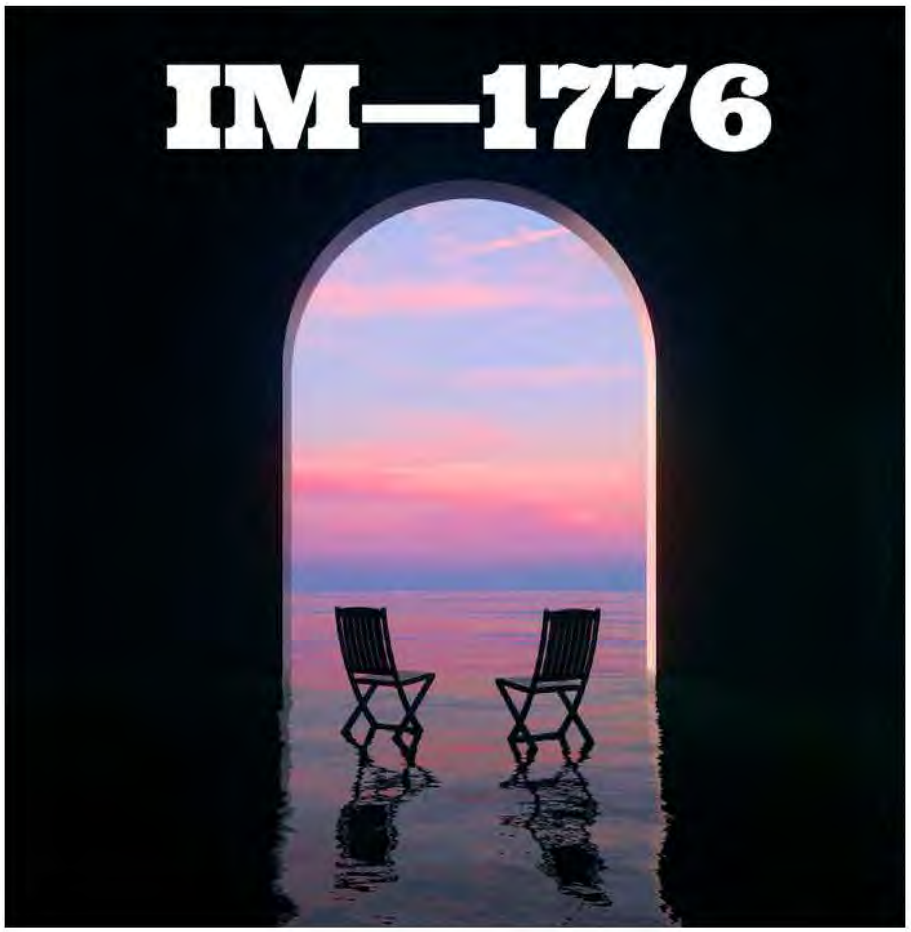
"Was high time they got me." Again the bushman flashed his dirty grin, but his face was pale.

"Serves you right," the boy replied, even though he wasn't unaffected by the bushman's sorry state and felt pity for him.

"Agh, don't give me that. I told you it was nothin' personal. You got a nice rifle, is all."

"And so you'd leave me for dead? Truly, your father was a dog – there's not a shred of honour in you!"

The bushman nodded, then let out a long sigh. "Yea yea, all true. And you're a noble, no doubt. I could say it's your fault; you're too naive. But I'll tell ye this instead, because I like ye, boy, honest." He spat out a mouthful of blood. "This ain't no place for scruples. The jungle don't care, it'll take you soon it gets the chance. Let your guard down, it'll eat yer soul. Ain't nothin' to do with honour. Ain't nothin' personal, neither. Slave or princeling, all the same. It's the jungle's law, and it ain't good nor evil. Remember that."



The boy sat down beside the man. His rifle indicated it was loaded – but the stranger hadn't fired it. "What happened with you?" he asked. Seeing the bushman's suffering and having heard his grim request, his anger had subsided somewhat.

"They found me, is all. Too many of 'em. But who cares now."

"Let me bind your wounds."

"Nah, what's the point."

"You don't have to die here."

"What, you wanna carry me home through the wilderness? Just look at me." He raised up his arm, showing the bloody, bony mess that was his hand. "What good am I now? You want me to beg for my food? Barter for trinkets on the bazaar? Hell…" Again the man spat, this time to show his disdain. "I'll take my leave before I stoop so low, slaveborn or not… No. Life turns sour when you cling to it, boy. But the good thing is, there's always more. It sprouts from the earth, springs from the sea, no end to it… So don't worry too much. It's me today, you tomorrow… One big circus, round and round forever. Great and terrible. That's all it is, really, all that we really are. And besides, you're the lucky one today."

"How so?"

"You get your gun, and the helmet, too. And who knows what treasures wait in an old bush ranger's pockets? Come now, boy. I made my choice, it's all right. Do what I asked ye. It's true I wronged you, but – you don't hold a grudge, do you? That wouldn't suit a young lord."

The boy arose, the gun in his hand. A bright light indicated: full charge. His anger had flown. He felt older, but lighter, too, as if a view of higher spheres had opened to him from the deep darkness of the stranger's eyes. He nodded gravely, then readied the weapon. For a moment, the two looked at each other in the darkened cave. Finally, the stranger spoke:

"Maybe we'll meet again. I'm not yet finished with this world." He winked at the boy one last time, like it had all just been a big, lighthearted joke. "Farewell now, kid."

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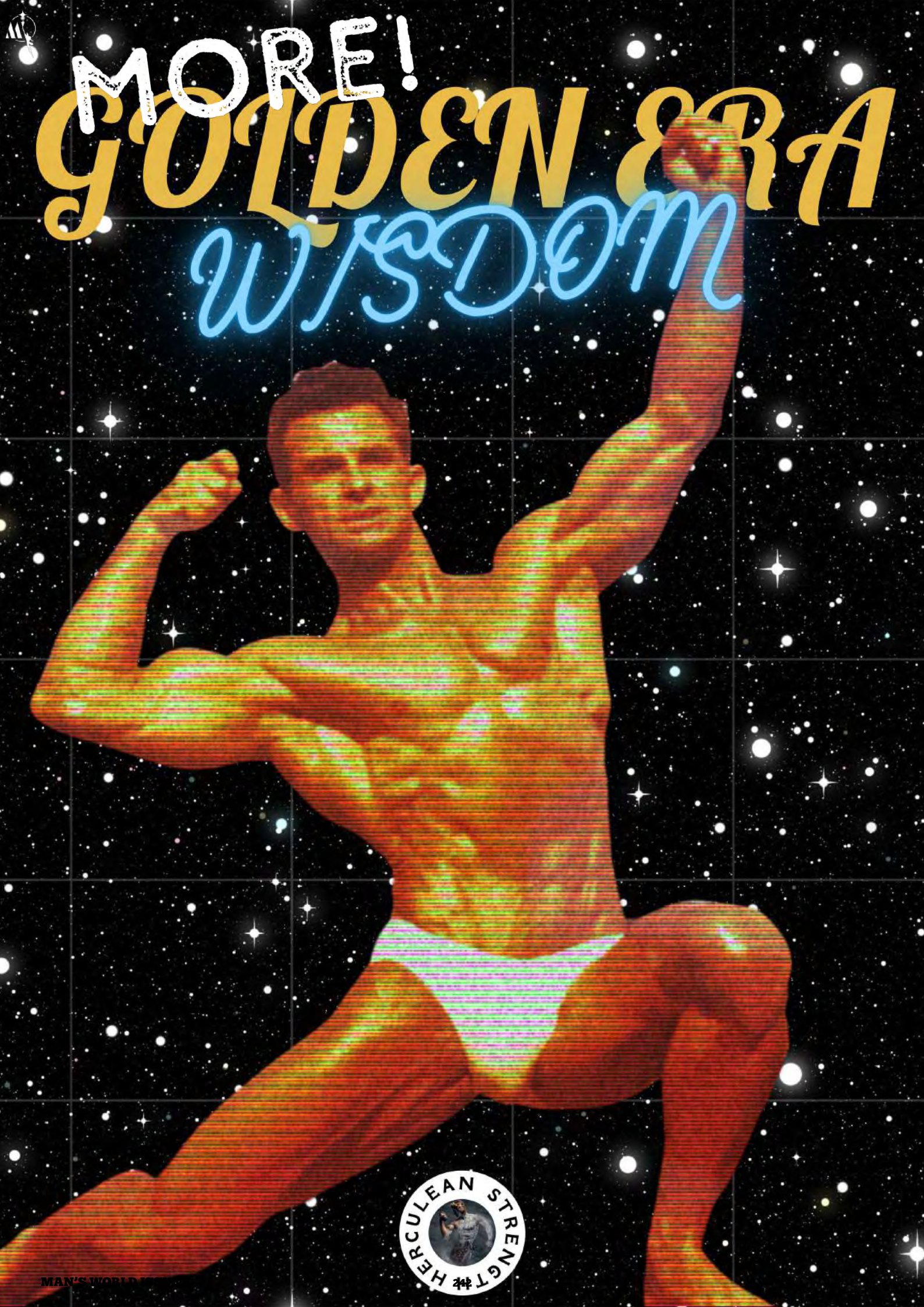
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IN THREE MORE EXCLUSIVE LESSONS FROM THEIR NEW FREE EBOOK, HERCULEAN STRENGTH (@HERCULEANSTREN1) PROVIDE SOME GOLDEN ERA WISDOM TO INSPIRE YOU IN YOUR WORKOUTS.

LESSON ONE: FAILURE

What happens when things go seriously wrong? Take a leaf out of the young Arnold's book: be ruthlessly honest about the nature of your failure, identify what you need to do – and then do it! Truth and hard work are the antidotes to almost any problem.

In his book, Education of a Bodybuilder, Arnold describes the 1966 Mr Universe in great detail, because it was one of the most formative experiences in his early career – even though it was one of the most humiliating.

Fresh off his victory in the Mr Europe, the 19 year-old Arnold Schwarzenegger had good reason to be confident of victory in that year's Mr Universe too. The young Arnold was already well on his way to becoming the most famous bodybuilder in the world, boasting enormous muscularity – including 20+ inch arms – which until that point was largely unseen in the bodybuilding world.

Arnold's confidence was at a high until the day of the contest, when in the lobby of the hotel where the first round of the competition was to be held, he encountered the American bodybuilder Chet Yorton. Arnold knew that the American bodybuilding magazines had been heralding Chet as the clear favourite, but until now had hadn't quite realised why.

Chet wasn't just big. He was tanned, with great definition and vascularity. He just had an air about him: of ease, confidence and energy. Others have described him as looking like a thoroughbred horse or a big cat. Arnold knew this man was the champion, even before he had stepped on the stage with him – and so, it seems, did Chet.

On the first night, although Arnold was showered with applause by the small audience in the closed judging session, when he stood next to Chet on the stage for the pose-offs he felt, in his own words, like 'uncooked bread dough'. Whereas Yorton had everything – size, definition and vascularity – Arnold, had only the first and none of the rest.

"Compared to most of us in Europe, Chet Yorton and the other Americans were like special creations of science. Their bodies seemed totally ready – finished, polished. Mine was far from finished. I had just come to London with a big, muscular body."

The second day, the public posing round in the Victoria Palace Theatre, was just a re-run of the first. Although Arnold won massive applause for his sheer size and boisterous enthusiasm before the large public audience, what hope he could summon was dashed as soon as Chet took to the stage after him.

Arnold marvelled at Chet's posing routine, at all the little tricks he knew to display his muscles to the best possible effect, at the confidence and almost machine-like precision with which he moved between each pose. Everything about the man said, 'I am the champion' – just as Arnold had felt the day before in the hotel lobby.

Of course, Chet won. One of only three men – along with Sergio Oliva and Frank Zane – to best Arnold, the Austrian Oak, in competition. He retained the moniker of 'the Oak Slayer' for the rest of his life.

So what did Arnold do? Go off and cry in a corner? Blame the judges? No, Arnold displayed a striking level of maturity, poise and honesty. He looked at himself in the mirror in as unflinching a manner as he could, identified his weaknesses and then worked incredibly hard to address them.
This included being humble enough to approach Chet directly and ask what it was that he had been doing to produce such a marvellous physique. Arnold learned about the value of performing higher repetitions, whereas his focus had been on heavy weights for low repetitions to build his famous size.

This was the beginning of a total rethink for Arnold. No aspect of his routine, from exercise selection to diet to posing, went unscrutinised.

Arnold wasn't bitter about the defeat. No, he was grateful. It showed him his weaknesses in the clearest possible focus and allowed him to become a better bodybuilder. The rest of the story hardly needs telling.

And that gratefulness continues to this day. When Chet Yorton died in November of last year, Arnold was among the first to lead the tributes to his erstwhile opponent and to thank him for what had happened.

So, boy and girls, be like Arnold. Not in the obvious way most people want to be like Arnold (although that's fine too). Be honest with yourself about your limitations. And be grateful for occasions when they are exposed – because, with the right attitude, they are also occasions to grow in the best ways possible.

LESSON TWO: SUPPS

Why are you so obsessed with supplementation? Do you really think that a particular brand of protein powder or some particular mineral is going to transform your body? Prioritise nutrition - whole foods - first. That's where the gains lie.

If I had a dollar for every question I was asked about supplementation, especially by newbies to the lifting game, well – I'd certainly have a lot more money in my pocket than I currently do. Truth is, it's common for beginners to get carried away obsessing about all the different variables in play and to lose sight of – or never realise in the first place – which are most important. They can't see the wood for the trees, as the old saying goes.

So here's some golden diet and supplementation advice from a god of the Golden Era, Tom Platz. Instead of thinking about supplementation first as something you have to get on point if you want to grow, you should think about your diet. It's in the name, after all: supplementation – products that are supplemental to a diet.

'Food should be your main source of nutrients. Supplements are supposed to supplement your food intake. That's it.'

'We ate the skin [i.e. on the chicken breast]. We considered the skin immensely important. I still believe in eating the skin. It's funny how we all migrated to chicken breast, skinless and boneless. What's popular isn't always right, and what's right isn't always popular.'

'I believe meats closest to the bone have more nutrition. The turkey legs, chicken legs, oxtail stew, and rib-eye. Whatever is nearest the bone is more substantial.'

'I remember back in the old days eating a dozen eggs for breakfast. That was in the '70s. And we ate the whole egg, yolks and whites. I believe the whole egg is more nutritious'

'I'm a big stickler for butter. I believe butter really assists my joints and skin. From what I understand, butter is not a broken down by the liver. It goes immediately into the bloodstream. Whenever I speak with someone who's having joint issues, I usually talk to them about butter.'

'Guys like Larry Scott, Bill Pearl, and Reg Park ate a greater variety of food, including dairy products and very little sugar. I was guest-posing once in Florida and Larry Scott was drinking raw cream. On the West Coast, they were eating low carbs, low sugar, high fat. A lot of fish, meat, eggs, and some vegetables. That approach worked.'

'Bodybuilding is not about deprivation and punishment. It's about abundance and prosperity. You can have it all and eat all the things you want. You don't have to starve and you don't have to be excessive.'

'I would go to a farmer's market, or go out of my way to get eggs directly from a farm," he says. "I would buy as little as possible from the supermarket.'

A diet built on good-quality whole foods, the sorts that Platz talks about, will require a minimum of supplementation. Maybe some creatine, but not much else. Enjoy what you eat – the fruits of god's bounty – and forget about acquiring the latest 'essential' supplement. That will give you more time to focus on the things that really matter – like lifting heavy weights and getting a sick pump!

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LESSON THREE: LEG DAY

We all know the stereotype of the gymbro who hits his upper body hard, without fail, but also never fails to find a way to avoid training his legs. Hell, the matchstick-leg physique has even been given its own category in bodybuilding competition – the so-called 'men's physique' competition, in which competitors wear long board shorts to hide their lack of leg development.

The common refrain is, of course, DON'T SKIP LEG DAY, at least not if you want a balanced physique that would be worthy of the Golden Era. But there are other reasons, beyond just having proper leg development, for training legs regularly.

One of them is bigger arms.

Seriously.

Vince Gironda knew this. In one of his many pamphlets, 'Balanced Arms', he lays out the link between training legs and having bigger arms. He writes:

'Another point I must make is that to acquire bigger arms you must include some leg work. You will gain 15% more arm size by including leg work on the off day. The reason for this is that muscle is developed only in ratio with the amount of nerve force developed. And leg work generates the greatest amount of nerve force of any single bodypart.'

And guess what? Like so many of Vince's 'crazy' claims, it's been vindicated by science.

The Norwegian researcher Bent Rønnestad and his colleagues have vindicated Vince's claims about the effects of leg training on whole-body muscular development. Yes, compound leg training does cause the greatest amount of nerve stimulation, as Vince claimed, and it also boosts the metabolism and causes natural increases in growth hormone and testosterone.

In their experiments, Rønnestad et al compared the effects of training arms alone with training them directly after performing leg exercises. They carefully screened the participants to ensure that they had 'the same nutritional and genetic environment'.

'Serum testosterone and growth hormone was significantly increased during the L+A [leg and arm] training session, while no hormonal changes occurred in the A [arm] session. Both A and L+A increased 1rm in biceps curl, peak power in elbow flexors at 30% and 60% of 1rm, and muscle volume of the elbow flexors ($p<0.05$). However, only L+A achieved increase in the CSA [cross-sectional area], while no changes occurred in A. L+A had superior relative improvement in 1rm biceps curl and favorable muscle adaptations in elbow flexors compared to A ($p<0.05$). In conclusion, performing leg exercises prior to arm exercises, and thereby increasing the levels of serum testosterone and growth hormone, induced superior strength training adaptations compared to arm training without acute elevation of hormones.'

Of course, in a sense this shouldn't be a surprise, because we all know that compound lifts are the best for stimulating muscular growth. This is why so many beginner programmes, including our Golden Era 5×5, focus on using compound lifts to achieve the best possible results, instead of isolation exercises. More muscle fibres activated = more growth. What Rønnestad's findings show is that this principle really does have a carry-over across muscle groups.

If you want to read seven more Golden Era lessons, download Golden Era Wisdom now, for free, from Herculean Strength's Gumroad page, listed in the box to the right.

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FROM THE FORGE LEG DAY

THINK YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO LAST ON THE HARDEST DAY OF YOUR SPLIT? BLACKSMITH BODYBUILDER LAYS DOWN THE GAUNTLET

Exercise 1 - Standing Hamstring Extensions

1-3 warm up sets slowly increasing weight
Working set 1 (heavy set) - 5-8 reps
Working set 2 (back off set) - 8-12 reps

Exercise 2 - Hack Squat

1-3 warm up sets slowly increasing weight
Working set 1 (heavy set) - 5-8 reps
Working set 2 (back off set) - 8-12 reps

Exercise 3 - Leg Press

Cluster sets - 8 clusters of 5 reps w/ 10 sec rest between cluster
2 sets - take as much time for rest between sets as you need!

Exercise 4 - Seated Hamstring Curls

Working set 1 (heavy set) - 5-8 reps
Working set 2 (back off set) - 8-12 reps

Exercise 5 - Leg Extensions

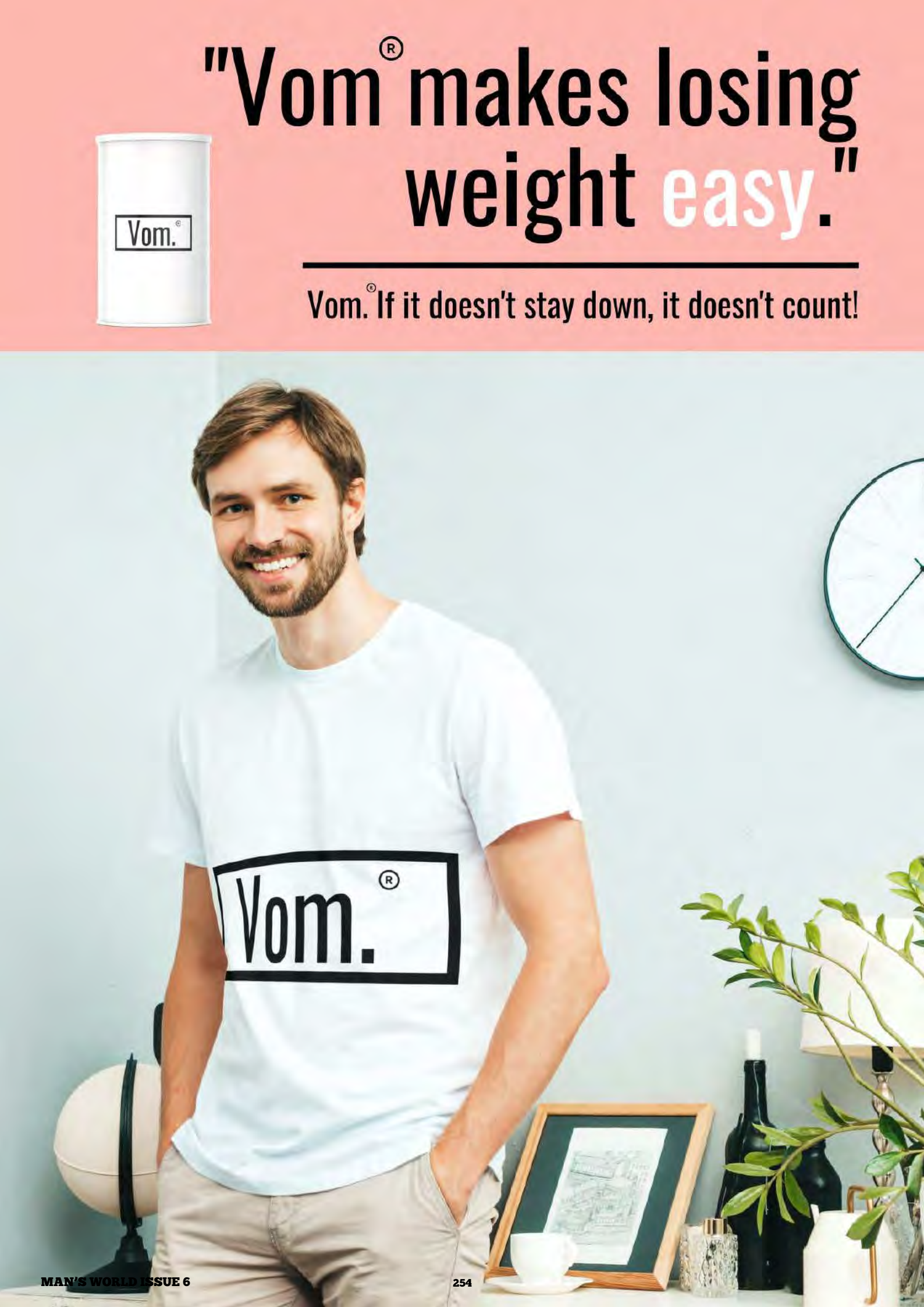
Set 1 - 10-15 reps
Set 2 - failure

Exercise 6 - Walking Lunges

1 set to failure

WAY OF THE SPARTAN

BLACKSMITH BODYBUILDING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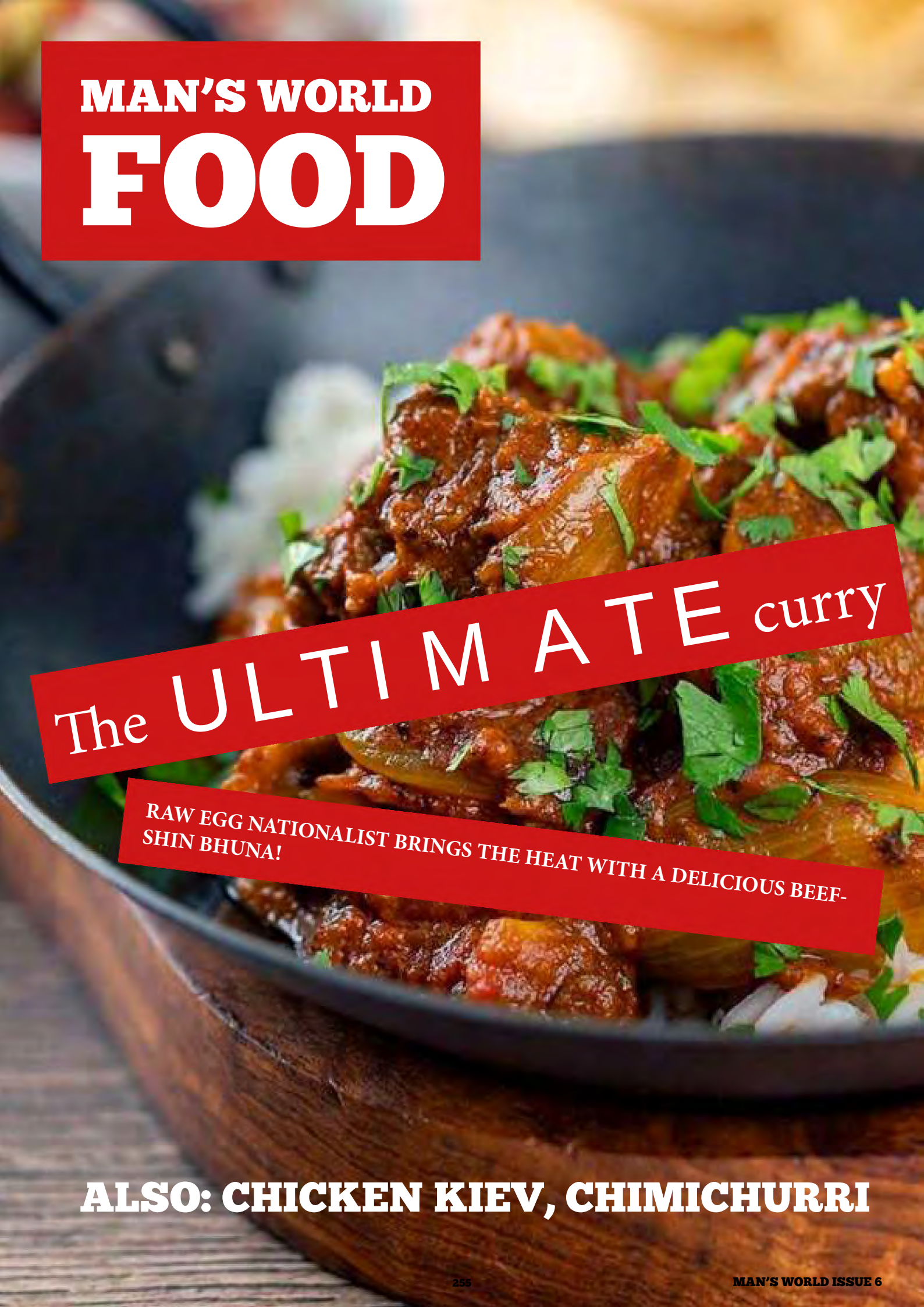


The ULTIMATE curry

RAW EGG NATIONALIST BRINGS THE HEAT WITH A DELICIOUS BEEF-SHIN BHUNA!

ALSO: CHICKEN KIEV, CHIMICHURRI

Tonight's the night Jenny starts saturating her boyfriend

... with a big assist from organic grassfed butter.

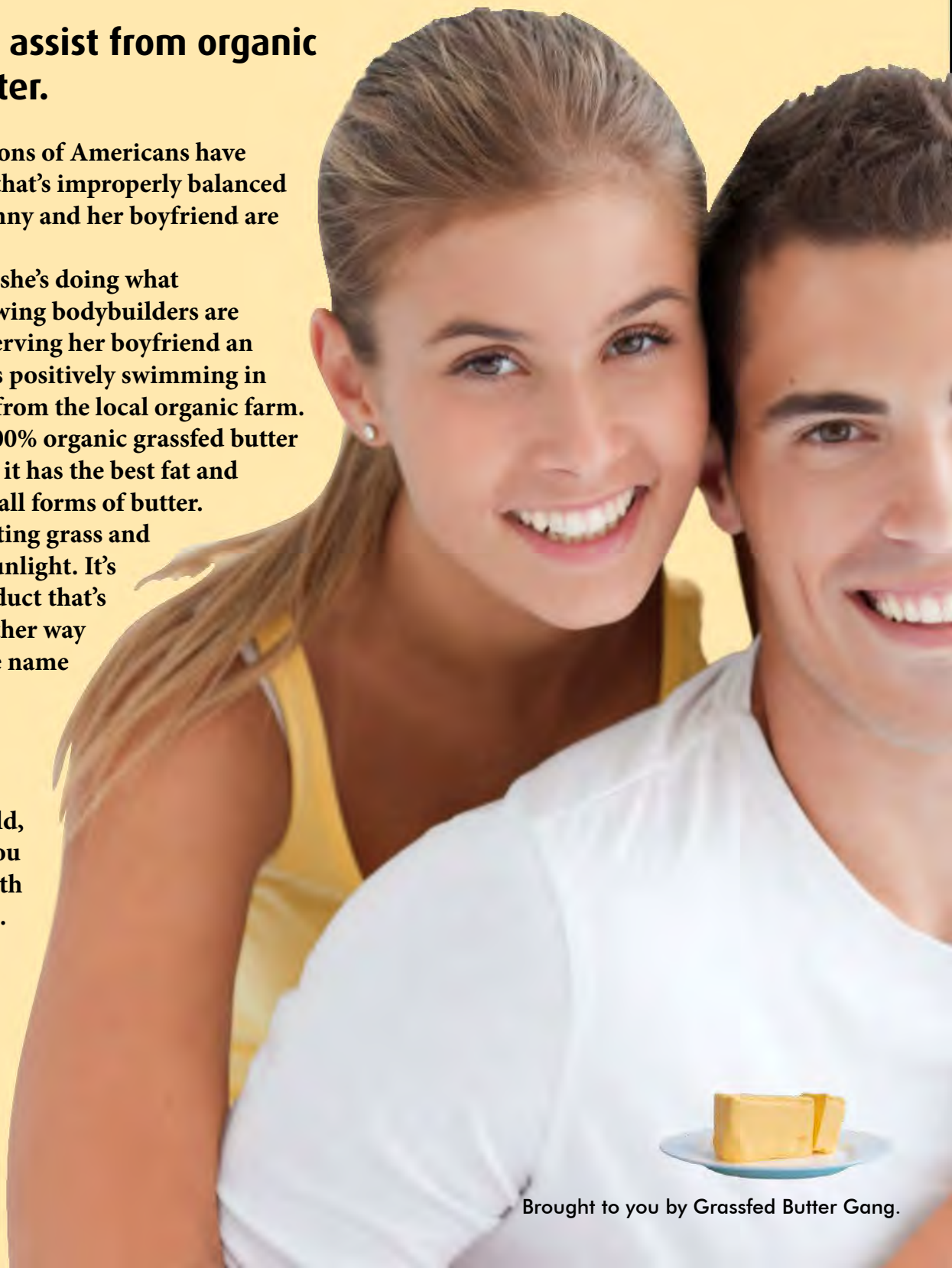
For years, millions of Americans have been eating a diet that's improperly balanced in terms of fats. Jenny and her boyfriend are no exception.

Today, though, she's doing what anonymous right-wing bodybuilders are suggesting. She's serving her boyfriend an evening meal that's positively swimming in butter she bought from the local organic farm.

Her choice is 100% organic grassfed butter because she knows it has the best fat and nutrient profile of all forms of butter. Cows should be eating grass and getting plenty of sunlight. It's that simple. A product that's produced in any other way doesn't deserve the name butter.

So no matter whether you're married, dating or just playing the field, there's one thing you can enjoy doing with the one(s) you love.

Saturating.



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FINGERS CROSSED

RAW MILK WILL BE TOP OF NEXT YEAR'S COP 27 AGENDA

The Ultimate Curry Raw Egg Nationalist

Get ready to turn up the heat with this recipe for the best curry you've ever had. While it may require a little work to source the ingredients, and some extra time to cook, this recipe is actually surprisingly simple - and boy is it worth the wait!

You may never have heard of a bhuna before - perhaps you even think it's some new ethnic slur - but let me tell you, I think it's the finest curry known to man. A good bhuna is very meaty, with a rich, unctuous, fragrant tomato sauce that's hot but doesn't blow your head off.

The dish originates from the Bengal region, now divided between India and Bangladesh. In West Bengal, the majority of the population is Hindu, which means the dish is cooked with chicken or lamb, but not beef, cows being a sacred animal in the Hindu religion. In Muslim-majority Bangladesh, however, you'll also find bhuna cooked with beef, which is exactly how I like it.

Beef shin is an amazing cut of meat that you should be cooking with if you aren't already. I extolled its virtues in the last issue, with my beef bourguignon recipe. Basically, it's the best cut you can get if what you're looking for is gooey, rich stew meat that even your toothless great grandmother wouldn't have trouble eating.

When cooked over a long period, the connective tissue that holds this ordinarily tough cut of meat together, dissolves away, enriching the sauce with silky gelatine and leaving behind quivering globs of meat. Perfect!

Of course, you can use other cuts of stewing beef for this recipe, or other cuts of stewing meat, like lamb shoulder, which must be cooked for a similar length of time as shin. You can even use more tender cuts of meat, including chicken, but make sure not to cook them to death. If you're using a cut like chicken breast, I'd recommend reducing the sauce without the meat, browning the meat in a separate pan and then adding it to the curry to finish for ten minutes at the end, before serving.

BEEF-SHIN BHUNA

SERVES 4-6, 3-4 HOURS' TOTAL COOKING TIME

- 1kg beef shin, cut into chunks

Spice Blend

- 2 tsp cumin seeds
- 3 tsp coriander seeds
- 2 tsp mustard seeds
- 2-3 dried chillis
- 2 tsp fennel seeds
- 1 tsp fenugreek seeds

Masala

- 2 onions, finely chopped
- 6 garlic cloves, finely chopped
- 20 curry leaves
- 4cm piece of ginger, grated
- 400g tinned plum tomatoes or fresh, ideally skinless
- ½ tsp turmeric
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp garam masala
- Handful coriander, coarsely chopped

Heat a frying pan and add the cumin seeds, coriander, mustard, fennel, fenugreek seeds, and two or three dried chillies. Keep the spices moving for a minute or two until they start to darken. Pour the spices into a bowl and let them cool before grinding to a fine powder either in a coffee grinder or with a pestle and mortar.

Heat some olive oil or clarified butter and add onions to a large pan. After a few minutes add the garlic.

Once they have browned add the curry leaves, with the ginger, tomatoes and salt. Cook until the tomatoes break apart, creating a thick paste.

Add the roasted spice mix and turmeric to the pan and stir well. Cook for a minute or two, taking care not to let the sauce catch on the bottom of the pan. If it does, add a splash of water and quickly stir.

Place the meat in the pan and stir to coat then cook for five minutes. Reduce the heat and put a lid on the pan and cook on a very gentle heat for up to 3 hours.

Periodically check to see if the meat is tender. If it isn't, leave it for a while longer.

When the meat is ready, remove the lid from the pan and turn up the heat and fry to reduce the sauce until it almost disappears. What you want is a thick sauce that sticks to the meat, rather than a liquid.

Finish with a sprinkle of garam masala and a handful of chopped coriander.

Serve with rice, poppadoms and naan bread.

CHICKEN KIEV

Serves 4, 1 hour total cooking time

I firmly believe that it's times of crisis that reveal what truly matters to people. No surprise then, that as the long anti-Russian poking campaign orchestrated by our glohomo overlords became another brother war, Western liberals began doing what Western liberals do best: whining about words.

In this case, it was the name of the ancient capital of the Russian people, Kiev, that was the subject of the latest timely intervention by the language-police. *Um no, sweaty, actually it's KYIV. With a "Y". If you call it Kiev with an "I" that means you're a Russian troll. Blocked and reported!*

Nothing escapes this pathetic sanitising impulse, not even the food we eat. And so it was, with depressing inevitably, that the "we-must-rename-the-chicken-Kiev" articles began to roll off the presses. "Supermarkets of Britain: we need you to rename the chicken Kiev!", exclaimed William Sitwell, in the Daily Telegraph, for instance.

Well, call me a Russian troll and block me by all means, but I'm not changing a thing about the dish I used to love so much as a child - and that includes the name. Fuck jannies! And a rope for every journalist!

4 large, skinless, chicken breasts
Butter, for frying

For the herb butter

2 garlic cloves
large handful mixed soft herbs like parsley, chervil, lemon verbena, chives, basil, tarragon (definitely not mint, though), finely chopped
1 lemon, zested
150g unsalted butter, softened

For the coating

100g plain flour
4 eggs, beaten
300g breadcrumbs, panko if you can get them

First make the butter. Crush the garlic with a little salt, using a knife. Use the side of the knife to form a paste, then mix it into the softened butter with the herbs and lemon zest. Roll the butter into a sausage shape in a piece of cling film and put it in the fridge or freezer for at least 1 hr to allow it to firm up. You can even do this a few days ahead.

Make a small horizontal incision in the fattest part of each chicken breast with a sharp knife. Open the incision with your fingers to form a cavity without cutting all the way through. Divide the butter mixture into four and stuff it inside.

Now for the coating. Put the flour, eggs and breadcrumbs in separate shallow bowls. Dip the chicken in the flour first, then the egg and finally the breadcrumbs. Repeat the egg and crumb process again so the chicken has a thick coating. Again, you can do this in advance and keep the Kievs in the fridge.

Heat oven to 220C/200C fan/gas 8. Place a heavy frying pan on a medium heat. Add a generous knob of butter and fry the Kievs individually until golden all over, working in batches if you need to (don't crowd the pan). Place the browned Kievs on a rack with a baking tray underneath and bake in the oven for 25 mins until deep golden and cooked through.

Serve with greens, like braised lettuce and peas.

EXPOSING YOUR TESTICLES TO UV LIGHT CAN INCREASE YOUR TESTOSTERONE BY UP TO 200%.

RAW EGG NATIONALISM!

CHIMICHURRI

This was one of the first recipes I posted on Twitter. It was well received, as it should have been: chimichurri is one of the ultimate accompaniments for steak, from the land of the gaucho—Argentina.

Chimichurri can be used as a marinade for meat as well as a sauce. As with the recipe I posed on Twitter, I won't give specific quantities. Taste as you go along — a general principle you should follow.

There should be more parsley than oregano and garlic combined. There should be enough olive oil that the greenery is saturated but not swimming, then enough lemon juice to cut through nicely. Add chilli flakes to suit your taste.

YOU'LL NEED:

- Fresh parsley, chopped
- Fresh oregano, chopped
- Wild garlic or garlic cloves, minced
- Chilli flakes
- Extra virgin olive oil
- Lemon juice
- Sea salt and pepper

INSTRUCTIONS:

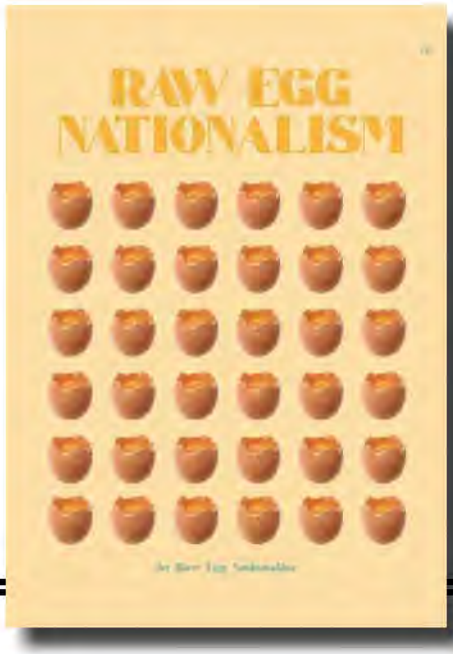
Add olive oil to the leaves and garlic and mix.

Add lemon juice, chilli flakes and seasoning.

PRO TIP:

Put chimichurri on the next chicken you roast (before you roast). I guarantee you'll love it.

From the Raw Egg Nationalism cookbook, available now in hardback from antelopehillpublishing.com



Start as You Mean To Go On

Why an espresso is the perfect drink to begin the day

with @dagosupremacy

The humble moka pot: an early morning espresso enthusiast's best friend

How do you start your day? Do you take time out to create a ritual that will help set the tone for your schedule ahead? Before you get after conquering the day, slonk your eggs and hit the gym, allow me to suggest adding a ritual to your morning that will give you a boost of energy, a moment to center and an opportunity to enjoy one of the finer things in life. Namely, a morning espresso.

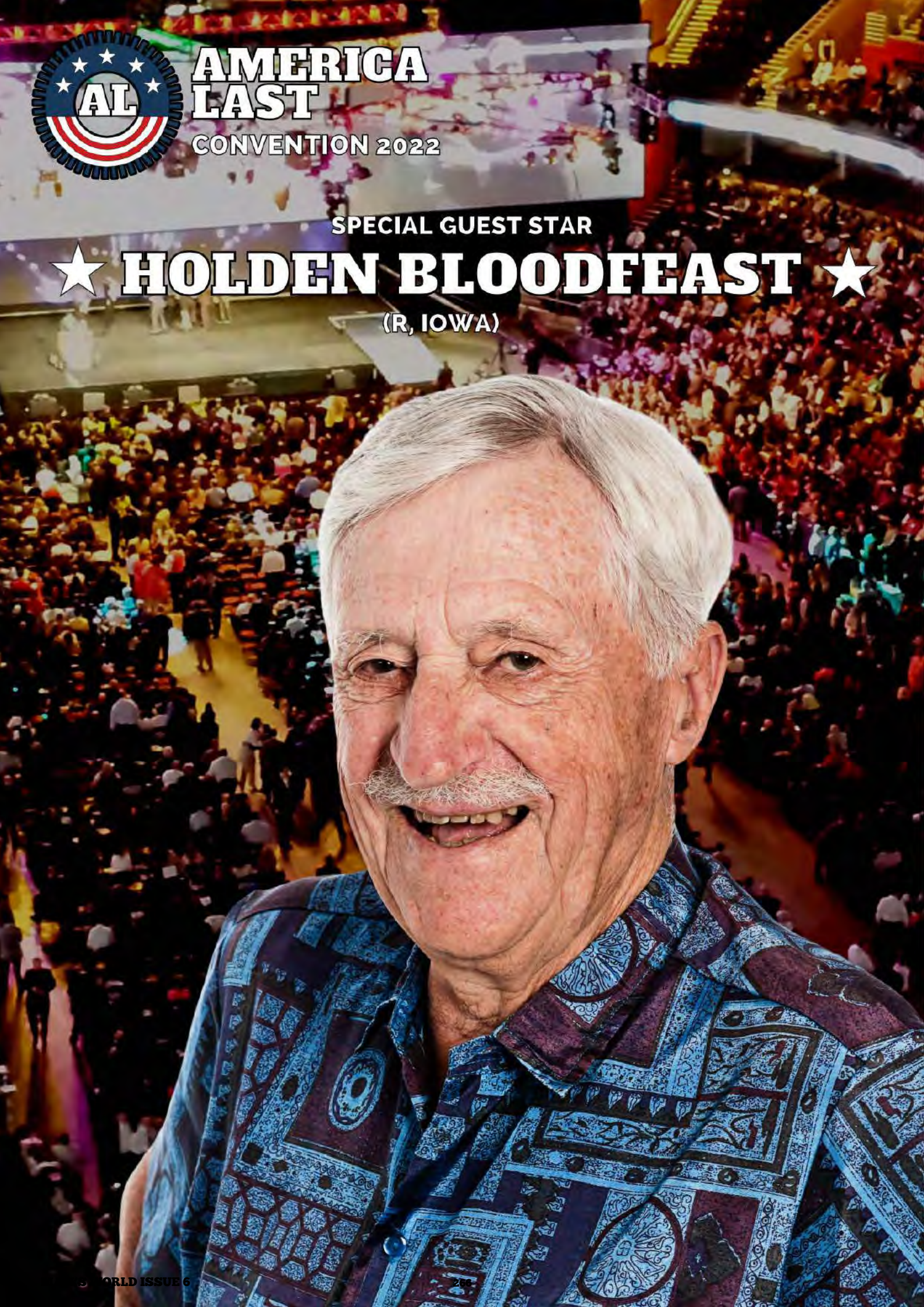
Depending on where you are in the world, your locally available coffee culture may be limited to a trip to the local Starbucks. If you're in middle America, chances are your coffee culture may only amount to a cup of hot-drip Folger's at your kitchen counter or a trip to the local diner where you sit around telling stories with the old timers. Coffee is one of just a few beverages that can truly harness the emotions and create memories. Many of us can think back to sitting with friends at an all-night diner, smoking cigarettes and trying to top each other's jokes, or a visit to an elderly relative where they insist that you have a slice of cake and a cup of coffee. Coffee touches us in ways that a mere glass of water never could.

I'm not alone in thinking that Italian coffee culture is the standout. There is nothing quite like a bar-made espresso, consumed standing shoulder to shoulder with fellow patrons while you crunch a pastry or simply enjoy a few minutes of chatter. Espresso is made from finely ground dark-roasted coffee beans, through which nearly boiling water is pressed at high pressure. This creates a thick, velvety coffee that includes some suspended solids within it and of course the essential "crema" on top. This is a coffee experience like no other. Espresso is the perfect way to start your day, to take a break in the middle or even wrap up a delicious meal. You could go as far as to say that a well-made espresso is the perfect drink at any time. I like my morning espresso with just a little sugar, or a rind of lemon or orange.

Of course, espresso is a versatile drink. When combined with steamed milk, it becomes a cappuccino, macchiato or latte. You can drink espresso in a single shot, "doppio" (double shot) or "lungo" with a little more coffee. Italians will add boiling water to make an Americano (basically American-style coffee made with espresso) or will pour a shot or two of espresso over ice cream to make the beloved treat, an affogato. Later in the day, espresso can be "corrected" by adding some grappa (a brandy made with leftover grapes from the winemaking process), sambuca or regular brandy: this is called caffe corretto (literally, corrected coffee). I personally love espresso with grappa, but don't tend to enjoy it first thing in the morning.

So how can you incorporate an espresso into your daily routine? You could buy an expensive espresso machine of more than $2000, and it would provide you an inestimable amount of joy over many, many years. However, if spending a mortgage payment on an espresso machine is not in your wheelhouse, you should consider the humble moka pot. The moka pot, moka express or "caffetiera" in Italian, is a simple device that you can use to make delicious espresso on your stovetop and is my preferred avenue for coffee heaven each morning. This genius kitchen gadget (around $25) is essentially made up of three components. The water chamber (boiler) at the bottom, the coffee basket in the middle and the collection chamber at the top. The most famous moka pot manufacturer is the Italian company Bialetti, but they are available from other companies as well. The typical moka pot is made from aluminum but is also available in stainless steel (which is what mine is made of); electric moka pots are also common. The system is simple. As the water heats, it is vaporized and the steam forces the hot water up through the coffee basket. This creates the necessary pressure to make espresso, as the finished product comes out the spigot into the collection chamber.

To start the process, first fill the bottom chamber with water to just under the pressure release valve, preferably with water pre-heated to 70 degrees Celsius. Then fill the coffee chamber with ground espresso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roast coffee, seat the coffee chamber in the water chamber, and screw on the top. Now gently heat the moka on the stove and wait until your espresso comes bubbling out of the spigot into the collection chamber. When you hear the moka gurgling, you're just about there. You won't necessarily get bar-quality espresso out of your moka – although there are some tutorials online which will explain a way for you to get that crema on the top – but in my experience it's not worth the effort when the beverage you extract from the normal moka method is so satisfying in its own right. One tip: patience is the key. You want to gently heat the pot, because if you cook it too fast, the coffee will likely taste bitter and won't be nearly as delightful. Like many things, practice makes perfect. If your first attempt isn't to your liking, try it again, but take things a little slower.

Once finished, pour your new coffee into a ceramic cup (never paper or styrofoam), add a little sugar and citrus peel if you like, or drink it straight. You can also add steamed milk with foam for a delightful cappuccino. Don't listen to those who tell you to consume espresso (whether at the bar or at home) in one gulp. Savor the experience. Take a few sips, enjoy the sunrise and consider the many ways you are about to claim victory over your day ahead. This ritual can add considerable quality to your morning. The experience of prepping and making your coffee will take you perhaps 10-15 minutes and it will be worth every second. Take the time to do this in some peace and quiet, without screens; maybe read a book or an article while you wait and while you sip. Toward the end of my espresso, I have a tendency to send my first tweet of the day to my many online frens. After this, perhaps you shower, have some eggs or hit the gym. The caffeine in espresso can be a great pre-workout supplement to help you hit some PRs.

However you enjoy it, make your little cup of coffee a sacred part of your morning process. If we look after the little things, the big things will look after themselves!

The Manual of Fencing and Archery for German Scouting
Knightly Weaponry Play
Author & Illustrator: Wilhelm Fabricius
Translator & Editor: Jeffrey Hull
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING

STRAIGHT TO THE HEART

WHY YOU NEED TO EAT ORGAN MEAT

WORDS: LARS DEBRÚS

In Mel Gibson's film Apocalypto, the iconic opening scene depicts a group of hunters from a Mayan sub-tribe engaged in tracking a tapir, a South American creature similar in shape to a wild boar. After the animal is trapped and killed, the tribesmen begin quartering and dividing the edibles amongst themselves, starting with the heart, the liver, and other organs – the "honor cuts," given out of respect to the superior hunters because they are the most valuable parts of an animal to have.

To understand why these honor cuts were given to the top hunters, take a look at the simple nutrient profile of bovine (beef) liver compared to the meat:

Nutrient	Liver (% RDA)	Grass-Fed Beef (% RDA)
Vitamin A	356%	0%
Folate	36%	<1%
Vitamin B12	658%	18%
Iron	20%	6%
Copper	400%	2%
Zinc	20%	16%
Selenium	28%	12%
Choline	238mg	37.8mg

As the table above shows, liver is essentially a storehouse of vitamins and minerals, some of which rarely occur in conventional food sources without excessive processing and artificial enrichment. Not included in this infographic are significant amounts of niacin, K vitamins, biotin, boron, magnesium, phosphorus, potassium, and other nutrients which are not only lacking in skeletal muscle meat, but lacking also in produce that has

STOLEN BLACK
BREASTMILK
BUILT THIS
NATION

been industrially farmed from depleted soil. These nutritional components are necessary for a multitude of healthy functions, ranging from sperm motility and uterine rejuvenation to proper facial and bone structure development and beyond. The field of epigenetics stresses the importance of a complete nutrient profile, such as that provided by animal organs, specifically for intergenerational health, or what might be referred to as the "genetic potential" that a person may inherit based on the diet and lifestyle of their ancestors.

Primitive peoples, of course, did not quantify the value of their food using graphs and specific measurements, but relied instead on ancestral wisdom, tradition and intuition. Likewise, by instinct, predators in nature will prioritize the organs, even the bone marrow, of their prey over the muscle meats. It is not uncommon for the alpha wolf or lion, for instance, to eat the heart and liver first, while the rest of the carcass is left to those ranked lower in the pack.

This is because these animals are able to sense that eating organ meats will maximize their fitness across all practical levels, as well as that of their descendants.

How is this accomplished? Through a process known as 'like supports like.' This is the phenomenon in which eating a specific type of organ meat benefits the corresponding organ within one's body. This takes place chiefly via oral tolerization and tissue-specific factors.

Oral tolerization is a well-known biological phenomenon defined as:

...treatment of an autoimmune disease by feeding to the affected individual the autoantigen inducing the immune response and causing the disease in order to suppress the immune response by invoking oral tolerance. (Merriam-Webster)

Much of the research into glandular, organ, and collagen supplements has focused on this phenomenon. Numerous studies show that consumption of collagen reduces joint inflammation in those with autoimmune disorders. This occurs when inflammatory cells are either 'deactivated' or when regulatory cells engage in 'bystander suppression' and signal other immune cells to stop attacking the body's tissue.

Similarly, organ meats contain tissue-specific factors. These are compounds which function exactly as their name implies - each organ contains unique proteins, paracrine factors, nucleotides, etc. Collectively, these act to regulate the tissue that they come from and, when ingested, act as fuel for the body. It's similar to how athletes with aching joints will take collagen supplements because they feel that it boosts their joint health. The basic idea is that by consuming tissue specific factors (which can be difficult for the body to produce) you are helping your body to quickly rebuild related tissues by giving it the right resources.

So how much organ meat is enough to be healthier and stronger? According to Dr. Catherine Shanahan, author of Deep Nutrition, animal organs should be consumed "between once and three times a week" in order to utilize the full benefits of these superfoods.

While any organ, such as liver or heart, is often preferred cooked, the heating process tends to denature its nutritional value compared to its raw state. For most people, though, the taste of organ meat, cooked or raw, is not desirable at all, and is instead taken in the form of a supplement, specifically as a freeze-dried powder, which offers convenience to those who might not have the means to actually eat organ meats.

There are two main advantages to manufacturing supplements via freeze drying:

1. Freeze drying preserves delicate nutrients, proteins, enzymes, tissue specific factors, and other compounds. Many of these compounds would be destroyed or damaged if the material was preserved using other methods.

2. Freeze drying radically increases shelf life without the need for traditional preservatives and other additives.

This process involves the removal of water molecules (in the form of ice) from a material via sublimation. Subl

- the product is frozen
- the product is placed under a vacuum that is below the triple point of water
- heat energy is added, which triggers the ice to sublimate directly into a gas

Since it is technically in a raw state, freeze-dried supplements are usually considered the next best thing to eating whole, raw organs. Although many of us tend to idealize a more primal way of life where access to fresh, raw, grass-fed organ meat is plentiful, the primitive wisdom of past cultures must instead be applied to modern lifestyle and civilization. Besides adjusting to the taste, people are constrained by time and other factors which prevent them from getting the recommended serving of organ meat. Likewise, for those who travel often, supplements provide a portable solution that takes up little space and virtually no time to prepare and eat. For these reasons, high-quality (i.e. organic, grassfed) supplements may be completely beneficial for those looking to introduce a superfood like organ meat into an everyday diet, though the ideal means and availability might be lacking.

Visit Lars's Instagram page ironfyre.physiothetics

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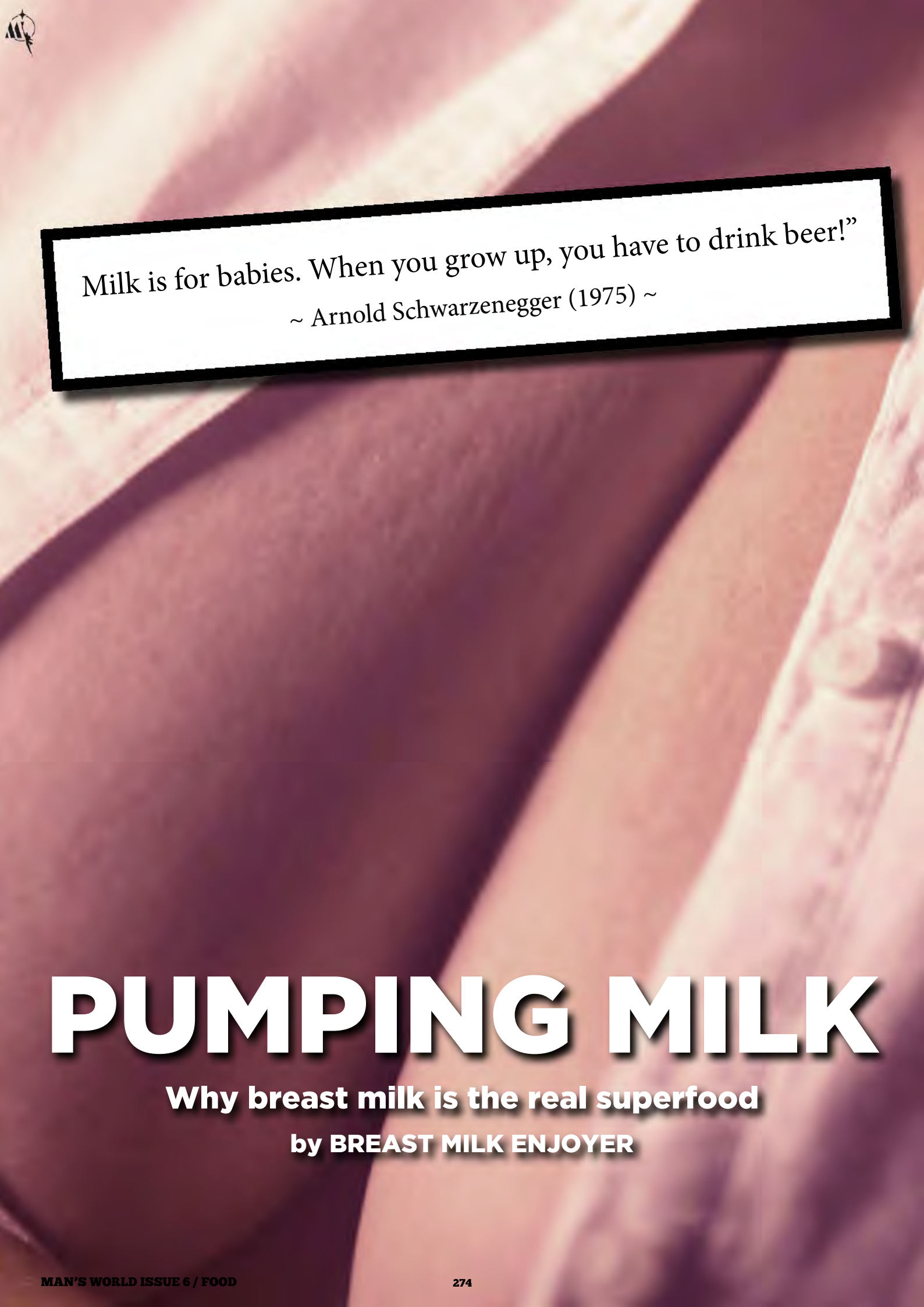

Milk is for babies. When you grow up, you have to drink beer!"

~ Arnold Schwarzenegger (1975) ~

PUMPING MILK

Why breast milk is the real superfood

by BREAST MILK ENJOYER

Breast milk is the first food that will ever touch your lips, if you were lucky.

It may seem strange to argue with bodybuilding legend Arnold Schwarzenegger, but rejecting mother's milk in 1975 was the beginning of the end for him. He would win Mr Olympia one more time, in 1980, before later becoming Governor of California and falling victim to veganism. In fact, Arnold was a producer for "plant-based" agitprop "The Game Changers". How the mighty have fallen.

Almond "milk" was not responsible for Arnold being the youngest Mr Olympia ever, at age 20. Soylent did not give Arnold the most impressive physique of the 1970s – quite the opposite. The truth is simple: the source of Arnold's power was a diet of the finest organic Czechoslovakian mother's milk.

You will never grow and develop more rapidly than your first six months of life, when feeding solely on breast milk. The logic is simple: if babies fed solely breast milk grow at staggering rates – more than doubling their total body weight in 6 months – then adults consuming breast milk will achieve similarly impressive gains.

You would not get this impression from a simple viewing of breast milk macronutrient compositions. While there is small variation with maternal diet, breast milk is mostly water, carbohydrate concentration is high, and protein concentration is low. However, focussing purely on macronutrients at the expense of real nutrition would be a catastrophic mistake.

The secret to breast milk's efficacy is the micronutrients, which are found in highest concentration in colostrum, the first milk from a mother, but strong levels persist throughout lactation. Vitamins, minerals, immunoglobulins and other immune boosters, growth promoters, anti-inflammatory agents, and probiotics all contribute to creating the most complete food known to man. Expensive organ supplements cost a fortune and achieve only a fraction of breast milk's micro-nutritional potency.

A mother's diet is crucial in this process. While concentrations of macronutrients remain stable with variation in maternal diet, the micronutrient concentrations vary wildly. You could be paying $2/ounce for something scarcely better than low-fat supermarket milk.

As such, I have the women supplying me with breast milk on an elite diet. I know the quality is head and shoulders above other human milk suppliers. As a reader of Man's World, these dietary principles will be nothing new to you: a foundation of healthy fats, dense with vitamins and minerals is perfect for nursing mothers and breastfeeding babies and bodybuilders alike.

A word of warning with breastmilk preparations: it's common for milk to be frozen and heated prior to consumption. Do not use a microwave to do this – or for any other reason! Microwaves work by superheating water to hundreds of degrees, with the heat distributing to the remainder of the food. The fragile fats and micronutrients in breastmilk (and in any other food you put in a microwave) will be damaged - heat your milk slowly on a stovetop if you wish to enjoy it warm.

Quality is everything. Don't waste your time and money on dubious Craigslist breast milk. You need to be working hard to bring home various organic greens and fruit and such; fish egg and mollusc; lactating harems fed on these and providing milk year-round. You could have an entire bodybuilding economy based on this.

Breast milk is the first food that will ever touch your lips, if you were lucky. If you were unlucky, you were formula-cucked as a baby, as I was.

After being weaned off breast milk, usually from about 6 months, the average person's dietary journey approximates Satan's Fall from Heaven. An approximately 80-year-long car crash, beginning with crippled childhood development, degeneration into a skinnyfat blob in adulthood, before graceless expiration from chronic disease.

It doesn't have to be this way. You don't need to spend countless hours researching exotic untested grey market Chinese supplements. Breast milk was the most natural food for you in the carefree innocence of childhood, and it is the most natural food for you as a man today. It's past time we returned to tradition.

If you truly value nutrition, health and a return to nature, as I do, you will embrace breast milk. The drive towards physical and aesthetic excellence is fuelled by mother's milk – and I hope you will join me in raising a warm, creamy glass to our success.

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"THE DEAD MAKE A TASTY ALTERNATIVE TO UNHEALTHY SEED OILS."

L'INCARNATION OF A SALESMAN

by NEON BAG

Let's talk about something important! Put. That coffee. Down. Coffee is for closers only...

The door swings open and this is it, my downbeat, my bass drop, it's guts to nuts again as the thick miasma of coffee and wet wool slams my bulb. I'm gonna ask the Perfect 10 to the big dance. I just. Want. My coffee.

...They're sitting out there waiting to give you their money. Are you gonna take it?...

Her glazed eyes pass over me as I open the door and walk up. She knows what I want but she's chickenheading at her co-barista instead of making it. Another day in paradise.

...Are you man enough to take it?...

"Your coffee will take fai minit OK?", it barely registers. Blake is talking.

I pause-tap my earpod with a scornful quarter turn of my head. I've been practicing my affectations for precision rudeness and I don't think this mumbling coffee homunculus appreciates the level of class I bring to our relationship.

She's waiting there for me. All the way over the counter and all the way down my nose: 3/5ths of a barista looking expectantly at me for hot cum or... maybe an answer.

"WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, PAL? YOU, CONSUELA", I bark down into the orc's mud pit.

Before she can answer a grid of hot psychic dental floss passes through her mutant body. Cubes of polyunsaturated barista are drifting upwards now, floating in low gravity, the heavenly coruscations of this great act of universal justice sear my corneas as the pieces twist lazily in the air.

"Tir? Tir I tay you da cobbee gon' take fai minit OK?" Unpause-tap. Button down that lip curl... She thinks she's better than me? She thinks that little name tag and black apron can turn a Sudra into a Brahmin? Turn my 5 minutes into her own personal class war? I am a Kshatriyan par excellence, I am Arjuna reborn, I am a living sword of flame in a world of sh--

...You see this watch?...

"YOU SEE THIS WATCH? YOU SEE THIS WATCH? THIS WATCH COST MORE THAN YOUR CAR", almost missed it, but it's echoing and it's kind of better this way, quadrophonic, Blake is right here with me. We're almost there.

"Tir I dont hab car OK it will take fai min--", I fire my hand at her face and finger-shush her, folding her lazy pupils into capric slits. I unholster my phone like Johnny Fucking Ringo and draw the screen to my face just in time for the kill shot:

...I made 970,000 dollars last year, how much 'd you make?...

"I MADE 970,000 DOLLARS LAST YEAR HOW MUCH 'D YOU MAKE?" I scream back to my screen right down to the microsecond.

"Ohh, ion tink I have to letju talk to me dis way, I get manager", her words come out tight, like a walmart greeter playing a ukelele. I stare, fascinated, as the tongue hangs sloppily out of its mouth. It must be exhausted from crudely mimicking human speech.

I lean down and deliver my reply with rapidly diminishing patristic poise and my hands tightening her collar around her throat, "You don't talk to me that way when your genetic best-case is grinding maize in a stinking mud hut every day of your life until that dull look on your bovine face slackens and your family converts you into bone fetishes and bars of soap."

***

"YOU THINK THIS IS ABUSE? YOU THINK THIS IS ABUSE YOU COCKSUCKER?", I am yanking my wrist free of the security guard's hand and tapping my volume controls up, up, up. I am leaving. This place. These people. Their sad little lives.

"IF YOU CAN'T TAKE THIS, HOW CAN YOU TAKE THE ABUSE I'M GONNA GIVE YOU TOMORROW?"

I am never coming back. I am throwing a stolen Misty Mocha at the window. I am marching to the beat of my own drum. I am a first prize man, I am an 80,000 dollar BMW man, I am late for work. I am coming back tomorrow.

Vers l'apothéose with @punishedbag on Twitter

BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN

by DON VIRREY

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" (Matthew 18:1-7).

As I sat watching the sun set over the colonial town a few months back, the words "become as little children" resounded in my mind. My Corsican friend was with me during those waning hours of the day and commented on what he called "the death of greetings". How people have grown reclusive and surly, like an abused street cat – so much so that to greet and say hello to most strangers is little short of a sin today.

"Become as little children". Yes, they can be shy at times, but pay attention when there's a father who carries his son on his shoulders and see the lad unfearfully wave at every soul that walks by. Children are meant to live clear of doubt and worry. This was all of us, once. We were children too, and we played from sunrise to sunset. But they chipped away at us, made us sit through eight-hour school days; and as we get older and homework piled up so that we were on an almost forty-hour workweek, we were told to go to college and after that get a masters or something else or we'd be penniless and worthless. Now the child is truly dead, and in their place walks a drone, down to the Subway to take the "L" back to Brooklyn to go do whatever it is the living dead do.

To "become as little children" is not an excuse to become a man-child. It is not a call to naiveté or immaturity. It is a call to throw off the vest they've been piling with weight since the day you entered the education system, when all you wanted was to be a knight, a ninja, a cowboy – or all three at once. To survive the insanities of the age, you cannot give power to the egregores of chaos. Do not stress over the people trying to destroy life and everything that is holy and beautiful. You already know they are doing this, you know their debased nature, and so there's zero need to obsess over these things and give an ounce of your energy to them. The Lord already said they'll be punished for it. Instead, seek perfection in everything you do, and if your desire is to get out, follow it. Focus your energy on what it is you must do to get out. Don't feed the problems: feed your own plans.

Now what can a young guy do? Of course it would all be infinitely easier if you had a decent income and some "stats" to begin with. But even if you don't have either, there are some obvious things you can do to improve your life. First, be honest with yourself. I wanted to be a knight growing up and they didn't let me; I know how it feels. Don't pursue something that drains the life out of you. Following the herd is the "safe way", but no great deeds ever issued from the desire for safety. It is always the man who seeks to expand his horizons who makes the change. Be real with your current limitations and how far you're willing to go to attain that goal of yours. Seek opportunity out. You have no idea what you can find out just by talking to someone, the opportunities waiting to be uncovered. It's not about becoming a naïve appeaser – a brown-nose or hanger-on – but becoming your own éminence grise and making a destiny for yourself.

"Become as little children". Seek out other like-minded people and befriend them. This is of outmost importance and bears repeating. You need friends, even if you have the best family in the world. The ones we meet along the way and who stick by us through great trial and difficulty not because they are bound to us by blood, but because they are our friends – this is a commodity that cannot be bought! Become active in the preservation and the purification of friendship and help it flow and flourish. Allow for the creation of a heroic friendship so that no matter how strong the wind blows, your loyalty to one another does not waver, just like the child who covers for his friend after the window has been broken or the treasured family trinket shattered.

The sun had now set, and the town was covered by the veil of night. Decorative lights crossed the street and flickered in preparation for the night's festivities. We said hello to the doorman and went into the bar. We greeted the staff and then followed through to the celebrations upstairs. Standing on the balcony, we watched as a family walked below. Each parent had a child on their shoulders and the little ones looked up, smiled, and waved at us. We waved back and smiled. "Become as little children" my best friend said. I had not mentioned the verse at all while we talked earlier in the night but, being friends, we had been thinking the same thing the whole time.

MAN'S WORLD: DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT.

FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE, PT. 1

by SETH COLLINS

What would you do with your time if you never had to work again? Perhaps you would bum around. Many such cases. I wager, though, that you would become restless from such a meaningless life.

To pursue a meaningful existence is difficult if your career is pulling you in a different direction. This is where financial independence comes in. Financial independence will allow you to buy back your time and personal autonomy, and then do something great with it.

I ended up discovering financial independence because I got tired of living a mediocre life. This was largely my own fault for pursuing a career that paid well when I could've been pursuing things that interested me, that were adventurous, that would maybe even change the world. After my son was born, I quickly began to realize something had to shift. I would literally have visions of my son ending up like me. Someone who was drinking too much, was not jacked or tan, and who was in a lot of debt. This moved me to change like nothing else. I knew I could do better. And not being dependent upon others for money or employment would allow me to pursue whatever I wanted. I made it my goal to not be forced into playing a game I no longer wanted to play and instead create my own reality.

What is financial independence?

Simply put, financial independence is when you no longer have to work for money. Traditionally this was achieved through being wealthy. In modern, inflationary times, most save up a lump sum of money and have it in various investments (say stocks or real estate) that return money each year. The key principle is that if you save up enough of a resource you will gain a certain degree of independence. This applies not only to money but tangible things and intangible things such as various skills.

Why strive for financial independence?

If all that talk at the beginning of the piece about meaningful existence struck you as too abstract, here are four very tangible reasons why you should strive for financial independence.

Time

For me the prospect of having all of my time back with no obligations is very desirable. A life of leisure, you might say. This is the historical standard for the best of the best. Aristocrats had lives of leisure to pursue whatever it is they wanted. Conquer your neighbor's lands or think deeply on the mystery of life - both easier to do when you're backed by time and wealth.

Reduce your dependencies

Things you don't need but you probably think you do. Things you buy without much thought. The more dependent you are on things, the less happy you are. Learn to find joy and a good flow in life through hard work, meaningful friendships, learning new things, and adventure. A noble life of excellence. Be careful of the types of debt you get into. Be mindful of how you spend your time and money. Usually these are easy indicators of how dependent people are on certain things. Think Spartan and work your way from there.

Volatility

In the West, things have been quite calm in our lifetimes compared to most of our history. This will not always be the case. Being prepared for tough times will make those challenges easier to deal with. Having money is one option for easing that burden. Money can also buy you land, food, ammo, friends, a plane ticket, etc. In short, resources.

You most likely won't become financially independent without some decent skills in the first place. One way to prepare for the worst is to build up your network of trusted friends, skills, businesses and various sources of income, and have a solid net worth. If the GAE collapses, you will have your skills. If it persists, you will have made a fortune from within.

Live by your principles

Get enough money to say "screw you, I'm out" to anyone who asks you to do something you don't want to do. Alternatively, this can allow you to take bigger risks when

infiltrating your tech job. Say your company imposes strict new rules that you don't agree with - sound familiar? You can negotiate from a position of strength or just leave if you need to. While some can always make decisions based on principle, it makes it a lot easier to not compromise on them when you're not sweating about losing your main source of income. Realize: this is incredibly rare in modern times. If 2020-2021 taught us anything it's that most will do anything to keep their jobs. Be the exception.

Financial independence is a noble aspiration but only one small piece of your life. How this can be achieved and maintained will be covered in the next issue. A lot of this advice generally assumes the continuation of the current regime. If that changes, we will be forced to pivot. Thankfully, there are things we can begin to do now though that will secure us regardless of what happens in the world.

For now, I leave you with my vision and how financial independence could fit into our future. I see many men living around the world with their families in tight-knit communities, maybe 100 to 200 max. No family has to worry about resources. Everybody can pursue their individual greatness. The men are all jacked and tanned, of course. They are prepared for war because they have the time to be. They make the time for things moderns are too busy for, such as extended holiday feasts, preparing their bodies for having children, or funeral games for their brothers. Life is good. Maybe your vision of the future isn't as idealistic as mine, but being smart with money will never be a hindrance to your growth as a person.

Seth Collins is a father, accountant, business owner, and martial artist. You can find more of his writings on personal finance over at juststopspending.com.

“Is this really happening?” asked Norton Zachary.

THE STRANGE, WHITE ROOM

A SHORT STORY BY RICHARD POE

The man sitting across from him did not answer. Instead, he removed his spectacles and began wiping them with a cloth.

"This can't be real," Norton said. "It's a computer simulation, isn't it? But I can't remember how I got here. Why can't I remember?"

The man sitting across from Norton replaced his glasses. He stared at Norton with cold blue eyes. His hair was limp and gray. "You've had a big shock," said the gray-haired man. "Tell me, what do you remember? Do you remember your name?"

"My name? Of course. I'm Norton Zachary. I'm the assistant project director for neuroinformatics."

"Very good. And what about me? Do you remember my name?"

Norton regarded the older man for a moment. He wore a white lab coat. His skin was pale. His eyes bore coldly into Norton's. "You're Julian Shawcross," Norton replied at last. "You're the senior project director."

"Excellent," said the man. "Your memory seems pretty good. So tell me, what do you think you've forgotten?" Dr. Shawcross smiled his peculiar, crooked smile, his lips curling downward at one end.

"Well." Norton paused, looking around uncertainly. He was sitting at a table, across from Dr. Shawcross, but he did not appear to be in a room. At least it was no ordinary room. Norton could see no walls, floor or ceiling. When he looked beyond his immediate surroundings, everything faded away into a featureless white expanse.

"I don't know where I am," Norton said. "I guess it's a simulated environment. But I don't know why I'm here. How did I get here?"

Dr. Shawcross stared at Norton through his glasses. "Let's take this one step at a time," he said. "What is the last thing you remember?"

Norton remembered a meeting in the third-floor conference room. It was a very high-level meeting. The President of the Foundation was there. Usually, Dr. Shawcross would lead a meeting of that sort. But not today. Dr. Shawcross sat quietly at the conference table with the others, smiling up at Norton with his strange, crooked smile, one lip curling downward. Today, Norton was leading the group. All eyes were on Norton. As he looked around the conference table, Norton saw admiration in many of his colleagues' faces. He saw the President of the Foundation studying him with a keen, appraising look. He saw Ingrid, beautiful Ingrid, smiling up at him. That was the part Norton remembered best. After the meeting, as people milled about the conference room, Ingrid's eyes sought him out in the crowd. She was looking at Norton in a way she had never looked before. Norton's belly shivered with excitement. So this is success, Norton thought to himself.

I like it.

Then the bubble burst. The memory faded, and Norton found himself him back in the strange, white room with no walls. He found himself sitting alone at a bare table facing Dr. Shawcross. "I remember a meeting," he said. "The President of the Foundation was there. It was a big success. But I don't remember what it was about."

Dr. Shawcross regarded him, expressionless. "Yes, Norton, it was a big success," he said. "You were the star of the show that day. That was the day you showed us how to solve the problem." "The problem?" Norton repeated.

"Yes, Norton, the problem. Have you forgotten? Surely you remember the problem. It was the reason we hired you. We brought you here to solve the problem."

Norton pondered this for a moment. He recalled his first job interview at the Center. He remembered Dr. Shawcross smiling at him, one lip turned downward. "We've run into a little problem," Dr. Shawcross told Norton during the interview. "We're hoping you can help us. Quite frankly we're stuck. We've been going around in circles for five years. The higher-ups say we need new blood, new ideas. They say we need a Moses who can lead us out of the wilderness. Do you think you might be that person, Norton?"

As he thought back upon that interview, Norton's mind slowly cleared. He began to remember. And, as he remembered, an icy chill crawled down Norton's spine. "I remember now," he told Dr. Shawcross. "I remember the problem. I remember why you hired me." "Very good," said Shawcross. "Now tell me what you remember."

Norton found that he was trembling. His voice shook, when he spoke. "We were looking for ways to digitize human consciousness," Norton said. "We were making digital copies of living human minds and uploading them into a computer."

"Correct," said Shawcross. "What else do you remember?"

"You told me that the project had come to a dead end," Norton continued. "You told me that you couldn't take the next step. You had succeeded in copying the minds of human test subjects into the computer. The copies were good. You could talk to them, and they could talk back. Of course, they had no bodies. They were just faces on the computer screen. But they had the same personalities, the same life memories as the real people whose brains we had copied. We called them avatars."

"And the problem?" Shawcross interrupted. "What was the problem, Norton? You said you remembered the problem. Tell me what it was."

Norton paused and swallowed. He realized that his heart was pounding. It was difficult to speak. "Julian," he said. "I used to call you Julian, didn't I? I'm sorry, but I don't understand why you're asking me these questions. You already know the answers. You know the whole story. You were there."

"True," said Shawcross. "I know the whole story. And so should you. But I'm not sure how much you remember. You've had a big shock. I need to find out if your memory is intact. I need to ascertain that you are fully conscious and in full possession of your faculties. It's very important. You'll understand why in a moment. But, for now, please just bear with me. I need to ask you some questions. All right?" "All right," said Norton.

Dr. Shawcross glanced at some notes on his pocket computer. "So you were telling me, Norton. You were telling me about the problem. We had succeeded in making digital copies of human minds, of actual human personalities. The copies were good, you said. But there was a problem. What was the problem, Norton?"

Norton realized that he was hyperventilating. His breath came in shallow gasps. He felt as if his ribs were cracking in a vise. "I'm sorry," Norton mumbled. "I think I'm having an anxiety attack."

Shawcross shook his head and smiled his crooked smile. "You're wound up too tight, Norton. You always were. Strung like a Stradivarius."

"I'm sorry," Norton mumbled.

"Please bear with me, Norton. Just a few more questions. I want you to tell me about the problem. What was the problem, Norton? You said you remembered."

Norton was panting now. Beads

of sweat formed on his brow. "The problem was that the avatars weren't human," said Norton. "They were copies of humans, but they weren't the real thing."

"Correct," said Shawcross. "The avatars were not human. They were just cheap imitations. Something was missing. We all knew something was missing. We just didn't know what it was. We couldn't put our finger on it. But you did, Norton. You figured out what was wrong. You weren't here more than a couple of days before you solved the riddle. I must say, that was brilliant of you, Norton. Truly brilliant! You identified the missing element, in just two days. Now tell me what it was, Norton. What was the missing element? What was the one thing missing from our avatars that would have made them human?" "Fear," Norton breathed, in a faint whisper.

"What? Speak up, please. I didn't hear you."

"Fear," Norton repeated. "The avatars had no fear. They were not afraid. They should have been afraid, but they weren't."

Shawcross leaned toward him over the table. "That's correct, Norton. You noticed that the avatars were not afraid. But they should have been afraid, shouldn't they? Had they been real human beings, they would have been frightened, wouldn't they?"

"Yes," Norton replied, his breathing labored and rapid.

"But why, Norton? What reason did our avatars have to be frightened? No one was hurting them. No one was threatening them. They were perfectly safe inside the computer. What made you think they ought to be afraid?"

"The avatars were prisoners," said Norton. "They were trapped inside a computer, completely at our mercy. A real human being would have been terrified, in that situation. But the avatars were not afraid. They accepted their situation as normal. That was not a human response."

Shawcross scowled. "Listen to me, Norton. Your body no longer exists. We had to destroy it."

"Correct," said Shawcross. "The avatars trusted us. They trusted us completely. They never imagined we would harm them. And we never thought of doing it! Really, we didn't. Why would we harm our own creations? The avatars were our children. We made them in our own image. We cherished them. We loved them. Why would we ever dream of hurting them? But the strange thing, Norton, is that you turned out to be right. You opened our eyes. You showed us the one thing we had overlooked. Human nature."

Cold anger simmered in the older man's eyes. Norton drew back involuntarily. Though he tried hard to steady himself, Norton was shaking from head to toe. Shawcross ignored his discomfort. The older man turned away from Norton, in his swivel chair. He stared for a long time into the limitless white expanse where the walls should have been. When Dr. Shawcross finally spoke, he did not speak in Norton's direction. He looked away. His voice seemed distant and distracted, as if he were thinking out loud.

"Yes, Norton," he mused. "You were smarter than the rest of us. You saw what we failed to see. We thought we were building a paradise. But you showed us we were building our own hell. Before you came here, Norton, we had such high hopes. We dreamed that human beings might live forever. That was the whole point of our work. We thought that, if we could just figure out a way to upload a living human mind into a computer, then someday we could use that same technology to upload our minds into robots. And then we would never die. When our bodies wore out, we would simply replace them. We would upload our minds into brand new, robotic bodies. And we would live forever. That was a good goal, Norton. And we were making progress. We were almost there. We were right on the brink. Or so we thought. But then you came along. You showed us we were wrong. You showed us that our dream of eternal life had a terrible flaw. You dashed all our hopes to pieces. And that's why we hated you."

Norton realized that tears were welling in his eyes. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. Instead, violent sobs exploded from his chest. "Please don't hurt me," he managed to gasp. "Please don't hurt me."

Shawcross snorted. "Hurt you! Who said anything about hurting you?" But his eyes burned with fury.

"Please, Julian. Please let me go. You can take credit for all my work. I'll change my name. I'll change my identity. I'll never work in this field again. You'll never see me again. I promise. Please let me go. Please let me return to my body."

Shawcross looked sideways at Norton. "Your body, did you say? You want to return to your body? Surely, Norton, you, of all people, should know that is impossible."

"No! No! Don't say that. Don't say it." Norton pressed his hands over his ears, but he could not block out the words. He could hear Dr. Shawcross speaking from deep inside his head. The older man's voice

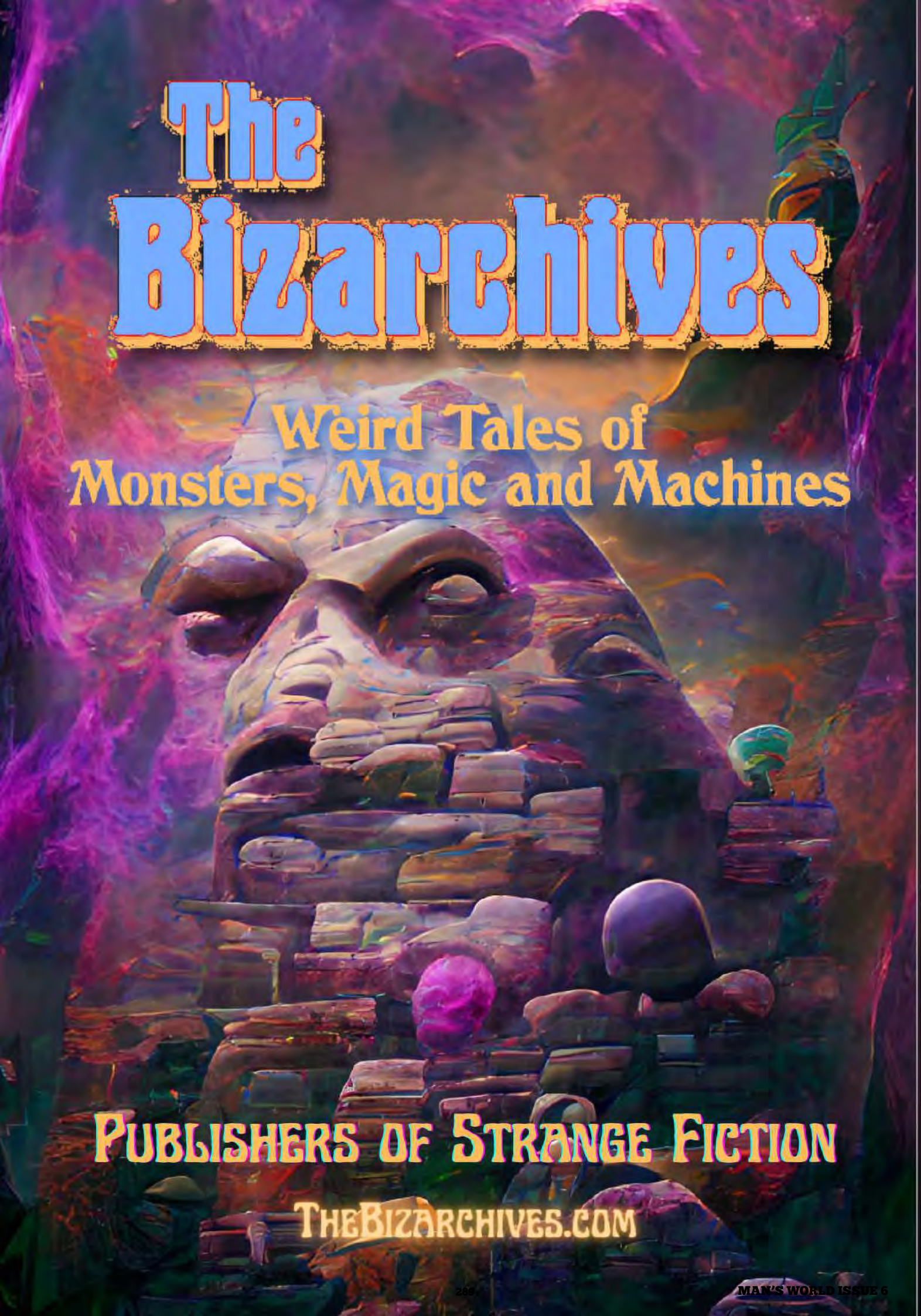
“Coronavirus!? Never heard of it!”

Ever since the Raw Egg Nationalist told me about the power of the mind and its ability to remake reality in the thinker’s image, I’ve been doing my best to live intentionally.

That means forgetting all the negative thoughts and feelings you have. Something you don’t like? Just ignore it! Global pandemic? Not in my mind!

So be like that little green frog in the tux. Just stop caring. That’s literally all you have to do.

MAN’S WORLD: ***Life is what you make it!***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thundered in his skull.

"You know the procedure," Shawcross told him. "We're simply following the procedure. You developed it yourself."

"No! No!" cried Norton. "No I didn't!"

Shawcross scowled. "Listen to me, Norton. Your body no longer exists. We had to destroy it."

Norton was beyond speaking now. He was weeping and sobbing wildly. He grabbed great handfuls of his hair, and banged his head repeatedly against the table. He screamed and howled like a beast. "Mama!" he cried. "Mama! Mama!"

Dr. Shawcross rose from his chair. He began pacing the room, his hands joined behind his back. "I realize this must come as a shock," said Shawcross. "But we really had to do it. We had no choice. Your guidelines were clear, Norton. We simply followed your guidelines."

"No you didn't!" Norton howled. "Those were not my guidelines!"

Dr. Shawcross ignored him. He seemed lost in his own train of thought. "You know, Norton, in some respects, this was the most brilliant of your insights," he said. "You told us that our avatars had no souls. I'll never forget the day you told us that. You actually used the word 'soul.' You said it was all about the soul. Somehow we had to persuade the soul to leave the original body and migrate into the new digitized copy on our machine. And that was the problem. How could we get the soul to leave the body? The soul does not leave the body willingly, you told us. It clings to the body, out of habit. As long as there is some chance that the body might be revived, the soul will linger. It will not leave unless it is forced. Therefore the body must be destroyed. That's what you told us, Norton. And you turned out to be right, of course. Just as you were right about everything else."

Norton was now babbling and drooling like an infant. His eyes darted wildly about the room. Dr. Shawcross continued. "We burned your body in the cremation unit," he said. "Every molecule of your DNA has been incinerated. I couldn't bring you back now, even if I wanted to. There's not enough left of you to clone. So it seems you are completely committed, Norton. From now on, the only life you will ever have is right here, inside this machine. You are fully digitized, fully conscious, and fully human. And I notice you are also afraid. Just as your theory predicted!"

Norton threw back his head and screamed. He screamed for a very long time.

* * *

In one respect, Dr. Shawcross was being unfair. He was not following Norton's guidelines at all. Norton had never suggested actually killing anyone. Norton's idea had been to copy the mind of a terminal cancer patient, then wait for nature to take its course. When the patient died, Norton predicted, the dead man's soul would migrate into the digital avatar on the computer. Norton was sure of it. Most people on the team thought his idea was insane. But they kept their mouths shut. They knew Norton had clout. He had the ear of the Foundation president. And so they all kept their opinions to themselves and pretended to take Norton's idea seriously. No matter how crazy it sounded, they would have to go through the motions of testing Norton's hypothesis. And so they did. For the experiment, they chose a man with Stage Four pancreatic cancer. The man's name was George.

George died within a month. But his avatar lived on, inside the computer. The avatar was also named George. To distinguish between them, the researchers called them George One and George Two. The real George was George One. The digital copy was George Two. When George One died, Norton Zachary and Julian Shawcross rushed to the computer and summoned George Two, in great excitement. "How do you feel today?" Norton asked. George Two replied, "I feel fine. Just fine."

"Are you sure?" Norton pressed. "Don't you feel different, in any way?"

George Two looked puzzled. "Different? Uh, no. Not really. Why do you ask? Is there some reason why I should feel different?"

Days passed and nothing changed. George Two simply never noticed that his flesh-and-blood counterpart had died. Finally, in great frustration, Norton took it upon himself to break the bad news. "George One is dead," Norton told the avatar. "The original person from whom you were copied is dead."

George Two looked mildly surprised. "Gee, I'm really sorry to hear that," he said. But George Two was not sorry. He was incapable of sorrow. He had no soul.

Word spread quickly around the lab that Norton's experiment had failed. Many people were pleased. When Norton walked down the corridors, colleagues whispered behind his back. When he spoke during meetings, people would roll their eyes and exchange little smirks. Norton's failure hung in the air, like a repellent odor, following him wherever he went.

Late one night, Dr. Shawcross went looking for Norton. He found him sitting in a bar several blocks from the Center. Norton often went there to be alone. It was not the sort of place that Norton's colleagues would ever frequent. It was a dark, greasy saloon, smelling of stale beer, with a tattered green shamrock pasted in the window. Norton was drinking vodka with beer chasers that night. His dark eyes were bloodshot.

"Norton, this is no good," Dr.

Shawcross chided him. "You're taking this too hard. All right, so your hypothesis didn't pan out. It's not the end of the world. It happens to all of us. No one can be right all the time. Join the human race." Norton did not reply. He fixed Dr. Shawcross with a black, cavernous stare.

"All right, have it your way," said Shawcross. "Go ahead and sulk. But, if you want my opinion, I think you're going about this all wrong. Science does not advance by heroic leaps of intuition. That only happens in the movies. Science is a slow, steady process of accretion. It's about trial and error. You try one thing. It doesn't work. You try another. And you just keep trying, no matter how long it takes."

Norton's eyes smoldered like hot coals. Dr. Shawcross continued, a little nervously. "How do you even know there is such a thing as a soul? Do you have any proof? Of course not. It's just a supposition. One of your leaps of intuition. We shouldn't even use words like 'soul.' They carry too much baggage. We should focus on the data. Hard data. Measurable data. This thing that you call the soul could be nothing more than some obscure network of electrochemical pathways in the hypothalamus, some microscopic structure in the brain that our scanners weren't sensitive enough to pick up. We need to go back to the data and try again. We need to reexamine that corpse lying in the morgue. We need to slice it, dice it, scan it and re-scan it until we figure out what we missed. It's got to be something physical, Norton, some kind of physical structure, some detail that we overlooked. It's not some magical thing called a soul. It's just a missing part. We need to find that part, copy it and incorporate it into our avatar. For God's sake, let's stop crying in our beer and get back to work. We have a good plan. It's gotten us this far. Let's stick with the plan. Let's stay the course. Let's finish what we started."

"Do you know that you screamed for a full fifteen minutes? That was quite impressive. But you're quiet now. How are you feeling, Norton?"

Norton said nothing for a long time. His eyes were black and molten. "I wasn't brought here to stay the course," he said at last. "That's not why you hired me. I'm supposed to chart a new course. Remember?" Shawcross swallowed and fell silent.

"You're right about one thing," Norton continued. "The answer is lying in that morgue. We need to go there. Now. Tonight. Will you help me?"

And so the two men worked through the night. Together, they hoisted the dead man's body into the cremation unit. Together they incinerated his remains. At Norton's suggestion, they dissolved the dead man's ashes in sulfuric acid. In the end, nothing remained of George One but disaggregated atoms wafting through the ventilation system and swirling down the drain. Their grisly work was done. Next, the two men proceeded upstairs to the programming suite. They called up the dead man's avatar on the computer. The familiar face of George Two came swimming out of the darkness. They had been studying that face for weeks. They knew every crease and wrinkle by heart. But tonight they saw something different. George Two was screaming. Nothing they did could stop him from screaming. It went on, hour after hour. He was still screaming when the sun rose the next morning. George Two was afraid. He was terrified out of his mind.

Norton had proved his point. George Two was now fully human. He was no longer a soulless avatar. He was now a real human being, with real human feelings. And his predominant feeling was fear, just as Norton had predicted. It was only natural that George Two should be afraid. He had just learned that he was dead. Moreover, he had just learned that his soul was trapped inside a computer for all eternity. No wonder he was screaming. Anyone would. His fear proved that he was human. It proved that he had a soul. It also proved that Norton had been right all along, and that Dr. Shawcross had been wrong. This was very bad news for Dr. Shawcross. A man in his position could not afford to be wrong. People in high places began to take notice.

One month later, Norton presented his results to the team, in the third-floor conference room. His presentation ended with a ten-second video of George Two screaming from the computer screen. The President of the Foundation rose to his feet, clapping his hands slowly. The rest followed his lead. Norton received a standing ovation. In the days and weeks ahead, rumors began circulating that Julian Shawcross was on the way out. It was whispered in the corridors that Norton Zachary would soon take his place as the new project director.

* * *

Back in the strange, white room, with no walls, Dr. Shawcross was glancing at his watch. "Are you done?" he asked, peering at Norton. "Do you know that you screamed for a full fifteen minutes? That was quite impressive. But you're quiet

Where in the world is Hakan Rotmurt?

CAN YOU FIND HIM?

now. How are you feeling, Norton?"

After a long silence, Norton said, "What will happen to me?"

Shawcross touched his fingertips together, his hands forming a small pyramid. "That's a fair question," he said. "On a purely physical level, nothing will happen to you. Nothing at all. You'll just stay in the computer, like our other avatars. The NIRVANA virtual environment will provide you with everything you need. It will give you the illusion of a human body. It will give you all the physical sensations you ever had when you were still in your physical body. You will have sight, sound, taste, touch and smell. And you'll just go on forever. You'll never die." Several seconds passed while Norton processed this statement.

"Delete me," he said at last. "Just delete my entire file. Then I'll be gone. I'll be out of your way. You'll never have to worry about me again."

Shawcross shook his head. "I don't understand you, Norton. Why do you want to die? I've just given you the gift of eternal life. Aren't you the least bit curious to see what it's like? Why not give it a try? You know what the NIRVANA software can do. Why not just relax and let NIRVANA do its work?"

The NIRVANA virtual environment did much more than provide the avatars with imaginary bodies. It provided them with all the pleasures of life. It enabled them to eat imaginary food, enjoy imaginary drink, or even have imaginary sex with imaginary partners. It would, in fact, provide the avatars with any experience they desired. All they had to do was wish for something, and it would happen. NIRVANA got its name from the ancient Sanskrit word for paradise. And it was indeed a kind of artificial paradise, in which every dream came true.

"As you know, Norton, we created NIRVANA because we realized that eternal life could get very tedious. And so we provided eternal bliss to go with it," said Shawcross. "What's the point of living forever, if you have nothing to do? That's where NIRVANA comes in. The program is really quite ingenious. It accesses your thoughts directly. It literally reads your mind. There's nothing paranormal or supernatural about it. Reading your mind is quite a simple matter once your mind has been been fully digitized and uploaded onto a memory chip. NIRVANA simply scans your thoughts, figures out what you want, then provides you with whatever your heart desires. All you have to do is relax and let it happen."

Norton's eyes burned with hatred as he glared at Dr. Shawcross. "I want to die," he said. "That's what I want. NIRVANA, did you hear that? I want to die. I want you to pull the plug on me. I want to die right now, and never come back."

Shawcross smiled his crooked smile. "I'm not sure that was a good idea," he said. "NIRVANA will grant your wish, of course. But it may not happen in quite the way you expect."

Suddenly, Dr. Shawcross vanished. Norton was no longer sitting in the strange, white room. Now he found himself plunged in utter darkness. He was enclosed in a small space, barely big enough for Norton to stretch out his legs. His arms were crowded against his sides. There was a strong smell of formaldehyde. It was embalming fluid, Norton realized. He noticed that the smell was coming from his own flesh. Norton reached up and touched something smooth and silky, barely inches above his face. It yielded to his touch, like a cushion.

Yes, it was a cushion of some sort. Everywhere he touched, Norton encountered the same cushioned surface. All at once, he realized what it was. It was the silken lining of a coffin.

"All right, Julian, you've made your point," said Norton. "You can let me out now. Let me out of this coffin. Julian, are you there? Julian!"

No reply came from Shawcross. But, as Norton listened, he heard another voice. It was not Shawcross speaking, but someone else. It was a man's voice, very faint. It seemed to come from far away. Norton strained to hear what the man was saying, but he caught only brief fragments of it.

"We therefore commit his body to the ground," said the man. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ…" Norton realized that he was listening to a funeral service. It was his own funeral.

"All right, Julian! You've made your point," Norton repeated. "You're the boss. You're calling the shots. Just tell me what you want. I'll do whatever you want."

But still Shawcross said nothing. Norton could hear people singing now, from outside his coffin. They were singing "Amazing Grace." The funeral was almost over. Very soon now, they would lower him into the grave. And then they would bury him.

"Julian! Julian, damn you!" Norton began screaming again. He screamed and wept and pounded with his fists, banging against the coffin with his hands, knees and heels until they swelled with pain. As he struggled, he felt the coffin begin to move. They were lowering him into the grave. Norton felt a small jolt as the coffin hit bottom. He could hear clods of earth falling from above, thudding against the coffin lid. They were burying him alive.

Norton screamed and struggled for what seemed like hours. At long last, he passed out from sheer exhaustion. Later, when he woke up, he began kicking and screaming once more. He ripped the silken lining of the coffin to shreds. He

scratched at the wood till his fingers bled. How long this went on, Norton could not tell. It might have been hours, days or even weeks. In the darkness of the coffin, he lost all track of time. Now and then he would fall asleep. But he always woke up again, remembered where he was, and started screaming all over again.

At one point, Norton had an idea. He bit into his right wrist with his teeth. He ground his teeth deep into the bone, gristle and tendons of his wrist, until he was sure he had cut through the radial artery. When he could feel the blood spurting out of his wrist, in time with his heartbeat, Norton knew he had struck the artery. Then he opened his left wrist as well. Fountains of hot blood surged from both wrists. Encouraged by this success, Norton touched his fingers gently to his neck, feeling for the pulse beat of his carotid artery. When he found it, he began ripping and gouging at the soft flesh beneath his chin.

Norton found it surprisingly easy to tear through his flesh. While scratching at the coffin earlier, he had worn his fingertips down to the bone. Now his bony fingertips provided the perfect tool for his work. He dug and pried until he could feel the carotid artery pulsing in his clenched fist. With a cry of joy, he ripped it from his neck. Norton's blood gushed forth in rivers. The coffin was slick and sticky with blood. It wouldn't be long now, Norton thought to himself. Soon he would be dead. Norton closed his eyes, and settled back on the silken pillow of the coffin. He could feel his life draining from his body. It was a good feeling. He began laughing hysterically. Norton laughed himself to sleep.

* * *

"Norton," said the voice of Julian Shawcross. "Norton, can you hear me? It's time to wake up."

At one point, Norton had an idea. He bit into his right wrist with his teeth. He ground his teeth deep into the bone, gristle and tendons of his wrist, until he was sure he had cut through the radial artery.

Norton's eyes popped open. He saw only darkness. He was still in the coffin. "Julian," he gasped. "Julian, you're back. Thank God, you're back!" Norton could not see Shawcross, but he could hear the man's voice booming inside his skull. "Julian, where are you? Get me out of here. Please!"

"I'm right here, Norton. No need to panic. Hmmm. I see you've been busy. You've done some serious damage to yourself. Why did you do that, Norton?"

Norton was covered with blood. The wounds he had torn in his wrists and neck were still open and oozing. The pain was terrible. But Norton was still alive.

"Did you really think you could kill yourself that way?" asked Shawcross. "How silly. That body of yours is nothing but an illusion. It's generated by the NIRVANA software. It doesn't really exist. You can't kill a body that doesn't exist."

"Julian, please let me out," said Norton. "I'll be good now. I promise. I'll do anything you say. Anything you want. I won't cause you any more trouble. I won't complain. I'll just live out my life, like the other avatars. Just like you said. I'll relax and let the NIRVANA software do its work. And I'll never complain again. I promise. Please just let me out of this coffin. Please."

And suddenly, as if by magic, his wish was granted. Norton was out of the coffin. He was back in the strange, white room, sitting at the table with Shawcross. At first, Norton thought he was dreaming. He could not believe he was free. He reached out his hands into the air, amazed to find that he could stretch them to their full length. His hands were black with dried blood. Strips of chewed flesh and skin dangled from his wrists. White bones protruded from his fingertips. Suddenly Norton's eyes filled with tears. He began weeping uncontrollably. Norton fell to his knees and crawled over to Shawcross on all fours, kissing the man's shoes.

"Oh, please, Norton, you're embarrassing me," said Shawcross. "There's no need for this sort of display." Shawcross rose from the table, lifted his shoe and kicked Norton square in the face. His heel smacked against Norton's teeth with a crackling noise of shattered bone and splintered enamel. Norton retreated backwards on all fours, whimpering with pain. "Good God, you're a mess," said Shawcross. "Look at you. And that smell!" Shawcross pulled out a handkerchief and waved it about his nose. "Do you have any idea how you smell? Go back to your chair now and sit down. We need to talk."

Norton did as he was told. He went back to his seat, sobbing and sniffling.

"Poor Norton," said Shawcross, easing himself back into his chair. "Fate has not been kind to you. You have the dubious honor of being the first human being to achieve immortality. Oh, pardon me. I mean the second. George Two was the first, wasn't he? Now there's a pathetic case. There's a man who really didn't deserve what he got. He was just in the wrong place, at the wrong time. But you, Norton. You deserve this. You deserve everything that's happening to you."

Flies were buzzing around the

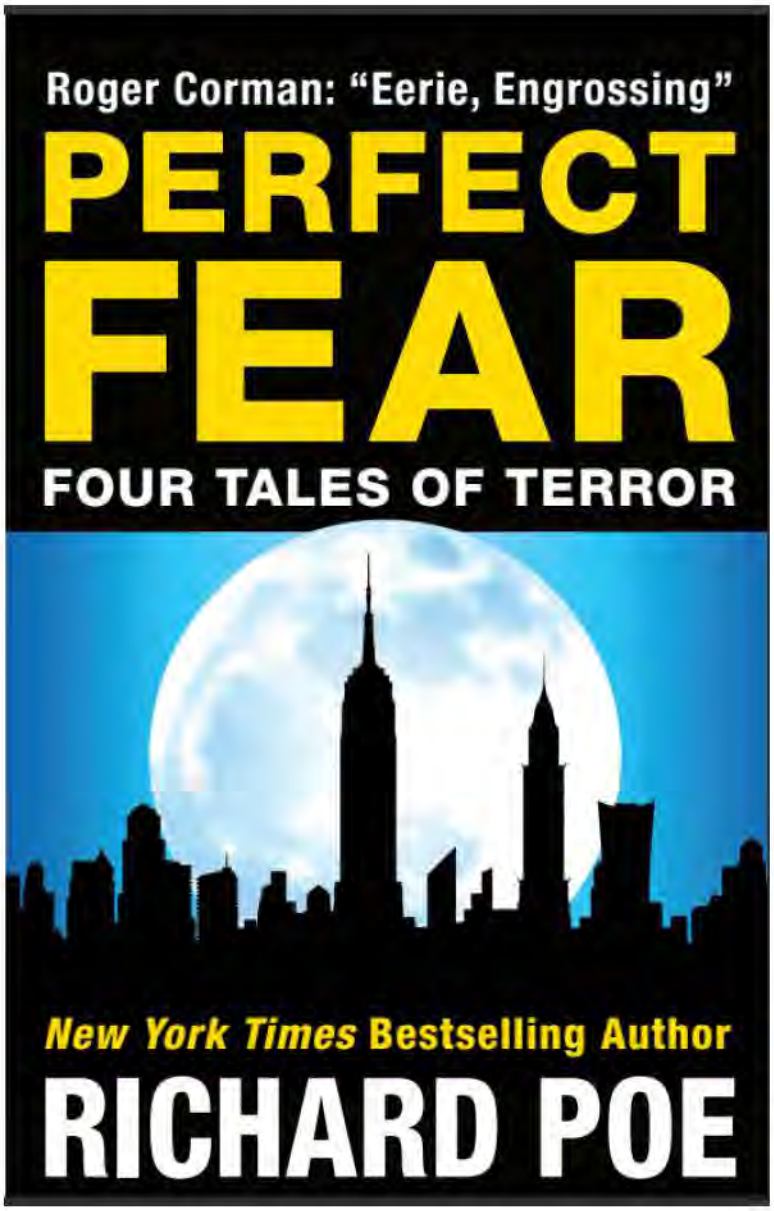
open wound in Norton's neck. He shooed them away with his hand. "But why?" said Norton, tears pouring down his face. "Why do I deserve this? What have I done?"

Shawcross narrowed his eyes. "What have you done? Don't you see? You've changed everything. You've opened Pandora's Box. You've given the human race a power that we never had before. You have shown us how to capture a man's soul."

Norton buried his face in his hands and began blubbering. Shawcross continued. "In effect, you have created a new weapon, the cruelest, most horrible weapon ever devised. In the past, there were limits to human cruelty. Now those limits are gone. In the past, people could kill, torture or enslave one another. We could throw a man into a dungeon and torture him every day of his life. But eventually his life would end. Death would set him free. Now we have abolished death. We can capture a man's soul and keep him locked away forever. We can build a digital prison from which no one can escape. Not even through death."

"It's not what I wanted," said Norton. "I didn't see the implications."

Shawcross waved his hand dismissively. "It's too late for lies, Norton. Of course you saw the implications. You just didn't care. All you wanted to do was solve the problem. Well, now it's solved. And now we've got a much bigger problem. Very soon, the whole world will know about this technology. Governments and corporations will get hold of it. Ambitious men will use it. They will use this technology to steal people's souls. No one will be safe. Humanity will live in terror of the soul snatchers. A dark age will engulf the earth. Those who control this technology will set themselves up as gods. The rest of us will be their slaves. You did this, Norton. You brought this nightmare upon us."



"It wasn't me," Norton whined. "It was all of us. We were a team." Shawcross ignored him. "We can't undo what you've done, Norton. We can't stop the process. But, if I act now, I can beat them all to the punch. Someone is going to use this technology. That's inevitable now. So I must use it first. I must capture their souls before they capture mine. Do you see why I have to do that, Norton? I must eliminate everyone who knows the secret. It's the only way. In fact, I have already begun. While you were resting in your coffin, I was busy. Several of our colleagues here at the Center have already disappeared under mysterious circumstances. I can assure you, they will never be found. Only I know what happened to them. Their souls are locked inside this computer forever, concealed in encrypted files, just like yours. No one will ever find them. Only I know the key."

"But what about me?" Norton asked weakly. "What will happen to me?"

For a long time, Shawcross regarded Norton in silence. His eyes were as cold and dead as a salamander's. Then slowly, his lips twisted into a smile. "Well, Norton," he said quietly. "You're a scientist. You know how we do things. We must continue the study."

"No, Julian, please. Don't do it."

Shawcross continued. "We left some significant gaps in our research," he said. "We spent a lot of time here at the Center figuring out ways to create eternal bliss. But we never gave much thought to the other side of the equation; how to create eternal torment. We need to run some experiments, Norton. Some very long-term experiments." "No. Please. No," Norton whispered, almost inaudibly.

"Too late, Norton. It's already happening. The NIRVANA program is picking up your thoughts, and making them real. Oh, did I tell you? I've made a few adjustments in the NIRVANA program. It has new

capabilities now. It is no longer limited to providing eternal bliss. Now it can also provide eternal damnation." "No!" screamed Norton.

"The program works very much as it did before. Except that now, when NIRVANA scans your thoughts, it doesn't just search for your fondest dreams. Now it also looks for your worst nightmares, and makes them come true. It's scanning your mind right now. It's happening as we speak. Your own mind is giving shape to your fears, Norton. You're doing it yourself. Constructing your own private hell, based upon your own worst fears."

"No, Julian. Don't! You don't have to do this. You can stop the program! Just let me die. For the love of God, please. Just delete me. Please!"

"The more you fight it, the worse it gets," said Shawcross. "Your unconscious mind is betraying you, Norton. It is telling your worst fears to the machine."

"No, no, noooooooo!"

Norton was screaming again. But his screams were muffled now. Suddenly, he found himself back in the coffin, surrounded by utter darkness. "Julian!" he screamed. "Julian! Julian!" But no one answered. Julian Shawcross was gone. And this time, Norton realized, he would never come back.

Don't panic, Norton told himself. There's a way out of this. There has to be. A way to trick the machine.

Norton knew that NIRVANA was scanning his mind for his worst fears. That's what Julian had told him. Very well. He would clear his mind of fears. He would deprive NIRVANA of its fuel. Norton closed his eyes and began practicing a Buddhist meditation technique he had learned many years before. He focused his mind on his breathing, following his breath as it passed in and out of his nostrils. Fearful thoughts entered his mind, but Norton did not focus on them. He kept his attention riveted on the physical act of breathing. He followed the air as it filled his lungs and followed it back out, as it left his nostrils. In and out. In and out. And, as he focused on his breathing, the fearful thoughts drifted away. Norton simply let them drift. Very soon, he felt a profound relaxation in his muscles. He was no longer afraid. He was at peace.

And then another thought entered his mind. It was not a bad thought at all. In fact, it was a wonderful thought. He thought of Ingrid, beautiful Ingrid. That night, after the meeting in the third-floor conference room, she had gone home with Norton. They had spent the night together. Norton remembered the warm smell of her hair. He remembered her smooth, damp skin against his. And suddenly, with all his heart and soul, Norton realized what he wanted. He wanted Ingrid. He could endure anything, as long as she was with him. To be alone was the worst thing of all, Norton realized. Loneliness was worse than the torments of hell, worse than the terrors of the grave. Oh Ingrid, Ingrid. If only you could be here with me, thought Norton. Then nothing else would matter.

And, then, quite suddenly, his wish was granted. At first, Norton was not sure what had happened. He only knew that something soft and heavy now lay on top of him, in the coffin. It was a body, he realized. With some difficulty, Norton twisted over onto his side. The body rolled off and lay alongside him, wedged tightly between him and the side of the coffin. He could feel that it was a woman's body, but it was strangely greasy and loose to the touch. Smears of rancid flesh clung to his skin where he touched her. "Ingrid?" he said. "Ingrid, is that you?"

She made no answer. She was dead. Long dead. Her limbs were stiff with rigor mortis. Her putrid flesh had begun to liquefy. An unbearable stench filled the coffin.

"No! No!" cried Norton. "That's not what I want. NIRVANA! Do you hear me? NIRVANA! Listen to me. I want her alive! Do you hear? Alive!"

Several seconds passed in silence. Then Norton's wish was granted. He could feel Ingrid moving beside him in the darkness. She was alive. "Norton?" she said. Her voice gurgled like a bubbling tar pit. She reached out her dead arms and pulled him to her. "Norton, my darling," she said. "Oh, Norton, hold me tight!" As she pulled him close, Norton could feel a writhing mass of beetles and maggots spilling out of her hollow carcass. Vermin swarmed from her nose, mouth, ears and eyes. "Kiss me, Norton," she said. "Kiss me, my darling."

Norton fought with all his might to keep those foul lips from touching his. But Ingrid had the strength of a demon. She was stronger dead than she had ever been alive. She overpowered him easily. In the end, Norton could only scream.

This story also appears in Perfect Fear, Richard's collection of short stories, which is available in paperback from Amazon. He tweets @ realrichardpoe. Visit richardpoe.com for more information and access to his many articles and essays.

When a friend told Rob he should try rubbing rendered beef fat on his skin, he was skeptical.

But then he tried it and -- well, just look at him now.

His skin has never looked or felt better.

Tallow. Mother nature's soother.

MAN'S WORLD
With a car
you can go
ANYWHERE
ANYWHERE
YOU WANT

1 3 5
2 4 R

MAN-UAL TRANSMISSION: IT'S IN THE NAME

Words: Robert Berkeley

The manual transmission occupies a very strange place at the intersection of the American automobile market and American concepts of masculinity. First, we must discuss the relationship between the car and the car enthusiast, and in this relationship, it is universal and not particular to Americans. The culture of automobile, and also motorcycle, enthusiasts is one of the very few examples of a pro social culture surrounding what is essentially a technology. Furthermore, it is an undeniably masculine one. One needs to look no further than the films of Kenneth Anger. Anger, a homosexual, has given us through his films Scorpio Rising and Kustom Kar Kommandos a near-perfect distillation, through the homosexual gaze, of an idealized straight masculinity and its association with motorcycles and cars. I specify "straight" because it is the tendency of academics (universally fey) to characterize these depictions of men as somehow implicitly homosexual in some way. Nothing could be further from the truth: the unquestionably masculine straight man, unattainable through his heterosexuality, is the lustful desire of every homosexual man.

A further, more obvious example, is the fact that a car is something mechanical. The complexity of an engine, clearly graspable by the shape-rotators among us, is a thing of beauty. The myriad of moving parts, the perfect timing of all of the movements, along with the opposite – the satisfying simplicity of the input/output model of the thing – appeals greatly to the male mind. It should come as no surprise then, that a large audience for electric cars comes from the homunculi of reddit. The gape-mouthed, greasy, obese, bearded, stereotypes we all know. In the electric car, they think they have finally gotten one over on the "jocks" with all their mystery talk about "engine stuff." It's a cell phone on wheels, as one recent Volvo ad unironically and quite literally put it. As such, it exists in a world they can understand. And you know what electric cars *don't* have? Manual transmissions.

Here is where my fellow Americans and I diverge from the rest of the West. What holds true for Americans here, as I am about to describe, is culturally alien to a man anywhere else in the Western world, but by no means does it invalidate that truth. For American car enthusiasts, manual transmissions are equated with masculinity. This is the result of the relative, and increasing, rarity of the manual transmission, along with several cultural, geographical and topographical reasons. What many non-American Westerners don't understand is both the perception and reality of automatic transmissions in America. Their initial introduction was as a luxury feature. This was hammered into the American skull for decades. "Automatics are more luxurious! Automatics are a sign of success!" This, combined with the relative affordability of gas in America, and the arrow-straight and largely flat topography of our highways – by intentional design, even when going through mountains, because it was the American way to simply blast through them with dynamite and make a flat road through – resulted in the manual transmission being relegated to the enthusiasts by the 1960s.

It was this relegation to sports cars, muscle cars, off-road trucks, pickups (ironically no longer possible to purchase new with a manual on this continent), and other automotive esoterica that resulted in the manual transmission's association with masculinity. I recall reading in an issue of Car & Driver in the 90s that fewer than 10% of all cars sold in America were manuals, and oddly enough, the largest demographic of buyers at the time was actually young women. Witness the relative commonality of stereotypical "girl cars" (mostly FWD sport coupes) from this era available on the used market with manual

Much like the machine gun, or "democracy," once an invention is given to non-Westerners, they have no idea how it works or how to handle it. These are purely Western creations, and their introduction into non-Western cultures has been a mixed bag to say the least.

transmissions if you don't believe me. My anecdotal estimate of the current percentage of cars sold in this country with manuals is somewhere between 1 and 3 percent.

To add insult to injury, I am unaware of any new car one can purchase in this country with a manual transmission that does not also have hill hold assist or auto rev matching – technologies developed quite literally to turn the manual into a simulacra in order to allow the least masculine among us to LARP like they're hardcore. As anyone who has lived in a college town in the last decade or so can attest to, the only people who can afford new sports or muscle cars anymore are Boomers and Chinese undergrads. Neither has any concept of what a manual transmission even is.

It is that last group which leads me to the thesis of this article. As all other Westerners reading this article are probably thinking, "It's just a manual. My little sister, my mom, my grandma, everyone I know drives one. It has nothing to do with masculinity." They are correct. What they may not realize though, is that it's deeper than that.

Much like the machine gun, or "democracy," once an invention is given to non-Westerners, they have no idea how it works or how to handle it. These are purely Western creations, and their introduction into non-Western cultures has been a mixed bag to say the least. While there are a great many non-Westerners who drive manuals, it is largely a function of cost and necessity. A manual is cheaper. It's better on gas. In other words, these are not decisions of an enthusiast. It's a comparison-based shopping decision among those with little money to spare. Once one goes higher up the economic ladder, the choice is clear: the decadent Oriental does not understand the manual, and he simply wants the flash and associations of a "sports car" and is blissfully unaware of it as a cultural creation.

If you're reading this, and can't drive a manual – that's you. That's the level you're on. It isn't so much you aren't "a real man" but you aren't a "real Westerner." You have forsaken your heritage for convenience, if even that. I've owned nothing but manual transmission cars since I was 17 and could legally buy my own car. I live in the urban hellscape that is the New York metropolitan area. I have never felt inconvenienced in traffic. I assume it's because driving a manual is not a conscious process in my mind; it's just all muscle memory after this long. My point is that driving a manual transmission is a gateway to other things. A connection to your past and your heritage. Aside from the practical concerns that it's a bit of knowledge you should have "just in case," justifiable on this alone, it's so much more than that. You are sitting behind the wheel of a car and you are making decisions for yourself and not relying on an algorithm to do so (and this would

necessarily exclude all "manual transmission" cars with auto rev matching and hill hold assist obviously). You are in control, not some computer. It is a rejection of what is and what is to come. Make no mistake about it, the tech overlords want driverless cars, no matter how terrible the technology is. Driving is about the only time, other than sleep, you aren't staring at a screen. Your time spent driving to and from work is time not spent looking at your phone. That's money lost to them, my friend. Do you think that the smaller and smaller windows on cars in the name of "crash safety" combined with the ubiquity of screens in new cars is a coincidence? It's all pods, all the way down. You'll live in the pod, you'll get driven around by a faulty "AI" in another pod, on your way to yet another pod, to work in. Oh, and you'll eat the bugs too. The revolution starts now. Get a friend or a family member to teach you how to drive a manual and go buy one. You'll never look back.

MW GO!

GOLD
MIRO
Atlas

THE ROAD LESS TRAVELLED

Some roads you should drive, with Plus Ultra (@ultra1922)

The allure of the open road has been recognized and celebrated in scores of books, movies and articles. And the automobile, though it has increasingly fallen prey to regulators ever since the communist Ralph Nader's dishonest pamphlet "Unsafe at any Speed" surfaced, is still a constant reproach to our green overlords. It is a symbol of velocity, masculinity and power. And (though we don't need to admit it) it epitomises the vertical hierarchy of performance and style.

Owning one is the ultimate enabler of personal freedom. To go from A to B or – horribile dictu – to "Z". To meet with friends and comrades. To put an extra bit of CO2 into the global "greenhouse" so plants will grow faster. To spend some time alone so you can listen to your favourite music or just grasp a thought, unmolested by hostile or annoying surroundings.

The car is your personal missile and cocoon, the ultimate tool that allows you to explore your country, or another. On a countless number of roads: ultra-high-speed freeways, winding two-lane country roads, gravel roads, even dirt tracks.

I am always on the lookout for interesting roads; those with a challenge, a view, a history. I scan the territory when I am on the plane, I pore over maps. I ask the locals, and I often look for alternate routes because I am bored by the main ones. Sometimes, when I use the GPS navigation, I block out the freeways to see what the system comes up with instead. You need to have your map on "north up", so you know you are going in the right general direction. And you should keep your eyes open.

I have favourite hidden roads where I can explore the limits of a car, both laterally and in a straight line. And others to explore the off-road characteristics. Yet other roads to find solitude. Here are some I think you, dear reader, should drive at least once.

Beautiful cliché – California's Pacific Coast Highway

Of course it is a cliché. The dream of Highway Number One which, on the weekends, turns into a nightmare. You will be stuck behind RVs and trailers in eternal 35-mph-zones, with double yellow lines forcing you behind them forever. If you pass, they will snitch on you.

Of course, there is a reason why Highway Number One is so iconic (and my friend @heywildrich has encouraged me to nominate it). It is truly beautiful, and it gives you more than a glimpse of the power and romance of the Pacific Ocean. All the way down to Santa Monica, you will pass by jagged rocks, drive along steep cliffs, almost feel those incredible drops of hundreds of yards, witness huge waves crashing onto the shoreline. You might want to start in San Francisco, drive past the powerful Ocean Beach, perhaps detour over Skyline Drive and drop down to the coastline again, hike to Shark Fin Cove (don't get swept away) before passing Monterey, maybe stopping at Monastery Beach, a unique diving spot and a potentially deadly one for swimming.

While you can just enjoy the drive past the tacky Hearst Castle and ugly Morro Bay, down the coast and into the L.A. area, the real discoveries are when you turn eastwards into the mountain ranges. Such as Nacimiento-Fergusson road, unfortunately closed but being repaired after massive floods last year, or Highway 166 that leads you onto the stunning Hudson Valley Road along the St. Andreas Fault.

If I could pick the ideal car for this trip, it would be an FD Mazda RX-7 Turbo. The rev-happy rotary engine, conceived by Felix Wankel (who never stopped regretting Germany lost World War II), is perfectly matched to a short-throw manual shifter. It's perfect for charging up the side canyons. And it was styled in California.

A glimpse of Asgard – driving Iceland

A year-round 150-mile drive, the Golden Circle begins and ends in Reykjavik, hitting the truly awesome Gullfoss waterfall and the "Great Geysir" and Strokkur Geysirs. The desolate black-and-green landscape will give you a first glimpse of Iceland's pure and awe-inspiring character.

There are countless ways to expand the trip, e.g. southeast to the dangerous Reynisfjara beach, where sneaker waves could pull you out into the Nordic Sea, or into the lava fields near Lauravegur and Hrannfntinnusker, where you can easily lose yourself in the vastness of black volcanic rock. Bring along a copy of the Edda and find out how this landscape inspired Norse mythol-

CALIFORNIA

ICELAND

The desolate black-and-green landscape will give you a first glimpse of Iceland's pure and awe-inspiring character.

GERMANY

ITALY

The Dolomites are jagged, brutally cut, perhaps the most impressive compact batch of mountain peaks anywhere on the planet.

ogy. In the unaccessible, treeless mountains of Iceland, I find the dark empire Asgard.

For the Golden Circle drive, any car will do. If you want to explore further, bring maps – and a capable off-roader, such as a Nissan Patrol, a Volkswagen Amarok or a Toyota Land Cruiser. Rentals aren't cheap. From Europe, you can come by ferry with your own vehicle; why not? From North America, there is no such option.

The glory of speed: Germany's Autobahn

There is not just one Autobahn: It denotes the entire freeway system in Germany, which – and that is nothing less than a miracle – has remained free of a general speed limit so far, although this could change at any moment.

The system was conceived before the Third Reich, but only after 1933, did it become a top priority: Back then, Germany's government envisioned a cheap and efficient car for every household, and one that could travel at real speed. The Volkswagen came to life, and at the same time, the country's top brands – Mercedes-Benz, BMW and Horch – launched one uplevel car after another, with top speeds well into the triple digits.

The Autobahnen were not just designed to be efficient, they had to show the beauty of the German landscape. And this holds true to this day, although the experience is vastly diminished by many "noise reduction walls" that make it impossible to enjoy the scenery, which – to add insult to injury – is largely ruined by the omnipresent, ever-rotating windmills of left-wing energy folly.

Nevertheless, driving the Autobahn is still an elevated experience. These roads epitomise the true purpose of traffic: Going from one place to another, fast. And indeed, there is something profoundly satisfying in soaking up the landscape at speeds bordering on insanity, shaving hours off your travel time. The purposeful seriousness of traveling fast in German certainly beats wasting your weekends in the sandbox of a public racetrack.

My favourite Autobahn is the A95 from Munich to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, home of the 1936 Winter Olympics, still largely devoid of a speed limit. And I'd drive it in an Audi R8, its naturally aspirated 5.2-liter V-10 screaming near the limiter as it exceeds the magical 200-mph mark.

Soaked in Blood - Driving the Dolomites

The Dolomite mountains stand out even in the context of the Alps, Western Europe's tallest mountain range that stretches from Marseille to Vienna, topped by Mont Blanc at 15,774 ft. The Dolomites are jagged, brutally cut, perhaps the most impressive compact batch of mountain peaks anywhere on the planet. And they are soaked in the blood of young Austrians and Italians, fighting over their border in World War I.

The Pasubio Ossuary, overlooking Schio and well worth a visit, enshrines the remains of over 5000 Italian and Austrian soldiers. The "Road of the heroes" towards the summits overlooking the Ossuary from the north, was used in this war and has been one of the most challenging drives in the Alps - until it was closed decades ago by safety-obsessed politicians. But there are plenty of other roads in the area, into the Monti Lessini, or – this would be my suggestion – towards Lake Garda in the West, where you must visit d'Annunzio's stunning Vittoriale and take a look at the Villa Feltrinelli, Mussolini's last home. It's now a Grand Hotel where a room will start at 1450 euros per night.

The perfect choice for a drive through the Dolomites is a Lancia Delta integrale, that 1980s Giugiaro-designed compact hatch that was – for rallying purposes – fitted with an all-wheel drive system and force-fed by turbocharging to make around 200 horsepower.

White Boy Summer - South Africa's Garden Route

It was a neverending White Boy Summer in South Africa, for the benefit of them and everyone else, before a vile campaign jointly led by the US and then-communist Russia, as well as spiritual corruption from within, brought the country to its knees. Today, South Africa is the place of a genocide of white farmers and of depravity, poverty and corruption. Yet the remnants of greatness remain – especially on the Garden Route, my favourite drive in the country.

It covers only a short, 200-mile stretch on the southern coast, from Witsand to Storms River, but it touches some of the most impressive places there. You will enjoy Knysna, a charming community with a view of the violent seas at the "Heads", and Plettenberg Bay, once a favorite spot of carefree bodybuilders and surfers.

The Garden Route is best (and wistfully) explored with a South African car, and there are plenty to choose from: The country's once-thriving automotive industry created some unique and highly impressive cars, including the V8-powered Ford Sierra XR8 or the early 1980s BMW 745i, fitted with a manual transmission and the engine of the iconic M1. But I'd go for a Volkswagen Citi Golf R, the final iteration of the first-generation Golf, topping out at 122 horsepower. It was built until 2009, 27 years after its successor was launched in Germany; a testament to a remarkably good design.

AL
AMERICA
LAST
CONVENTION 2022
SPECIAL GUEST STAR
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SOUTH AFRICA

The Garden Route is best (and wistfully) explored with a South African car, and there are plenty to choose from...